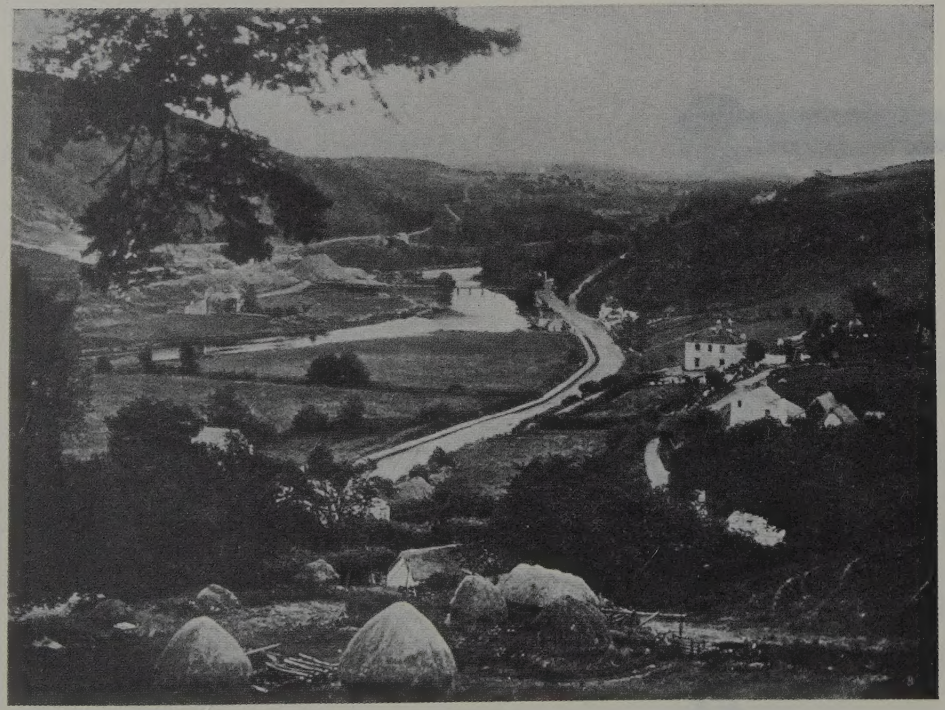

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WITHDRAWN


IRISH
LITERATURE



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

Vale of Avoca

From a photograph

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

—Thomas Moore.

IRISH LITERATURE

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THE IRISH SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

In this age of clear business statements, when only the eloquence of argument and exposition is looked for, and when no moving issues stir men's blood, it has naturally fared hard with the oratory of passion; and the opinion of most people seems to be that all elevated language is necessarily false and hollow. As the great orators of Ireland, Plunket alone excepted, were vehement, figurative, impassioned and rhythmical, they have suffered most by the fall in parliamentary style, and they are in danger of total neglect at the hands of this generation.

One excuse for this undervaluing of Irish oratory may be given. A crowd of servile imitators, destitute of fire or taste, wrapped up their pigmy thoughts in words and images fit only for arguments of the highest concern, and these turgid declaimers brought undeserved condemnation on the men whose lofty manner they had sedulously burlesqued. When men's ears were dinned with noisy vehemence, and when educated taste was shocked by extravagant metaphors and strained conceits, when jingling, pointless epigrams were studded over the "braided and embroidered sentences," busy men may well be pardoned for having thought that the whole art of oratory was mere decorative word-work.

To do anything like justice to the brilliant men who wielded the great weapon of persuasive speech at the close of the last century in Ireland it is necessary to forget, as far as one may, the common cry by whose swelling bombast the fame of real eloquence has been imperiled.

Irish oratory is, as a rule, pitched in a high key, and the conversational manner is seldom employed. But no speeches which have borne the test of time are conversational, nor can polished chat ever rise to the dignity of eloquence. If, then, eloquence is at all to hold a place in the world of art or of intellect, no canons drawn from calm and well-bred talk, nor even from literary *causeries*, can help us to a true understanding of what is really meant by the art of the orator.

Consider the materials, too—how unlike they are to

those of urbane and subdued conversation. All great orators have passion, imagination, reason, diction, and delivery; and all these are purified and elevated by enthusiasm, without which no great orator can be. Occasion, too, hardly less than knowledge and temperament, is necessary to kindle and excite the mind so that even the reasoning power itself is set aglow with the fire of feeling. The mind in that state doubles, trebles its energy, and no thought, no word goes forth that has not been winged with new power by the propulsive force of the central heat by which the orator is moved. The language itself takes rhythm and has the beat and pulse of passion in it. The whole result will be a strain of lofty sentences setting off the lofty thoughts. Such speech can tell only in times of commotion and danger, and the voice must be the voice of a believer. Be the subject what it may, no skeptic can so treat it that his language rises into oratory. The skeptic may be a supreme debater, but an orator never. The pretender is easily found out, and goes the way of the many mouthing mountebanks by whose performances true genius has been brought into disrepute.

It is said, however, that all true masters of speech are on the watch against that fatal step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous or the grotesque, but that the orators of Ireland constantly fall into excesses of thought and word which no educated ear could tolerate. Allowance, however, should be made for the terrible tension of the times in which these speeches were delivered, when courts of justice were shambles, and when Parliament was a mart; and we shall forgive the extravagance of diction for the honest indignation and scorn by which it was produced.

The curious thing all this time is that Celtic Ireland had very little share in this oratorical outburst.

The Irish Catholics were shut out from Parliament and from the bar, so that the triumphs of oratory in both these spheres were won by Protestants exclusively. Farther back, in the reigns of the Stuarts, when Catholic Celts were in public life, their leaders were usually deep and accomplished jurists, rather than showy men of words. Darcy and Butler were grave and sententious speakers, but they never attempted any higher flights than those of clear ex-

position and argument in the tone and manner of our own time. The House, indeed, was not without its orators, and any one who wishes to see an example of all that is bad in florid speaking may consult the fourth volume of the State Trials, where Audley Mervin's oration in moving the impeachment of the Irish Lord Chancellor is set out in all its empty magniloquence.

In this turgid and vicious school, however, the Catholic Celts had absolutely no share. The Journals of Parliament show that the work of the Catholic members lay in committees of the House and in unnoticed and useful business of investigation and control of public affairs. They produced no set speech which has come down to us during their whole time of admission to Parliament or to the bar in the Stuart era.

For a hundred years the Dublin Parliament was a silent sister, and only in the middle of the last century were there any serious attempts at oratory in Ireland. It was during the speakership of the courtly and scholarly Edmund Sexton Pery that the senate woke and became vocal. This distinguished man was the first who publicly aimed at a national, as distinguished from a colonial, policy. Swift, whether he meant it or not, had cleared the way for such an experiment, and he had also shown the political power of the spoken or written word.

The specter, however, was passing from the pamphleteers in both England and Ireland, and the living voice became potent in public affairs. The English language had been molded into easier working form by Addison and Steele and Swift, while St. John had opened the second great era of English parliamentary oratory. Parties had arisen in Parliament, and from parties naturally arose great debates on questions of public policy. So that at the very time when the colonial party in Ireland was expanding itself into a national party, and endeavoring to purge away all bitter memories of divisions and conflict of creed and race, Parliament was becoming the great stage for public discussion both in England and in Ireland.

Under Pery's speakership the Dublin Parliament was charmed by the winning declamation of "Single Speech" Hamilton, the strong sense of Anthony Malone, and the vehemence of the "one musical string in Hibernia's lyre,"

as men at the time called the ungainly Henry Flood, the first real orator of Ireland.

The Irish school of oratory is to be traced, not to Parliament itself, but to an unobserved little group of students meeting for political discussion under the name of the "Historical Society." Edmund Burke was the founder of this gymnasium of eloquence. It began in 1747, and nearly all the men famous in Irish oratory took part in its debates. Here, indeed, begins the era of Irish eloquence, and by the merits and the fame of four or five men the oratorical reputation of Ireland must stand or fall.

A little over one half-century covers the whole history of what is called the "Irish School." Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Plunket are the greatest names, and with their overpowering genius they undoubtedly combine the faults usually attributed to Irish speech; but the splendor of their eloquence makes us nearly forget all faults while under their spell.

Burke, of course, is a secure classic. His throne is assured. Yet his exaggerations of thought and word are as characteristic of his genius as the imperial qualities which lift him so high among the mighty. If his motley was Irish, so too was his purple. No doubt he had sublimity of intellect, and that belongs specially to no one race. But with the intellect there is also the pomp and magnificence of a master of language, whose words fall into rank without an effort; and in the march of sentences, the swing of periods, the joyousness of attack, there is all the glory of a great comanmder setting his troops in order against some strong citadel, while the hearts of the soldiers are roused by drum-beat and trumpet-call and "ten thousand banners streaming in the air." The profusion of metaphor may lead to wild excess, but without the profusion all that is greatest in Burke would be wanting. Imitators have failed to degrade Burke's gorgeous style, and his fame has been for a long time unassailable. Indeed, no one thinks of him when speaking harshly of the school of which he was the founder.

Grattan, however, has not received such unquestioning allegiance. He is set down as merely artificial and studied, marred by conceits, covered over with glittering epigrams and shining phrases, and so decked with antithesis that

the mind's eye is wearied with the uniform dazzle, and looks in vain for a plain thought in plain words. There never was a falser judgment. Grattan was Dantesque in his brevity and directness, and in the contemptuous economy of his invective—searing and scorching by a word or epithet, and never casting another look at the victim whom he left quivering in agony. In simple statement, when the occasion called for it, he was as clear as Pitt himself. Were he not so supreme an artist, more justice would have been done to his great powers of exposition. But the completed work is so perfect and so smooth that we do not at once see that every brilliant phrase combines "with the flash of the gem its solidity too."

Apart from the fact that dullards console themselves by assuming that all shining merit must be shallow, and that deep stupidity to the end of time will shake its "head at Murray for a wit," there is a real difficulty in the way of the average man when he sets out to measure and estimate a really brilliant genius. Only rare minds can keep two lines of observation in view at the same moment; and if attention is fixed upon the art it is withdrawn from the argument; while the very polish of the finished speech hides the division into parts, and makes it more difficult for the ordinary hearer to carry definite impressions away. When he tries to analyze he finds he has nothing clear, and thinks the whole performance a cheat and a juggle, as if an honest purchaser of paint and canvas complained that a picture of Apelles or Raphael was fobbed off upon him instead.

From this point of view it is interesting to get a look at the operations of a great artist's mind, and to see how the rough material is worked up into the finished result. Fortunately, we may do so with Grattan. And the occasion which allows us this precious opportunity is itself of very special interest. Grattan from a very early age had busied himself in rhetorical composition. "I wrote," said he, "a reply to George Grenville which I thought very good, for I had taken much care; but it touched every point except the question; it kept clear of that." Such a self-critic was sure to be an observant judge of others. And of all men Chatham was "the god of his idolatry."

In his twenty-second year he wrote down rough notes on

Chatham's manner of speaking, and these he afterward elaborated into a compact rhetorical passage. We have, therefore, in the first place a great orator, yet unmatured, contemplating the mightiest speaker that ever wielded the English tongue. We see, besides, how the young orator trained and prepared himself for his high calling; and it gives us the further opportunity of comparing the rough planks of fact with the finished cabinet into which they are worked. The notes are disjointed and loose, but they tell definite things that bring clear impressions into the mind. All that these impressions ought to signify we find in the glowing lyrical tribute into which they were subsequently elaborated, but it may well be doubted if to any but the most alert reader or hearer the full significance of the panegyric will be brought home as it would be by the notes themselves.

The notes run:—

"He was a man of great genius—great flight of mind. His imagination was astonishing. He was very great and very odd. He spoke in a style of conversation. It was not a speech, for he never came with a prepared harangue. His style was not regular oratory, like Demosthenes or Cicero; but it was very fine and very elevated. He disdained ordinary subjects of debate; his conversations were about kings and queens and empires. Lord Mansfield would have argued better: Charles Townshend would have made a better speech; but there was in him a grandeur and a manner which neither had. He was an incomparable actor. I recollect his pronouncing one word, 'effete,' in a soft, charming accent. His son could not have pronounced it better. Once, addressing Lord Mansfield, he said, 'Who are the evil advisers of the king? Is it you? is it you?' pointing to Ministers until he came to Lord Mansfield, round whom some lords were gathered. 'My lords, please to take your seats. Is it *you? Methinks Felix trembles!*' It required a great actor to do this; done by any one else, it would have been miserable. Another time he said, 'You talk of driving the Americans; I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.' In argumentative parts he lowered his voice so as to be scarcely audible, and did not lay such stress on these parts as on the great bursts of genius and the sublimer passages. The whole impression was great. Perhaps he was not as good a debater as his son, but he was a much better orator, a better scholar, and a far greater mind. Great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas, and classical illustrations formed the material of his speech."

Who can read these notes without learning much of both the theory and the practice of oratory?

Perhaps one may lose some of the lesson in trying to read

from the finished work, which is dark with excess of light. We have here the materials of the notes with the splendor falling upon them and lighting them up in glory.[1]

This extract is not in Grattan's most characteristic style, but it shows us many of his most marked qualities. These qualities appear more clearly in the magnificent peroration with which he closed his great speech on the Declaration of Irish Rights, on the 19th April, 1780:—

"Hereafter when these things shall be history—your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty and observe that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic trances of gratitude, they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold? I might as a constituent come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking of the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction.

"I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory.

"I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."

This glorious passage gives us material from which we may see Grattan's peculiar merits in the mere workmanship of oratorical construction. Notice first the rapid plunge of the sentences, the variety of rhythm, the clasping and clamping of the meaning by plain, strong words, that hold like hoops of steel, the absence of lulling sounds, and the final simple close, not, as in the manner of Burke and Cicero, on a great wave of sound. The attention is held at full stretch through the whole passage; repose is out of the question, and only when all is over do we begin again

[1] See Grattan's speeches in Volume IV.

to breathe. It has been noticed how much Greek oratory must have suffered by the stern taste which forbade passionate perorations; and as this astonishing appeal of Grattan could not stand in any other part of a speech except at the end, it seems to prove that the Greek judgment was in error in laying down that too rigid rule.

But it would be a serious mistake to think only of this passage and passages like this. These triumphant outbursts are never out of place or season; no speaker had an austerer abstinence from mere display. The whole of a great speech like that against the Union, on January 15, 1800, reveals the orator as an impassioned reasoner summoning to his aid history, philosophy, law, and experience. There are few epigrams in it, very little brilliant phrasing; but the whole address is glowing with light and life. The Minister's proposals are taken one by one, looked at, examined, estimated, and rejected.

"He sees, I do not, British merchants and British capital sailing to the provinces of Connaught and Munster; there they settle in great multitudes, themselves and their families. Imagination is the region in which he delights to disport. Where he is to take away your Parliament, where he is to take away your final judicature, there he is a plain, direct, matter-of-fact man; but where he is to pay you for all this, there he is poetic and prophetic: no longer a financier but an inspired accountant."

Taxes, trade, and administration are reviewed, and the argument is strengthened with each appeal. Grattan, as an orator of reason, is at his best here.

With this address we may compare his first speech in the English Parliament, in which he replied to Dr. Duigenan, the member for the University of Dublin. The occasion of this speech was singularly interesting. All awaited the Irish leader's rising with curiosity. The House had fixed habits of style and delivery of its own, and now that Burke's amazing genius no longer astonished men with its "flights into the invisible air," House of Commons oratory was dignified, flowing, smooth, and regular. Fox indeed broke the bounds of studied reserve, and swept the House at times with his headlong power of debate. But Pitt's sonority, and Sheridan's clear and dignified eloquence, gave the prevailing taste of the day. In such a House Grattan rose, in his fifty-ninth year.

Pitt eyed him closely and assumed a critical attitude. The strange and almost grotesque bearing and look of Grattan made Pitt's lip curl, and as the rhythmic sentences began to flow the proud Minister looked more and more disdainful. Soon, however, in wrath and scorn Grattan burst out:—

"The member's speech consists of four parts:—1st, an invective uttered against the religion of the Catholics; 2d, an invective uttered against the present generation; 3d, an invective against the past; and 4th, an invective against the future: *here the limits of creation interposed* and stopped the member."

Pitt's face lit up, and he was seen to keep time with his head to Grattan's rhythm as the speech progressed; and when the slow hushed voice of Grattan rested on the words, "The Parliament of Ireland—of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sate by her cradle, I followed her hearse," Pitt turned to a colleague and said, in the vehement manner of the day, "By God, that's oratory!" Grattan went on:—

"I call my countrymen to witness if in that Parliament I compromised the claims of Ireland or temporized with the power of England. But one thing baffled the effort of the patriot and defeated the wisdom of the senate: it was the folly of the theologian. When the Parliament of Ireland rejected the Catholic petition, on that day she voted the Union. If you reject it now you will vote the separation. Many good and pious reasons you may give; many good and pious reasons she gave—and she lies THERE with her many good and pious reasons. That the Parliament of Ireland should have entertained prejudices I am not astonished; but that you, that you, who have as individuals and as conquerors visited a great part of the globe and have seen men in all their modifications and Providence in all her ways: that you, now at this time of day, should throw up dikes against the Pope and barriers against the Catholics, this surprises me; and, in addition to this, that you should have set up the Pope in Italy to tremble at him in Ireland, and that you should prefer to buy allies by subsidies rather than fellow-subjects by justice, this surprises me; and that you should now stand, drawn out as it were in battalion, sixteen millions against thirty-six millions of enemies, and should paralyze a fifth of your own numbers at the very time you say all your numbers are inadequate."

In sentences packed with argument and throbbing with passion the great orator traversed the whole field of the debate. He enumerated the illustrious men who had advocated Catholic Relief. "Every man that Ireland loved; Lord Pery, the wisest man Ireland ever produced; Charle-

mount, superior to his earlier prejudices; our own Burke; the late Primate (his miter stood in the forefront) ": all these supported the measure, and against whom?

"Against men so extravagant that even bigotry must blush for them—yet men who had not before them the considerations which should make you wise—that the Pope has evaporated and that France covers the best part of Europe. Half the Continent is in battalion against us, and we are damning one another on account of mysteries, when we should form against the enemy, and march."

This is not the language of art or artifice; it is in the great manner, and none more than Pitt did homage to the grandeur and simplicity of this noble piece of argumentative declamation.

Indeed, Grattan's speeches on the Catholic question are among the noblest monuments of oratorical genius. All his great powers were called into play. His closing years were dedicated to that measure of justice and relief.

"I know [said he, in 1812] the strength of the cause I support; it must appeal to all the quarters of the globe; it will walk the earth and flourish when dull declamation shall be silent and the pert sophistry that opposed it shall be forgotten in the grave. The people, if left to themselves and their good understanding, will agree; it is learned ignorance only that would sever the empire. The folly, the indecency, the insanity of the objections do not deserve an answer. I appeal to the hospitals which are thronged with the Irish who have been disabled in your cause, and to the fields of Spain and Portugal yet drenched with their blood, and I turn from that policy which disgraced your empire, to the spirit of civil freedom that formed it; that is the charm by which your kings have been appointed and in whose thunders you ride the waters of the deep. I call upon those principles and upon you to guard your empire in this perilous moment from religious strife, and from that death-doing policy which would teach one part of the empire to cut the throats of the other in a metaphysical, ecclesiastical, unintelligible warfare. I call upon you to guard your empire from such an unnatural calamity, and four millions of your fellow-subjects from a senseless, shameless, diabolic oppression. You have to say to them: We are ruined, unless we stand by one another we are ruined; and they have to say to you: We require our liberties, our lives are at your service."

It is interesting to consider the special graces and charms in Grattan's oratory. In all art the particular instance touches men's minds and hearts more nearly than any abstract speculation can. Milton's cloud, charged with heaven's artillery, breaks "over the Caspian"; Addi-

son, as Macaulay shows, deepened the effect of his great image of the angel and the storm by the line—

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Grattan was a master of this manner, and in the middle of a great argument he flashes in a living instance:—

"Had that gallant officer, Sir John Doyle [said he, in 1811], insisted on his men renouncing the eucharist, and declaring their abhorrence of mass, France would have had one eagle the more and you one regiment the less; but that gallant man, far above the folly of theology, did not stoop for the sanction of priest or parson, but told the soldier to draw for his country."

"Has the eucharist," he asked, in the same year, "which overpowers the understanding of Lord Fingal and Sir Patrick Bellew, no effect on those foreigners whom you have raised to the highest ranks in your army?" The great Catholic physician, Dr. Purcel, serves him again and again: "If Dr. Purcel saves the lives of his Majesty's Protestant subjects it is not our fault; we gave him no sort of encouragement, no license, no countenance; let him and his patients pay their vows to some other country."

But the most beautiful of all these references is the tribute to Dr. Kirwan, the famous preacher:

"I congratulate the Church on its alliance with the Ministers of the Crown. There are now two principles of promotion for church or law—English recommendation and Irish corruption. What is the case of Dr. Kirwan? That man preferred this country and our religion,[1] and he brought to both a genius superior to what he found in either. He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity of which the proprietors had been unconscious; in feeding the lamp of charity he had almost exhausted the lamp of life; he comes to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of the other. The preacher's desk becomes the throne of light: around him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levees of princes (horse, foot, and dragoons), but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in action and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and pride appalled by the rebuke of the preacher and cheated for a moment from their native improbity. What reward? St. Nicholas Within or St. Nicholas Without.[2] The curse of Swift is upon him—to have been born an Irishman, to have possessed a genius, and to have used his talents for the good of his country. Had this man, instead of being the brightest of preachers, been the dullest of lawyers: had he added to dullness venality, and

[1] He had been a Catholic priest. [2] Names of Dublin parishes.

sold his vote, he had been a judge: or had he been born a blockhead, bred a slave, and trained a parasite, and handed over as a household circumstance from the great English family to the Irish Viceroy, he would have been a bishop and an Irish peer, and the Irish parochial clergy must have adored his stupidity and deified his dullness."

How beautifully these particular touches fill up the general picture! But unhappily there are other personal allusions and invectives over which the admirer of Grattan would wish to draw a veil; great, perhaps, as rhetorical performances, but hardly worthy of the real Henry Grattan. Flood, Corry, and Gifford always roused him to excess, and in reading his attacks on these men we are reminded of Lord Holland's saying about Colonel Barré, another powerful Irish orator. Seeing Barré munching a biscuit, "What!" said his Lordship, "does it eat biscuit? I thought it only ate raw flesh." But if there are words to make us shudder and shrink away, we thankfully remember that they are few.

In trying to form a just estimate of Grattan, it has to be borne in mind that he was never the exponent of large and complicated questions with considerations of great weight on both sides, with many modifying calculations of expediency with regard to time, manner, and extent of the contemplated proposals; on the contrary, he was, and felt himself to be, the advocate of causes involving no controversy, save what must always arise from selfishness, bigotry, and hate. He drew his strength from moral grandeur rather than from intellectual elevation and range. At times he almost disdains to reason, but when he does his language is never vague or floating, but is compact of argument and thought. In enumerating Ireland's title-deeds to liberty, in his appeals to history, to constitutional law, and to the governing *dicta* of great jurists and great statesmen, his language is lofty, dignified, and pure, and rises in most places to stately declamation, never verbose like Pitt, never reiterative like Fox, but clear, energetic, and, where terseness is possible, terse; it is only when a moral flash lights him up that these glories, which to prosaic minds seem excesses, astonish us by their illumination and force.

Still his limits are well defined. There are here no grapplings with eternal problems; his march is on the great

highways of moral certainties. National rights, human liberty, religious toleration, were his themes; their encompassing perils, correlative dangers, and particular application he never discussed, for his mind rested on Ireland only, where all such elaborate reasonings were unnecessary. Thus the logical or analytic method is seldom employed. If he recites statutes and cases, he does so not to draw moral corroboration from them, but in order to show that our forefathers had walked in the ways of righteousness; and statutes, judgments, and declamations could not add one jot or tittle to man's inherent rights or to a nation's sacred claim to be free. His philosophy is that of "Mr. Locke"; his political wisdom is that of Somers; and the theories which he had studied and the conclusions he had formed tended to compactness and definiteness of thought and principle rather than to the multiplied anxieties and questionings of Burke. His imagination, like his intellect, worked within well-defined limits. Sometimes startling, sometimes singular, always illuminating, it is hardly ever sublime. The imagery is drawn rather from human affairs than from nature; or when his figures are drawn from nature they are trite and familiar. But moral sublimity reigns throughout. Take an instance:—

"Let the courtier present his flimsy sail and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind: I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

Nothing could be finer, for nothing could be simpler; and the great deep pause after "wind," the intaking of breath there, and the solemn "I will remain anchored here," could come only from one whose ear and brain were in full accord. But then take, on the other hand, what must be thought the mock-sublime—conceit on the grand scale: "Ambition is omnivorous; it feasts on famine and sheds tons of blood that it may starve in ice, in order to commit a robbery on desolation."[1] The inner eye of the speaker did not see the flames of devoted Moscow, nor did his mind's ear hear the groans of the victims, as Burke would have seen and heard them, and so, instead of sublime pathos, he gives us a wild rhapsody and a medley of strained metaphors.

[1] Speech on the downfall of Napoleon.

A clear thinker must have a clear style, unless he of set purpose confuse his language by seeking ornament or by affecting depth. Grattan, in his earnest passages—and they make up nearly the whole of what he has left us—is always clear, while blow after blow drives and rivets his arguments, so that they cannot be loosed or shaken. His ear was the ear of Demosthenes; he employed the military beat, the marching tune, the clarion call to the attack, and the proud notes of victory; but he has no lyric sadness, no vague suggestiveness, no creeping strains of longing or foreboding, such as we find in Curran, whose genius was akin to the genius of Burns.

Of all things he most shuns monotony. The recurring curves of sound which we find in speakers like Pitt and Peel, who had command over mechanical rhythm only, were hateful to him; so instead of balance there is constant movement and variety. Here is a sentence to show this mastery of construction, so simple yet so subtle:—

"Do you remember that night when you gave your country a free trade, and with your own hands opened all her harbors? That night when you gave her a free constitution and broke the chains of a century, while England, eclipsed at your glory and your island, rose as it were from its bed, and got nearer the sun?"

A little monosyllable thrown in here or there would have reduced this passage to the lulling sounds of mechanical constructors; while, as it stands, the words and images leap alike at the eye and the ear. No human tongue could read Grattan sing-song. Within the limits set he is as nearly as possible perfect in thought, word, and sound.

But there is a fault charged against his style which should be noticed. He sometimes, it is said, uses words not in their ordinary received sense, nor yet in their original etymological meaning, but a way somehow compounded of both; this tries the reader's patience, we are told, as he feels the irritation which bilingual mixture gives, and the language itself loses in elegance and strength. This is hardly fair to Grattan, or to Curran, for both have been so censured. Both were steeped in literature, and no word comes to either as an ordinary conventional caller, but as an intimate and well-known friend. The whole word is known, and when it is asked to serve

there are no limitations put upon its service. Milton, by royal prerogative, could call in and recoin the language; Burke, Grattan, and Curran could only take care that "money which is bad would not drive out money which is good." A few instances will make this somewhat more intelligible.

Lord Chesterfield said that the Irish were the victims "of deputies of deputies of deputies," which is a clear and a neat saying. Grattan translates the same thought into this language: "Ireland is given over as a prey to a *subordination* of vultures." The strange phrase startles us into attention and new thought. Again, he condemned "borough-broking" chiefly because it was "an offense so *multitudinous* and so criminal in its parts"; he speaks of "the cant of grave and *superannuated* addresses"; he tells us that justice puts forth a *subterranean* voice even against kings, and he puts among Chatham's claims to glory the tribute that, "overbearing and *impracticable,* his object was England." These are the taxes and contributions levied on subject language, or rather the re-ennobling of words which have fallen by common use from their former dignity. From this classical saturation another faculty of Grattan's arose—the faculty of so absorbing and assimilating quotation that the imported words made no glaring contrast, but rather seemed part of the original texture. Burke was gloriously potent in doing so, and the spoils from Milton or from Virgil seem at home in his great storehouse.

There is in Grattan only what chemists call "a trace" of Milton, and of Virgil scarcely that. Direct classical allusions are seldom made, and then only in bulk. Lord North's administration was an "Iliad of blunders." Ajax or Ulysses may be mentioned, or the wooden horse called to do duty again, or a hemistich may be quoted; but it is mostly by infusion, and not by incorporation, that he draws upon the ancients. From the moderns, however, he drew abundantly. Shakespeare, Pope, and Bolingbroke left each a large deposit in his mind, and his assimilative genius fuses them in its own furnace with the other materials on which it acted. In the tribute to Burke's memory, for instance, the extracts from 'Macbeth' and 'Othello' hardly "show," so fully do they harmonize with

the light and color of the magnificent prose into which they are woven:—

"That great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what other men thought to be the vigor of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

All these things may be pointed out; but how can we show in what lay the nature and character of that light that never was on sea or land, but which came from the soul of Grattan's inspiration? That is beyond our reach. But in all that may be analyzed Grattan stands out as a consummate master of a great art, the peer of the greatest, as Byron and Montalembert join with his own people in appraising him; while in moral height the universal verdict of friend and enemy puts him among the foremost of the sons of men.

No two styles could differ more than those of Grattan and of Curran. One is narrow and intense; the other wide, varied, abounding, and irregular: iridescent with humor and fun, melting in pathos, full of tenderness, delicacy, and fire: copious in invective and exuberant in imagery; a great advocate, but not a great parliamentary speaker. Curran was probably (as Burke said of him, in a letter to Dr. Hussey) "the greatest advocate that ever lived." Extracts from his speeches are difficult, as the passages have become so well known as to be now too familiar for quotation. Still, a few may be looked at in order to see the emotional power and the fancy which are his chief merits. In the great speech for Peter Finnerty, the well-known passage on "universal emancipation," with its Ciceronian amplification and repetition, may be taken as a sample of Curran's style in moments of special excitement. Thought follows thought rapidly and in good order, rising to a climax and then breaking away to new ideas—the joints are left visible, the materials are piled before our eyes, and the final satisfying fullness of sound completes the effect of the fullness of the sense as the passage closes in a long impressive roll. It is noticeable, too, that the middle of the passage is marked by a solemn wave of separating sound which removes all peril of monotony.

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation."

A different note is to be found in the speech delivered by Curran against the attainder of the gallant and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died in prison untried.

Curran's speech on behalf of Pamela, Lord Edward's widow, and her infant children was full of tenderness and beauty. The closing sentences are very pathetic and very elaborately finished; and although artificial in form, are too full of real feeling to pall or to cloy.

"If the widowed mother should carry the orphan heir of her unfortunate husband to the gate of any man who might feel himself touched with the sad vicissitudes of human affairs, who might feel a compassionate reverence for the noble blood that flowed in his veins, nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it, that like a rich stream rose till it ran and hid its fountain—if, remembering the many noble qualities of his unfortunate father, his heart melted over the calamities of the child, if his heart swelled, if his eyes overflowed, if his too precipitate hand were stretched out by his pity or his gratitude to the poor excommunicated sufferers—how could he justify the rebel tear or the traitorous humanity?"

An example of Curran's *still* style may be profitably compared. Many competent critics have said that in majesty and massiveness the introduction to his defense for Archibald Hamilton Rowan may be put beside the exordium of Cicero's speech for Milo. In both there is that masterly ease which deceives the reader, so regular and so simple it all looks, for regularity and due proportion diminish the sense of size. The very power to state momentous events in common form is itself one of the reaches of true art, and an unobservant student might overlook the whole passage, as one of the many familiar openings of legal addresses where

the advocate declares himself borne down and oppressed by the weight and responsibility of his task. Language and style fit for great occasions would be out of place in ordinary trials, and the Ciceros, the Erskines, the Currans, and the Berryers are specially exposed to the "servile herd of imitators," who have so often made forensic oratory synonymous with loud and blatant absurdity. But in Cicero and Curran alike the great openings astonish more by their deep calm and their progressive roll of sound and sense than by any display of eloquence as such, or at any attempt to call off attention from the matter to the words. In both there is the same amplification of details, the same convergence on a point, and the same sonorousness of sentences forming, as it were, a guard of honor round the client and the argument. For example:—

"If, gentlemen, I could entertain a hope of finding refuge for the disconcertion of my mind in the perfect composure of yours—if I could suppose that those awful vicissitudes of human events, which have been stated or alluded to, could leave your judgment undisturbed, and your hearts at ease, I know I should form a most erroneous opinion of your character. I entertain no such chimerical hope—I form no such unworthy opinion. I expect not that your hearts can be more at ease than my own—I have no right to expect it; but I have a right to call upon you, in the name of your country, in the name of the living God of whose eternal justice you are now administering that portion which dwells with us on this side of the grave, to discharge your breasts, as far as you are able, of every bias of prejudice or passion, that if my client be guilty of the offense charged upon him you may give tranquillity to the public by a firm verdict of conviction, or, if he be innocent, by as firm a verdict of acquittal; and that you will do this in defiance of the paltry artifices and senseless clamors that have been resorted to in order to bring him to his trial with anticipated conviction."

On the whole, it would seem that Curran's genius was on the borderland between oratory and poetry, perhaps more on the poetical side than Dryden's, certainly less on the side of cold reason than Pope's. Such a genius could only have full sweep in pathetic, grand, and terrible occasions: life or character at stake, villainy triumphant, crime in high places, and virtue in the dock of the accused. To employ such style for the ordinary occurrences of life is to make it seem ridiculous, and Curran suffered grievously from such usage at the hands of his admiring imitators.

But there were no imitators of Plunket. That solid and

massive intellect did not invite plagiarists. Bulwer says of him, in 'St. Stephen's':—

> "But one there was, to whom with joint consent
> All yield the crown in that high argument."

And so, indeed, did Brougham, Peel, Canning, and Macaulay. Bulwer asks and answers:—

> "Wherefore? you ask; I can but guide your guess,
> Man has no majesty like earnestness.
> Tones slow, not loud, but deep drawn from the breast,
> Action unstudied, and at times suppressed;
> But as he neared some reasoning's massive close,
> Strained o'er his bending head, his strong arms rose
> And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
> Some gray old keystone, and hurled down with scorn."

The "orator of colossal logic" does not lend himself readily to quotation. All is great, massive, and impressive. Perhaps his answer to Castlereagh may serve best:—

"The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform by professing which he had attained the earlier confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution, which has been founded by the wisdom of ages and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its center by such a green and sapless twig as this."

This passage reminds us of the letter of "Junius" to the Duke of Grafton; but Plunket is more severely dignified in his chastisement of his opponent. It is only, however, in an entire speech that one can gather an impression of the size and majesty of Plunket as an orator. He is above all prettiness and ornament, and a phrase for a phrase's sake never escapes him.

The great line of oratory closes in Plunket, the last of the giants. O'Connell arose as the king of popular haranguers. "Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd," in Parliament he made no reputation as a regular orator.

Before Bulwer gives the famous lines in which he describes O'Connell in his glory as an open-air speaker, he says:—

> "Hear him in senates, second-rate at best—
> Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
> His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth:
> Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth."

Others put O'Connell as a parliamentary speaker much higher, and Peel reproved a young spark who depreciated the Great Tribune by saying that he would rather have "that broguing fellow, as you call him, on my side than all the other orators that you named."

But his element was the monster meeting. It was to him what the sea was to Nelson. There none dared to meet him. At the bar, too, he was, in his time, unrivaled. But he was quite unreportable. "He brings forth a brood of lusty thoughts," said Sheil, "without a rag to cover them." Dickens has recorded the effect of one speech of O'Connell's which melted him to tears as he listened in the reporters' gallery; but that speech reads wretchedly in the reports. The speech for Magee, in 1813, is thought by many good judges as quite equal as advocacy to Curran's speech for Peter Finnerty. But it has no literary form, although the thoughts and arguments are most powerfully expressed. O'Connell had no command of diction, and while he had a mastery over superficial feelings, it is doubtful if he ever felt with passionate intensity on anything. "Sobs or laughter answered as he willed," but fixed indignation or settled purpose he never created in the listener's mind. He cared nothing for oratory as such—speech happened to be the weapon ready to his hand, and he used it; but he had no patience for the construction of periods, and despised all showy talk quite as much as the most solid M.P. now in the House. O'Connell's companion-in-arms, Richard Lalor Sheil, was an almost eerie kind of man. Like Sheridan, he had been a dramatist, and his 'Evadne' was the theatrical success of a season. He never lost sight of the footlights. Bulwer calls him "the Kean of orators," and thinks his whole speaking was unreal, although, he adds, "no heart more genuine beat—when off the stage." Sheil's reputation was extraordinarily high,

both as a rhetorician and as a critic; and Lord Beaconsfield tells, in one of his letters to his sister, the comfort he had drawn from Sheil's advice and encouragement to him when his adventurous heart was sinking under the shock of his first parliamentary defeat.

Sheil was, above all things, an artist. That dissonant voice, which made such an impression on Mr. Gladstone, was so managed that the sibylline scream added to the effect of the hysterical declamation, and on one memorable occasion acted on the House like some unearthly spells or incantations.

The occasion was when Lord Lyndhurst came into the gallery of the House of Commons in the course of a debate on the Irish Municipal Bill. Lyndhurst had called the Irish "aliens," in a debate in the Lords, and when Sheil saw him entering under the gallery his little frame dilated, his hair streamed wildly, and his witch-like voice keened out, "Good God! was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and say 'Hold, I have seen the aliens do their duty'?" The little man rose in wrath and intensity; and suddenly, breaking the conventional rules of order, he turned to the gallant soldier (Sir H. Hardinge) who was beside him, and in a voice cracked and shrill with passion he screamed out:—

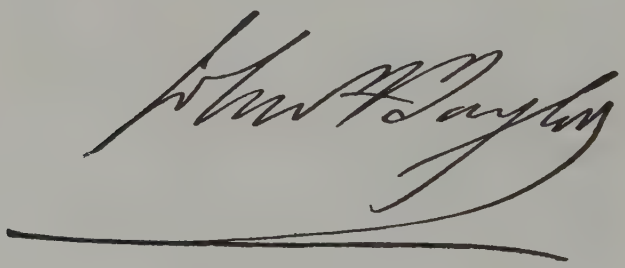
"Tell me, for you were there!"[1]

This outburst, on February 22, 1837, may possibly be looked upon by many as the close of the vehement oratory which began nearly a century before; and in that century only two Catholics—O'Connell and Sheil—and three Celts, adding Curran to these, took any part whatever.

Since then no Irish orator has spoken in the House. The tribute once paid to great style seems to be no longer rendered, and indeed men are a little ashamed of any passionate outburst into which they find themselves betrayed. Balanced periods and "facile triads" take the place of winged words. But that is because the speakers lack what Grattan finely calls the "swell of soul." It is not, as Carlyle would say, "in a skeptical grinning age" that Burkes and Chathams arise. Still it is well to keep the great

[1] See the passage in Sheil's speech on 'Ireland's Part in English Achievement,' Volume VIII.

models before our eyes. The language cannot afford to lose them by neglect, and the literary taste is very uncatholic that will not include Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Plunket in the array of those masters of "resistless eloquence" who have added force, charm, dignity, and elevation to human speech. The pedestrian style may have great merits, but it is not the noblest style. The highest possibilities of language cannot be understood by those who only hear and read the brilliant *persiflage* which is now fashionable. One might as well try to understand Assaye or Marengo by looking at the fencing-match in 'The Dead Heart' between Irving and Bancroft.



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DANIEL O'CONNELL 2629
From an engraving.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN 2645
Designed by John Henry Foley. From a photograph.

The monument consists of three parts : A drum, on a stone pedestal, on which stands the colossal figure, thirteen feet high. Four winged victories are at equal distances around the drum. The figure of O'Connell. The drum has fifty figures grouped around it. The principal is Erin trampling upon broken fetters, and pointing with her uplifted right arm to O'Connell. She stands seven feet and a half high. Her head is wreathed

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with shamrocks, and her left hand holds a scroll recording O'Connell's deeds. The other figures, in bold relief and seven feet high, are emblematic of Art, Science, Religion, Industry, Study, etc.

T. P. O'CONNOR 2655
From a photograph by Elliot and Fry, of London.

THE PROLEKE STONE, DUNDALK 2666
From a photograph.

The Cromleac of Ballymascanlon locally known as the "Pulleek Stone." The smaller stones resting on the top are thrown by the credulous, in the belief that if one rests there the thrower will be married before the end of the year. This is a world-wide superstition, appearing in various forms in nearly every race. These Cromlechs are supposed by some to have been altars of the Druids.

THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY . 2717
From a photograph.

Beneath the chair is the Stone called Jacob's stone, the legend being that it is the veritable stone on which Jacob slept when he had his famous vision. On it for centuries the Kings of Ireland took their vows. In 850 A.D. it was carried by the Scots to Scone in Scotland, and in 1296 Edward I. of England translated it to London, where it yet remains.

STANDISH O'GRADY 2737
From a photograph by William Lawrence of Dublin.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK THAT APPEARED IN IRELAND IN GAELIC 2741

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN 2767
From a photograph.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY 2825
From a photograph by the James Notman Studio, Boston, Mass.

DUNLUCE CASTLE 2853

This picturesque ruin is about four miles from the Giant's Causeway, and the rock on which it stands is basaltic, showing the prismatic structure in places. This rock is a precipitous cliff jutting into the sea, and separated from the mainland by a deep chasm only spanned by a single arch, which formerly had a drawbridge. The name signifies "strong fortress"; and in ancient days none could be stronger, as none can surpass Dunluce in wild and dreary grandeur.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL 2860
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

JAMES SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

(1811—1875.)

James Samuel Bewley Monsell, divine and hymn-writer, was born at St. Columbs, Derry, March 2, 1811. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1832. He was rector of Ramoan, Chancellor of Connor, and died April 9, 1875, at Guilford, England, his final church living. Among his popular publications of devotional poetry were: 'Parish Musings' (7th ed. 1863); 'Hymns of Love and Praise' (2d ed. 1866); 'The Passing Bell, and other Poems' (2d ed. 1869); 'Simon the Cyrenian, and other Poems' (new ed. 1876); 'Spiritual Songs' (6th ed. 1877). Many of his poems appeared in 'Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year.'

LITANY.

When my feet have wandered
  From the narrow way
Out into the desert,
  Gone like sheep astray;
Soiled and sore with travel
Through the ways of men,
All too weak to bear me
Back to Thee again:
Hear me, O my Father!
From Thy mercy-seat,
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding feet!

When my hands, unholy
  Through some sinful deed
Wrought in me, have freshly
  Made my Saviour's bleed:
And I cannot lift up
Mine to Thee in prayer,
Tied and bound, and holden
Back by my despair:
Then, my Father! loose them,
Break for me their bands,
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding hands!

When my thoughts, unruly,
  Dare to doubt of Thee,

And thy ways to question
  Deem is to be free:
Till, through cloud and darkness
Wholly gone astray,
They find no returning
To the narrow way:
Then, my God! mine only
Trust and truth art Thou;
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding brow!

When my heart, forgetful
  Of the love that yet,
Though by man forgotten,
  Never can forget;
All its best affections
Spent on things below,
In its sad despondings
Knows not where to go:
Then, my God! mine only
Hope and help Thou art;
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding heart!

SOON AND FOREVER.

Soon and forever!
  Such promise our trust
Though ashes to ashes
  And dust unto dust;
Soon, and forever
  Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
  Redeemer, in thee:
When the sins and the sorrows
  Of time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings
  Remembered no more;
Where life cannot fail, and where
  Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
  Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
  The breaking of day

Shall drive all the night-clouds
  Of sorrow away.
Soon and forever
  We 'll see as we 're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
  Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
  And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
  In the warfare of sin;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
  Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
  Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
  The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
  The victory won;
Soon and forever
  The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
  And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
  Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
  Is brightening and near;
When, blessèd reward
  Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians with Christ shall be
  Soon and forever.

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

(1855 ——)

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE was born in Limerick, May 15, 1855. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. Mr. Moore has traveled in Africa and India, the West Indies and South America, and he has utilized his impressions and experiences in the many books for boys which he has written. . He was a journalist for many years, and had written boys' books, plays, poems, and stories before he made his first hit as a novelist with 'I Forbid the Banns.' Since then his career has been one long success, 'The Jessamy Bride,' 'The Impudent Comedian,' 'The Fatal Gift,' 'The Millionaire,' 'A Nest of Linnets' are fresh in people's minds. His plays have been produced at the Lyceum, Opera Comique, and elsewhere. Mr. Moore has also published two volumes of verse.

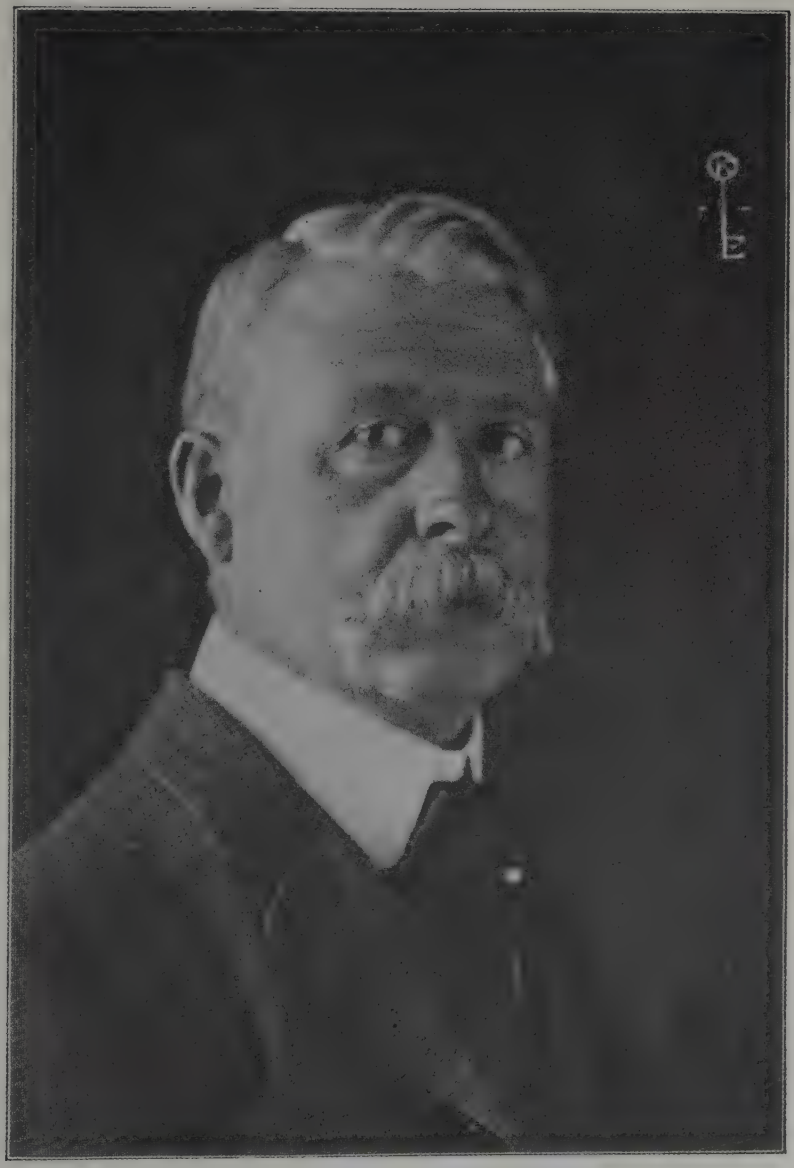
A GOODLY COMPANY.

From 'The Jessamy Bride.'

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we have eaten an excellent dinner, we are a company of intelligent men—although I allow that we should have difficulty in proving that we are so if it became known that we sat down with a Scotchman—and now pray do not mar the salf-satisfaction which intelligent men experience after dining, by making assertions based on ignorance and maintained by sophistry."

"Why, sir," cried Goldsmith, "I doubt if the self-satisfaction of even the most intelligent of men—whom I take to be myself—is interfered with by any demonstration of an inferior intellect on the part of another."

Edmund Burke laughed, understanding the meaning of the twinkle in Goldsmith's eye. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having reproduced—with some care—that twinkle, turned the bell of his ear-trumpet with a smile in the direction of Johnson; but Boswell and Garrick sat with solemn faces. The former showed that he was more impressed than ever with the conviction that Goldsmith was the most blatantly conceited of mankind, and the latter—as Burke perceived in a moment—was solemn in mimicry of Boswell's solemnity. When Johnson had given a roll or two on his chair and had pursed out his lips in the act of speaking, Boswell turned an eager face towards him, putting his left



F. FRANKFORT MOORE

hand behind his ear so that he might not lose a word that might fall from his oracle. Upon Garrick's face was precisely the same expression, but it was his right hand that he put behind his ear.

Goldsmith and Burke laughed together at the marvelous imitation of the Scotchman by the actor, and at exactly the same instant the conscious and unconscious comedians on the other side of the table turned their heads in the direction first of Goldsmith, then of Burke. Both faces were identical as regards expression. It was the expression of a man who is greatly grieved. Then, with the exactitude of two automatic figures worked by the same machinery, they turned their heads again toward Johnson.

"Sir," said Johnson, "your endeavor to evade the consequences of maintaining a silly argument by thrusting forward a question touching upon mankind in general, suggests an assumption on your part that my intelligence is of an inferior order to your own, and that, sir, I cannot permit to pass unrebuked."

"Nay, sir," cried Boswell, eagerly, "I cannot believe that Dr. Goldsmith's intention was so monstrous."

"And the very fact of your believing that, sir, amounts almost to a positive proof that the contrary is the case," roared Johnson.

"Pray, sir, do not condemn me on such evidence," said Goldsmith.

"Men have been hanged on less," remarked Burke. "But, to return to the original matter, I should like to know upon what facts—"

"Ah, sir, to introduce facts into any controversy on a point of art would indeed be a departure," said Goldsmith solemnly. "I cannot countenance a proceeding which threatens to strangle the imagination."

"And you require yours to be particularly healthy just now, Doctor. Did you not tell us that you were about to write a Natural History?" said Garrick.

"Well, I remarked that I had got paid for doing so—that 's not just the same thing," laughed Goldsmith.

"Ah, the money is in hand; the Natural History is left to the imagination," said Reynolds. "That is the most satisfactory arrangement."

"Yes, for the author," said Burke. "Some time ago it was the book which was in hand, and the payment was left to the imagination."

"These sallies are all very well in their way," said Garrick, "but their brilliance tends to blind us to the real issue of the question that Dr. Goldsmith introduced, which I take it was, Why should not acting be included among the arts? As a matter of course, the question possesses no more than a casual interest to any of the gentlemen present, with the exception of Mr. Burke and myself. I am an actor and Mr. Burke is a statesman—another branch of the same profession—and therefore we are vitally concerned in the settlement of the question."

"The matter never rose to the dignity of being a question, sir," said Johnson. "It must be apparent to the humblest intelligence—nay, even to Boswell's—that acting is a trick, not a profession—a diversion, not an art. I am ashamed of Dr. Goldsmith for having contended to the contrary."

"It must only have been in sport, sir," said Boswell mildly.

"Sir, Dr. Goldsmith may have earned reprobation," cried Johnson, "but he has been guilty of nothing so heinous as to deserve the punishment of having you as his advocate."

"Oh sir, surely Mr. Boswell is the best one in the world to pronounce an opinion as to what was said in sport, and what in earnest," said Goldsmith. "His fine sense of humor—"

"Sir, have you seen the picture which he got painted of himself on his return from Corsica?" shouted Johnson.

"Gentlemen, these diversions may be well enough for you," said Garrick, "but in my ears they sound as the jests of the crowd must in the ears of a wretch on his way to Tyburn. Think, sirs, of the position occupied by Mr. Burke and myself at the present moment. Are we to be branded as outcasts because we happen to be actors?"

"Undoubtedly you at least are, Davy," cried Johnson. "And good enough for you too, you rascal!"

"And, for my part, I would rather be an outcast with David Garrick than become chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith, let me tell you that it is unbecoming in you, who have relations in the church, to make such an assertion," said Johnson sternly. "What, sir, does friendship occupy a place before religion in your estimation?"

"The Archbishop could easily get another chaplain, sir, but whither could the stage look for another Garrick?" said Goldsmith.

"Psha! Sir, the puppets which we saw last week in Panton street delighted the town more than ever Mr. Garrick did," cried Johnson; and when he perceived that Garrick colored at this sally of his, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

Reynolds took snuff.

"Dr. Goldsmith said he could act as adroitly as the best of the puppets—I heard him myself," said Boswell.

"That was only his vain boasting which you have so frequently noted with that acuteness of observation that makes you the envy of our circle," said Burke. "You understand the Irish temperament perfectly, Mr. Boswell. But to resort to the original point raised by Goldsmith; surely, Dr. Johnson, you will allow that an actor of genius is at least on a level with a musician of genius."

"Sir, I will allow that he is on a level with a fiddler, if that will satisfy you," replied Johnson.

"Surely, sir, you must allow that Mr. Garrick's art is superior to that of Signor Piozzi, whom we heard play at Dr. Burney's," said Burke.

"Yes, sir; David Garrick has the good luck to be an Englishman, and Piozzi the ill luck to be an Italian," replied Johnson. "Sir, 't is no use affecting to maintain that you regard acting as on a level with the arts. I will not put an affront upon your intelligence by supposing that you actually believe what your words would imply."

"You can take your choice, Mr. Burke," said Goldsmith: "whether you will have the affront put upon our intelligence or your sincerity."

"I am sorry that I am compelled to leave the company for a space, just as there seems to be some chance of the argument becoming really interesting to me personally," said Garrick, rising; "but the fact is that I rashly made an engagement for this hour. I shall be gone for perhaps twenty minutes, and meantime you may be able to come to

some agreement on a matter which, I repeat, is one of vital importance to Mr. Burke and myself; and so, sirs, farewell for the present."

He gave one of those bows of his, to witness which was a liberal education in the days when grace was an art, and left the room.

"If Mr. Garrick's bow does not prove my point, no argument that I can bring forward will produce any impression upon you, sir," said Goldsmith.

"The dog is well enough," said Johnson; "but he has need to be kept in his place, and I believe that there is no one whose attempts to keep him in his place he will tolerate as he does mine."

"And what do you suppose is Mr. Garrick's place, sir?" asked Goldsmith. "Do you believe that if we were all to stand on one another's shoulders, as certain acrobats do, with Garrick on the shoulder of the topmost man, we should succeed in keeping him in his proper place?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "your question is as ridiculous as anything you have said to-night, and to say so much, sir, is, let me tell you, to say a good deal."

"What a pity it is that honest Goldsmith is so persistent in his attempts to shine," whispered Boswell to Burke.

"'T is a great pity, truly, that a lark should try to make its voice heard in the neighborhood of a Niagara," said Burke.

"Pray, sir, what is a Niagara?" asked Boswell.

"A Niagara?" said Burke. "Better ask Dr. Goldsmith; he alluded to it in his latest poem. Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Boswell wishes to know what a Niagara is."

"Sir," said Goldsmith, who had caught every word of the conversation in undertone. "Sir, Niagara is the Dr. Johnson of the New World."

The conversation took place in the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, where the party had just dined. Dr. Johnson had been quite as good company as usual. There was a general feeling that he had rarely insulted Boswell so frequently in the course of a single evening—but then, Boswell had rarely so laid himself open to insult as he had upon this evening—and when he had finished with the Scotchman, he turned his attention to Garrick, the opportunity being afforded him by Oliver Goldsmith, who

had been unguarded enough to say a word or two regarding that which he termed "the art of acting."

"Dr. Goldsmith, I am ashamed of you, sir," cried the great dictator. "Who gave you the authority to add to the number of the arts 'the art of acting'? We shall hear of the art of dancing next, and every tumbler who kicks up the sawdust will have the right to call himself an artist. Madame Violante, who gave Peggy Woffington her first lesson on the tight rope, will rank with Miss Kauffmann, the painter—nay, every poodle that dances on its hind legs in public will be an artist."

It was in vain that Goldsmith endeavored to show that the admission of acting to the list of arts scarcely entailed such consequences as Johnson asserted would be inevitable, if that admission were once made; it was in vain that Garrick asked if the fact that painting was included among the arts, caused sign painters to claim for themselves the standing of artists; and, if not, why there was any reason to suppose that the tumblers to whom Johnson had alluded would advance their claims to be on a level with the highest interpreters of the emotions of humanity. Dr. Johnson roared down every suggestion that was offered to him most courteously by his friends.

Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, he insulted Boswell and told Burke he did not know what he was talking about. In short, he was thoroughly Johnsonian, and considered himself the best of company, and eminently capable of pronouncing an opinion as to what were the elements of a clubable man.

He had succeeded in driving one of his best friends out of the room, and in reducing the others of the party to silence—all except Boswell, who, as usual, tried to start him upon a discussion of some subtle point of theology. Boswell seemed invariably to have adopted this course after he had been thoroughly insulted, and to have been, as a rule, very successful in its practice: it usually led to his attaining to the distinction of another rebuke for him to gloat over.

He now thought that the exact moment had come for him to find out what Dr. Johnson thought on the subject of the immortality of the soul.

"Pray, sir," said he, shifting his chair so as to get be-

tween Reynolds' ear-trumpet and his oracle—his jealousy of Sir Joshua's ear-trumpet was as great as his jealousy of Goldsmith. "Pray, sir, is there any evidence among the ancient Egyptians that they believed that the soul of man was imperishable?"

"Sir," said Johnson, after a huge roll or two, "there is evidence that the ancient Egyptians were in the habit of introducing a *memento mori* at a feast, lest the partakers of the banquet should become too merry."

"Well, sir?" said Boswell eagerly, as Johnson made a pause.

"Well, sir, we have no need to go to the trouble of introducing such an object, since Scotchmen are so plentiful in London, and so ready to accept the offer of a dinner," said Johnson, quite in his pleasantest manner.

Boswell was more elated than the others of the company at this sally. He felt that he, and he only, could succeed in drawing his best from Johnson.

"Nay, Dr. Johnson, you are too hard on the Scotch," he murmured, but in no deprecatory tone. He seemed to be under the impression that every one present was envying him, and he smiled as if he felt that it was necessary for him to accept with meekness the distinction of which he was the recipient.

"Come, Goldy," cried Johnson, turning his back upon Boswell, "you must not be silent, or I will think that you feel aggrieved because I got the better of you in the argument."

"Argument, sir?" said Goldsmith. "I protest that I was not aware that any argument was under consideration. You make short work of another's argument, Doctor."

"'T is due to the logical faculty which I have in common with Mr. Boswell, sir," said Johnson, with a twinkle.

"The logical faculty of the elephant when it lies down on its tormentor, the wolf," muttered Goldsmith, who had just acquired some curious facts for his Animated Nature.

At that moment one of the tavern waiters entered the room with a message to Goldsmith that his cousin, the Dean, had just arrived and was anxious to obtain permission to join the party.

"My cousin, the Dean! What Dean? What does the

man mean?" said Goldsmith, who appeared to be both surprised and confused.

"Why, sir," said Boswell, "you have told us more than once that you had a cousin who was a dignitary of the church."

"Have I, indeed?" said Goldsmith. "Then I suppose, if I said so, this must be the very man. A Dean, is he?"

"Sir, it is ill-mannered to keep even a curate waiting in the common room of a tavern," said Johnson, who was not the man to shrink from any sudden addition to his audience of an evening. "If your relation were an Archbishop, sir, this company would be worthy to receive him. Pray give the order to show him into this room."

Goldsmith seemed lost in thought. He gave a start when Johnson had spoken, and in no very certain tone told the waiter to lead the clergyman up to the room. Oliver's face undoubtedly wore an expression of greater curiosity than that of any of his friends, before the waiter returned, followed by an elderly and somewhat undersized clergyman wearing a full bottomed wig and the bands and apron of a dignitary of the church. He walked stiffly, with an erect carriage that gave a certain dignity to his short figure. His face was white, but his eyebrows were extremely bushy. He had a slight squint in one eye.

The bow which he gave on entering the room was profuse but awkward. It contrasted with the farewell salute of Garrick on leaving the table twenty minutes before. Every one present, with the exception of Oliver, perceived in a moment a family resemblance in the clergyman's bow to that with which Goldsmith was accustomed to receive his friends. A little jerk which the visitor gave in raising his head was laughably like a motion made by Goldsmith, supplemental to his usual bow.

"Gentlemen," said the visitor, with a wave of his hand, "I entreat of you to be seated." His voice and accent more than suggested Goldsmith's, although he had only a suspicion of an Irish brogue. If Oliver had made an attempt to disown his relationship, no one in the room would have regarded him as sincere. "Nay, gentlemen, I insist," continued the stranger; "you embarrass me with your courtesy."

"Sir," said Johnson, "you will not find that any com-

pany over which I have the honor to preside is found lacking in its duty to the church."

"I am the humblest of its ministers, sir," said the stranger, with a deprecatory bow. Then he glanced round the room, and with an exclamation of pleasure went towards Goldsmith. "Ah! I do not need to ask which of this distinguished company is my cousin Nolly—I beg your pardon, Oliver—ah, old times—old times!" He had caught Goldsmith's hands in both his own and was looking into his face with a pathetic air. Goldsmith seemed a little embarrassed. His smile was but the shadow of a smile. The rest of the party averted their heads, for in the long silence, that followed the exclamation of the visitor, there was an element of pathos.

Curiously enough, a sudden laugh came from Sir Joshua Reynolds, causing all faces to be turned in his direction. An aspect of stern rebuke was now worn by Dr. Johnson. The painter hastened to apologize.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said, gravely, "but—sir, I am a painter—my name is Reynolds—and—well, sir, the family resemblance between you and our dear friend Dr. Goldsmith—a resemblance that perhaps only a painter's eye could detect—seemed to me so extraordinary as you stood together, that—"

"Not another word, sir, I entreat of you," cried the visitor. "My cousin Oliver and I have not met for—how many years is it, Nolly? Not eleven—no, it cannot be eleven—and yet—"

"Ah, sir," said Oliver, "time is fugitive—very fugitive." He shook his head sadly.

"I am pleased to hear that you have acquired this knowledge, which the wisdom of the ancients has crystalized in a phrase," said the stranger. "But you must present me to your friends, Noll—Oliver, I mean. You, sir"—he turned to Reynolds—"have told me your name. Am I fortunate enough to be face to face with Sir Joshua Reynolds? Oh, there can be no doubt about it. Oliver dedicated his last poem to you. Sir, I am your servant. And you, sir"—he turned to Burke—"I seem to have seen your face somewhere—it is strangely familiar—"

"That gentleman is Mr. Burke, sir," said Goldsmith. He was rapidly recovering his embarrassment, and spoke

with something of an air of pride, as he made a gesture with his right hand towards Burke. The clergyman made precisely the same gesture with his left hand, crying—

"What, Mr. Edmund Burke, the friend of liberty—the friend of the people?"

"The same, sir," said Oliver. "He is, besides, the friend of Oliver Goldsmith."

"Then he is my friend also," said the clergyman. "Sir, to be in a position to shake you by the hand is the greatest privilege of my life."

"You do me great honor, sir," said Burke.

Goldsmith was burning to draw the attention of his relative to Dr. Johnson, who on his side was looking anything but pleased at being so far neglected.

"Mr. Burke, you are our countryman—Oliver's and mine—and I know you are sound on the Royal Marriage Act. I should dearly like to have a talk with you on that iniquitous measure. You opposed it, sir?"

"With all my power, sir," said Burke.

"Give me your hand again, sir. Mrs. Luttrel was an honor to her sex, and it is she who confers an honor upon the Duke of Cumberland, not the other way about. You are with me, Mr. Burke? Eh, what is the matter, Cousin Noll? Why do you work with your arm that way?"

"There are other gentlemen in the room, Mr. Dean," said Oliver.

"They can wait," cried Mr. Dean. "They are certain to be inferior to Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. If I should be wrong, they will not feel mortified at what I have said."

"This is Mr. Boswell, sir," said Goldsmith.

"Mr. Boswell—of where, sir?"

"Mr. Boswell, of—of Scotland, sir."

"Scotland, the land where the clergymen write plays for the theater. Your clergymen might be better employed, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Boswell, sir."

"Mr. Boswell. Yes, I hope you will look into this matter should you ever visit your country again—a remote possibility, from all that I can learn of your countrymen."

"Why, sir, since Mr. Home wrote his tragedy of 'Doug-

las'—" began Boswell, but he was interrupted by the stranger.

"What, you would condone his offense?" he cried. "The fact of your having a mind to do so shows that the clergy of your country are still sadly lax in their duty, sir. They should have taught you better."

"And this is Dr. Johnson, sir," said Goldsmith in tones of triumph.

His relation sprang from his seat and advanced to the head of the table, bowing profoundly.

"Dr. Johnson," he cried, "I have long desired to meet you, sir."

"I am your servant, Mr. Dean," said Johnson, towering above him as he got—somewhat awkwardly—upon his feet. "No gentleman of your cloth, sir—leaving aside for a moment all consideration of the eminence in the church to which you have attained—fails to obtain my respect."

"I am glad of that, sir," said the Dean. "It shows that you, though a Non-conformist preacher, and, as I understand, abounding in zeal on behalf of the cause of which you are so able an advocate, are not disposed to relinquish the example of the great Wesley in his admiration for the church."

"Sir," said Johnson, with great dignity, but with a scowl upon his face. "Sir, you are the victim of an error as gross as it is unaccountable. I am not a Non-conformist—on the contrary, I would give the rogues no quarter."

"Sir," said the clergyman, with the air of one administering a rebuke to a subordinate. "Sir, such intoleration is unworthy of an enlightened country and an age of some culture. But I ask your pardon; finding you in the company of distinguished gentlemen, I was led to believe that you were the great Dr. Johnson, the champion of the rights of conscience. I regret that I was mistaken."

"Sir!" cried Goldsmith, in great consternation—for Johnson was rendered speechless through being placed in the position of the rebuked, instead of occupying his accustomed place as the rebuker. "Sir, this is the great Dr. Johson—nay, there is no Dr. Johnson but one."

"'T is so like your good nature, Cousin Oliver, to take the side of the weak," said the clergyman, smiling. "Well, well, we will take the honest gentleman's greatness for

granted; and, indeed, he is great in one sense: he is large enough to outweigh you and me put together in one scale. To such greatness we would do well to bow."

"Heavens, sir!" said Boswell in a whisper that had something of awe in it. "Is it possible that you have never heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson?"

"Alas! sir," said the stranger, "I am but a country parson. I cannot be expected to know all the men who are called great in London. Of course, Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds have a European reputation; but you, Mr.—Mr.—ah! you see I have e'en forgot your worthy name, sir, though I doubt not you are one of London's greatest. Pray, sir, what have you written that entitles you to speak with such freedom in the presence of such gentlemen as Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and—I add with pride—Oliver Goldsmith?"

"I am the friend of Dr. Johnson, sir," muttered Boswell.

"And he has doubtless greatness enough—avoirdupois—to serve for both! Pray, Oliver, as the gentleman from Scotland is too modest to speak for himself, tell me what he has written."

"He has written many excellent works, sir, including an account of Corsica," said Goldsmith, with some stammering.

"And his friend, Dr. Johnson, has he attained to an equally dizzy altitude in literature?"

"You are surely jesting, sir," said Goldsmith. "The world is familiar with Dr. Johnson's Dictionary."

"Alas, I am but a country parson, as you know, Oliver, and I have no need for a dictionary, having been moderately well educated. Has the work appeared recently, Dr. Johnson?"

But Dr. Johnson had turned his back upon the stranger, and had picked up a volume which Tom Davies, the bookseller, had sent to him at the Crown and Anchor, and had buried his face in its pages, bending it, as was his wont, until the stitching had cracked, and the back was already loose.

"Your great friend, Noll, is no lover of books, or he would treat them with greater tenderness," said the clergyman. "I would fain hope that the purchasers of his dic-

tionary treat it more fairly than he does the work of others. When did he bring out his dictionary?"

"Eighteen years ago," said Oliver.

"And what books has he written within the intervening years?"

"He has been a constant writer, sir, and is the most highly esteemed of our authors."

"Nay, sir, but give me a list of his books published within the past eighteen years, so that I may repair my deplorable ignorance. You, cousin, have written many works that the world would not willingly be without; and I hear that you are about to add to that already honorable list; but your friend—oh, you have deceived me, Oliver!—he is no true worker in literature, or he would—nay, he could not, have remained idle all these years. How does he obtain his means of living if he will not use his pen?"

"He has a pension from the King, sir," stuttered Oliver. "I tell you, sir, he is the most learned man in Europe."

"His is a sad case," said the clergyman. "To refrain from administering to him the rebuke which he deserves would be to neglect an obvious duty." He took a few steps towards Johnson and raised his head. Goldsmith fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands; Boswell's jaw fell; Burke and Reynolds looked by turns grave and amused. "Dr. Johnson," said the stranger, "I feel that it is my duty as a clergyman to urge upon you to amend your way of life."

"Sir," shouted Johnson, "if you were not a clergyman I would say that you were a very impertinent fellow!"

"Your way of receiving a rebuke which your conscience—if you have one—tells you that you have earned, supplements in no small measure the knowledge of your character which I have obtained since entering this room, sir. You may be a man of some parts, Dr. Johnson, but you have acknowledged yourself to be as intolerant in matters of religion as you have proved yourself to be intolerant of rebuke, offered to you in a friendly spirit. It seems to me that your habit is to browbeat your friends into acquiescence with every dictum that comes from your lips, though they are workers—not without honor—at that profession of letters which you despise—nay, sir, do not interrupt me. If you did not despise letters, you would not have allowed

eighteen years of your life to pass without printing at least as many books. Think you, sir, that a pension was granted to you by the state to enable you to eat the bread of idleness while your betters are starving in their garrets? Dr. Johnson, if your name should go down to posterity, how do you think you will be regarded by all discriminating men? Do you think that those tavern dinners at which you sit at the head of the table and shout down all who differ from you, will be placed to your credit to balance your love of idleness and your intolerance? That is the question which I leave with you; I pray you to consider it well; and so, sir, I take my leave of you. Gentlemen, Cousin Oliver, farewell, sirs. I trust I have not spoken in vain."

He made a general bow—an awkward bow—and walked with some dignity to the door. Then he turned and bowed again before leaving the room.

GEORGE MOORE.

(1857 ——)

Mr. George Moore, poet, novelist, dramatist and art critic, was born in Ireland in 1857. His father was George Henry Moore, M.P., of Moore Hall, County Mayo, who united considerable literary ability with political activity and was a Nationalist and a member of the Young Ireland party. George Moore was educated at Oscott College near Birmingham, studied art in Paris and early gave proof that his father's taste for letters had descended to him. He has produced some twenty books, including, besides fiction, verse, drama, and criticism, and though conventional English critics and timid managers of circulating libraries at first refused to accept his works, he has long been recognized as one of the greatest living writers of fiction. In his 'Confessions of a Young Man' he early showed himself a worshiper of Shelley, and it was he who introduced to English readers several of the writers who created the symbolist movement in French literature, notably Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Gustave Kahn and Stéphane Mallarmé.

He has also written perhaps the two best essays in English on Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, and on Turgueneff, the great Russian novelist. His first two books were verse, 'Flowers of Passion' (1877) and 'Pagan Poems' (1881). These were followed by 'A Modern Lover' (1883), 'A Mummer's Wife' (1884), 'Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals' (1885), in which he threw down the challenge to Messrs. Mudie and Smith of circulating-library fame, that the support of the libraries was not vital to his existence as an author; 'A Drama in Muslin' (1886), 'Parnell and his Island' (1887), 'A Mere Accident' (1887), 'Confessions of a Young Man "(1888), largely a history of his opinions and in part biographical; 'Spring Days' (1888), 'Mike Fletcher' (1889), 'Impressions and Opinions' (1890), a book of fascinating critical interest; 'Vain Fortune' (1890) 'Modern Painting' (1893), 'The Strike at Arlingford,' a drama, (1893), 'Esther Waters' (1894), 'Celibates' (1895), 'Evelyn Innes' (1898), 'The Bending of the Bough,' a play written for the Irish Literary Theater (1900); 'Sister Theresa,' the sequel of 'Evelyn Innes' (1901), and a collection of short stories dealing with Irish subjects under the title 'Untilled Fields' (1903). Mr. Moore has also collaborated (1894) with Mrs. Craigie in a little comedy called 'Journeys End in Lovers Meeting,' written for Ellen Terry, and with Mr. W. B. Yeats (1901) in a very successful four-act drama founded on the old Irish epic tale of 'Diarmuid and Grania.' Mr. Moore also wrote a vigorous introduction to the English translation of Zola's 'Pot-Bouille,' published under the name 'Piping Hot' (1885), and a charming preface to Lena Milman's translation of Dostoievsky's 'Poor Folk' (London, 1894), and also an introduction to two plays of Mr. Edward Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve,' which set forth the aims of the Irish Literary Theater (1899). With Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Edward Martyn, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. George W. Russell and others, he contributed to 'Ideals in Ireland' (1901).

In 'Parnell and his Island' (1887) he made an attack upon the Irish party of that day, but has seen the error of his ways, and in 1900 gave up his residence in London and left what he termed the "Brixton Empire" for Dublin, where he has since resided. By the "Brixton Empire" Mr. Moore meant "the empire of vulgarity and greed, and materialism and hypocrisy, that is crawling round the whole world, throttling other races and nationalities—all for their own good, of course!—and reducing everything to one machine-made Brixton pattern."

In fiction Mr. Moore is a realist and if he has any theory it may perhaps be summed up in the following notable and dignified utterance upon the function of the novel, made by himself in 'A Drama in Muslin': "Seen from afar, all things in nature are of equal worth; and the meanest things, when viewed with the eyes of God, are raised to heights of tragic awe which conventionality would limit to the deaths of kings or patriots. The history of a nation as often lies hidden in social wrongs and domestic griefs as in the story of revolution, and if it be for the historian to narrate the one it is for the novelist to dissect and explain the other."

While Mr. Moore's chief fame rests upon his novels, he has also achieved distinction as one of the ablest of living art critics, his best work of this kind being found in his 'Modern Painting,' which called forth the eulogy of such an eminent critic as the late Walter Pater. ('George Moore as an Art Critic,' *Daily Chronicle*, June 10, 1893, reprinted in Pater's 'Uncollected Essays,' Portland, 1903.)

Perhaps the two best critical estimates of Mr. Moore's work are the appreciation by Mr. E. A. Bennett in his volume of essays 'Fame and Fiction' (1901) and the long essay by Professor H. T. Peck in his book 'The Personal Equation.' Mr. Bennett gives a candid recognition of Mr. Moore's eminence as a serious novelist, and speaking of perhaps his best known novel, 'Esther Waters,' sums up his opinion as follows: "It teaches, as all true art must. It is more than a story; it seeks to do something more than please. And this seriousness, this religious devotion to truth, this proud scorn of every prejudice which might limit his scope: these qualities, occurring as they do everywhere in Mr. Moore's work, differentiate that work from that of almost all his contemporaries."

Professor Peck gives perhaps an even higher estimate of Mr. Moore's work: "A profound psychologist, a sensitivist who feels to his very finger tips the slightest breath of things, a genius fettered by the chains of pure materialism, yet none the less and with all his limitations and perversities the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray."

THE EXILE.

From 'Untilled Fields.'[1]

I.

Pat Phelan's bullocks were ready for the fair, and so were his pigs; but the two fairs happened to come on the

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same day, and he thought he would like to sell the pigs himself. His eldest son, James, was staying at home to help Catherine Ford with her churning; Peter, his second son, was not much of a hand at a bargain; it was Pat and James who managed the farm, and when Peter had gone to bed they began to wonder if Peter would be able to sell the bullocks. Pat said Peter had been told the lowest price he could take, James said there was a good demand for cattle, and at last they decided that Peter could not fail to sell the beasts.

Pat was to meet Peter at the cross-roads about twelve o'clock in the day. But he had sold his pigs early, and was half an hour in front of him, and sitting on the stile waiting for his son, he thought if Peter got thirteen pounds apiece for the bullocks he would say he had done very well. A good jobber, he thought, would be able to get ten shillings apiece more for them; and he went on thinking of what price Peter would get, until, suddenly looking up the road, whom should he see but Peter coming down the road with the bullocks in front of him. He could hardly believe his eyes, and it was a long story that Peter told him about two men who wanted to buy the bullocks early in the morning. They had offered him eleven pounds ten, and when he would not sell them at that price they had stood laughing at the bullocks and doing all they could to keep off other buyers. Peter was quite certain it was not his fault, and he began to argue. But Pat Phelan was too disappointed to argue with him, and he let him go on talking. At last Peter ceased talking, and this seemed to Pat Phelan a good thing.

The bullocks trotted in front of them. They were seven miles from home, and fifteen miles are hard on fat animals, and he could truly say he was at a loss of three pounds that day if he took into account the animals' keep.

Father and son walked on, and not a word passed between them till they came to Michael Quinn's public-house.

"Did you get three pounds apiece for the pigs, father?"

"I did, and three pounds five."

"We might have a drink out of that."

It seemed to Peter that the men inside were laughing at him or at the lemonade he was drinking, and, seeing among them one who had been interfering with him all day, he



AN IRISH PIG FAIR

told him he would put him out of the house, and he would have done it if Mrs. Quinn had not told him that no one put a man out of her house without her leave.

"Do you hear that, Peter Phelan?"

"If you can't best them at the fair," said his father, "it will be little good for you to put them out of the public-house afterwards."

And on that Peter swore he would never go to a fair again, and they walked on until they came to the priest's house.

"It was bad for me when I listened to you and James. If I hadn't I might have been in Maynooth now."

"Now, didn't you come home talking of the polis?"

"Wasn't that after?"

They could not agree as to when his idea of life had changed from the priesthood to the police, nor when it had changed back from the police to the priesthood, and Peter talked on, telling of the authors he had read with Father Tom—Cæsar, Virgil, even Quintilian. The priest had said that Quintilian was too difficult for him, and Pat Phelan was in doubt whether the difficulty of Quintilian was a sufficient reason for preferring the police to the priesthood.

"Any way it isn't a girl that 's troubling him," he said to himself, and he looked at Peter, and wondered how it was that Peter did not want to be married. Peter was a great big fellow, over six feet high, that many a girl would take a fancy to, and Pat Phelan had long had his eye on a girl who would marry him. And his failure to sell the bullocks brought all the advantages of this marriage to Pat Phelan's mind, and he began to talk to his son. Peter listened, and seemed to take an interest in all that was said, expressing now and then a doubt if the girl would marry him; the possibility that she might seemed to turn his thoughts again towards the priesthood.

The bullocks had stopped to graze, and Peter's indecisions threw Pat Phelan fairly out of his humor.

"Well, Peter, I am tired listening to you. If it 's a priest you want to be, go in there, and Father Tom will tell you what you must do, and I 'll drive the bullocks home myself." And on that Pat laid his hand on the priest's green gate, and Peter walked through.

II.

There were trees about the priest's house, and there were two rooms on the right and left of the front door. The parlor was on the left, and when Peter came in the priest was sitting reading in his mahogany arm-chair. Peter wondered if it were this very mahogany chair that had put the idea of being a priest into his head. Just now, while walking with his father, he had been thinking that they had not even a wooden arm-chair in their house, though it was the best house in the village—only some stools and some plain wooden chairs.

The priest could see that Peter had come to him for a purpose. But Peter did not speak; he sat raising his pale, perplexed eyes, looking at the priest from time to time, thinking that if he told Father Tom of his failure at the fair, Father Tom might think he only wished to become a priest because he had no taste for farming.

"You said, Father Tom, if I worked hard I should be able to read Quintilian in six months."

The priest's face always lighted up at the name of a classical author, and Peter said he was sorry he had been taken away from his studies. But he had been thinking the matter over, and his mind was quite made up, and he was sure he would sooner be a priest than anything else.

"My boy, I knew you would never put on the policeman's belt. The Bishop will hold an examination for the places that are vacant in Maynooth." Peter promised to work hard and he already saw himself sitting in an arm-chair, in a mahogany arm-chair, reading classics, and winning admiration for his learning.

He walked home, thinking that everything was at last decided, when suddenly, without warning, when he was thinking of something else, his heart misgave him. It was as if he heard a voice saying: "My boy, I don't think you will ever put on the cassock. You will never walk with the biretta on your head." The priest had said that he did not believe he would ever buckle on the policeman's belt. He was surprised to hear the priest say this, though he had often heard himself thinking the same thing. What surprised and frightened him now was that he heard himself saying he would never put on the cassock and the biretta. It is frightening to hear yourself saying you are not going

to do the thing you have just made up your mind you will do.

He had often thought he would like to put the money he would get out of the farm into a shop, but when it came to the point of deciding he had not been able to make up his mind. He had always had a great difficulty in knowing what was the right thing to do. His uncle William had never thought of anything but the priesthood. James never thought of anything but the farm. A certain friend of his had never thought of doing anything but going to America. Suddenly he heard some one call him.

It was Catherine, and Peter wondered if she were thinking to tell him she was going to marry James.

For she always knew what she wanted. Many said that James was not the one she wanted, but Peter did not believe that, and he looked at Catherine and admired her face, and thought what a credit she would be to the family. No one wore such beautifully knitted stockings as Catherine, and no one's boots were so prettily laced.

But not knowing exactly what to say, he asked her if she had come from their house, and he went on talking, telling her that she would find nobody in the parish like James. James was the best farmer in the parish, none such a judge of cattle; and he said all this and a great deal more, until he saw that Catherine did not care to talk about James at all.

"I daresay all you say is right, Peter; but you see he's your brother."

And then, fearing she had said something hurtful, she told him that she liked James as much as a girl could like a man who was not going to be her husband.

"And you are sure, Catherine, that James is not going to be your husband?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure."

Their talk had taken them as far as Catherine's door, and Peter went away wondering why he had not told her he was going to Maynooth; for no one would have been able to advise him as well as Catherine, she had such good sense.

III.

There was a quarter of a mile between the two houses, and while Peter was talking to Catherine, Pat Phelan was

listening to his son James, who was telling his father that Catherine had said she would not marry him.

Pat was over sixty, but he did not give one the impression of an old man. The hair was not gray, there was still a little red in the whiskers. James, who sat opposite to him, holding his hands to the blaze, was not as good-looking a man as his father, the nose was not as fine, nor were the eyes as keen. There was more of the father in Peter than in James.

When Peter opened the half-door, awaking the dozen hens that roosted on the beam, he glanced from one to the other, for he suspected that his father was telling James how he had failed to sell the bullocks. But the tone of his father's voice when he asked him what had detained him on the road told him he was mistaken; and then he remembered that Catherine had said she would not marry James, and he began to pity his brother.

"I met Catherine on the road, and I could do no less than walk as far as her door with her."

"You could do no less than that, Peter," said James.

"And what do you mean by that, James?"

"Only this, that it is always the crooked way, Peter; for if it had been you that had asked her she would have had you and jumping."

"She would have had me!"

"And now don't you think you had better run after her, Peter, and ask her if she 'll have you?"

"I 'll never do that; and it is hurtful, James, that you should think such a thing of me, that I would go behind your back and try to get a girl from you."

"I did not mean that, Peter; but if she won't have me, you had better try if you can get her."

And suddenly Peter felt a resolve come into his heart, and his manner grew exultant.

"I 've seen Father Tom, and he said I can pass the examination. I 'm going to be a priest."

And when they were lying down side by side Peter said, "James, it will be all right." Knowing there was a great heart-sickness on his brother, he put out his hand. "As sure as I lie here she will be lying next you before this day twelvemonths. Yes, James, in this very bed, lying here where I am lying now."

"I don't believe it, Peter."

Peter loved his brother, and to bring the marriage about he took some money from his father and went to live at Father Tom's, and he worked so hard during the next two months that he passed the Bishop's examination. And it was late one night when he went to bid them good-bye at home.

"What makes you so late, Peter?"

"Well, James, I didn't want to meet Catherine on the road."

"You are a good boy, Peter," said the father, "and God will reward you for the love you bear your brother. I don't think there are two better men in the world. God has been good to me to give me two such sons."

And then the three sat round the fire, and Pat Phelan began to talk family history.

"Well, Peter, you see, there has always been a priest in the family, and it would be a pity if there 's not one in this generation. In '48 your grand-uncles joined the rebels, and they had to leave the country. You have an uncle a priest, and you are just like your uncle William."

And then James talked, but he did not seem to know very well what he was saying, and his father told him to stop—that Peter was going where God had called him.

"And you will tell her," Peter said, getting up, "that I have gone."

"I haven't the heart for telling her such a thing. She will be finding it out soon enough."

Outside the house—for he was sleeping at Father Tom's that night—Peter thought there was little luck in James's eyes; inside the house Pat Phelan and James thought that Peter was settled for life.

"He will be a fine man standing on an altar," James said, "and perhaps he will be a bishop some day."

"And you 'll see her when you 're done reaping, and you won't forget what Peter told you," said Pat Phelan.

And, after reaping, James put on his coat and walked up the hillside, where he thought he would find Catherine.

"I hear Peter has left you," she said, as he opened the gate to let the cows through.

"He came last night to bid us good-bye."

And they followed the cows under the tall hedges.

"I shall be reaping to-morrow," he said. "I will see you at the same time."

And henceforth he was always at hand to help her to drive her cows home; and every night, as he sat with his father by the fire, Pat Phelan expected James to tell him about Catherine. One evening he came back overcome, looking so wretched that his father could see that Catherine had told him she would not marry him.

"She won't have me," he said.

"A man can always get a girl if he tries long enough," his father said, hoping to encourage him.

"That would be true enough for another. Catherine knows she will never get Peter. Another man might get her, but I'm always reminding her of Peter."

She told him the truth one day, that if she did not marry Peter she would marry no one, and James felt like dying. He grew pale and could not speak.

At last he said, "How is that?"

"I don't know. I don't know, James. But you mustn't talk to me about marriage again."

And he had to promise her not to speak of marriage again, and he kept his word. At the end of the year she asked him if he had any news of Peter.

"The last news we had of him was about a month ago, and he said he hoped to be admitted into the minor orders."

And a few days afterwards he heard that Catherine had decided to go into a convent.

"So this is the way it has ended," he thought. And he seemed no longer fit for work on the farm. He was seen about the road smoking, and sometimes he went down to the ball-alley, and sat watching the games in the evening. It was thought that he would take to drink, but he took to fishing instead, and was out all day in his little boat on the lake, however hard the wind might blow. The fisherman said he had seen him in the part of the lake where the wind blew the hardest, and that he could hardly pull against the waves.

"His mind is away. I don't think he'll do any good in this country," his father said.

And the old man was very sad, for when James was gone

he would have no one, and he did not feel he would be able to work the farm for many years longer. He and James used to sit smoking on either side of the fireplace, and Pat Phelan knew that James was thinking of America all the while. One evening, as they were sitting like this, the door was opened suddenly.

"Peter!" said James. And he jumped up from the fire to welcome his brother.

"It is good for sore eyes to see the sight of you again," said Pat Phelan. "Well, tell us the news. If we had known you were coming we would have sent the cart to meet you."

As Peter did not answer, they began to think that something must have happened. Perhaps Peter was not going to become a priest after all, and would stay at home with his father to learn to work the farm.

"You see, I did not know myself until yesterday. It was only yesterday that——"

"So you are not going to be a priest? We are glad to hear that, Peter."

"How is that?"

He had thought over what he should say, and without waiting to hear why they were glad, he told them the professor, who overlooked his essays, had refused to recognize their merits—he had condemned the best things in them; and Peter said it was extraordinary that such a man should be appointed to such a place. Then he told that the Church afforded little chances for the talents of young men unless they had a great deal of influence.

And they sat listening to him, hearing how the college might be reformed. He had a gentle, winning way of talking, and his father and brother forgot their own misfortunes thinking how they might help him.

"Well, Peter, you have come back none too soon."

"And how is that? What have you been doing since I went away? You all wanted to hear about Maynooth."

"Of course we did, my boy. Tell him, James."

"Oh! it is nothing particular," said James. "It is only this, Peter—I am going to America."

"And who will work the farm?"

"Well, Peter, we were thinking that you might work it yourself."

"I work the farm! Going to America, James! But what about Catherine?"

"That 's what I 'm coming to, Peter. She has gone into a convent. And that 's what 's happened since you went away. I can't stop here, Peter—I will never do a hand's turn in Ireland—and father is getting too old to go to the fairs. That 's what we were thinking when you came in."

There was a faint tremble in his voice, and Peter saw how heart-sick his brother was.

"I will do my best, James."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, I will," said Peter; and he sat down by the fire.

And his father said:—

"You are not smoking, Peter."

"No," he said; "I've given up smoking."

"Will you drink something?" said James. "We have got a drain of whisky in the house."

"No, I have had to give up spirits. It doesn't agree with me. And I don't take tea in the morning. Have you got any cocoa in the house?"

It was not the cocoa he liked, but he said he would be able to manage.

IV.

And when the old man came through the doorway in the morning buttoning his braces, he saw Peter stirring his cocoa. There was something absurd as well as something attractive in Peter, and his father had to laugh when he said he couldn't eat American bacon.

"My stomach wouldn't retain it. I require very little, but that little must be the best."

And when James took him into the farmyard, he noticed that Peter crossed the yard like one who had never been in a farmyard before; he looked less like a farmer than ever, and when he looked at the cows, James wondered if he could be taught to see the difference between an Alderney and a Durham.

"There 's Kate," he said; "she 's a good cow; as good a cow as we have, and we can't get any price for her because of that hump on her back."

They went to the styes; there were three pigs there and

a great sow with twelve little bonhams, and the little ones were white with silky hair, and Peter asked how old they were, and when they would be fit for killing. And James told Peter there were seven acres in the Big field.

"Last year we had oats in the Holly field; next year you 'll sow potatoes there." And he explained the rotation of crops. "And, now," he said, "we will go down to Crow's Oak. You have never done any plowing, Peter; I will show you."

It was extraordinary how little Peter knew. He could not put the harness on the horse, and he reminded James that he had gone into the post-office when he left school. James gave in to him that the old red horse was hard to drive, but James could drive him better than Peter could lead him; and Peter marveled at the skill with which James raised his hand from the shaft of the plow and struck the horse with the rein whilst he kept the plow steady with the other hand.

"Now, Peter, you must try again."

At the end of the headland where the plow turned, Peter always wanted to stop and talk about something; but James said they would have to get on with the work, and Peter walked after the plow, straining after it for three hours, and then he said: "James, let me drive the horse. I can do no more."

"You won't feel it so much when you are accustomed to it," said James.

Anything seemed to him better than a day's plowing: even getting up at three in the morning to go to a fair.

He went to bed early, as he used to, and they talked of him over the fire, as they used to. But however much they talked, they never seemed to find what they were seeking—his vocation—until one evening an idea suddenly rose out of their talk.

"A good wife is the only thing for Peter," said Pat.

And they went on thinking.

"A husband would be better for her," said Pat Phelan, "than a convent."

"I cannot say I agree with you there. Think of all the good them nuns are doing."

"She isn't a nun yet," said Pat Phelan.

And the men smoked on a while, and they ruminated as they smoked.

"It would be better, James, that Peter got her than that she should stay in a convent."

"I wouldn't say that," said James.

"You see," said his father, "she did not go into the convent because she had a calling, but because she was crossed in love."

And after another long while James said, "It is a bitter dose, I am thinking, father, but you must go and tell her that Peter has left Maynooth."

"And what would the Reverend Mother be saying to me if I went to her with such a story as that? Isn't your heart broken enough already, James, without wanting me to be breaking it still more? Sure, James, you could never see her married to Peter?"

"If she were to marry Peter I should be able to go to America, and that is the only thing for me."

"That would be poor consolation for you, James."

"Well, it is the best I shall get, to see Peter settled, and to know that there will be some one to look after you, father."

"You are a good son, James."

They talked on, and as they talked it became clearer to them that some one must go to-morrow to the convent and tell Catherine that Peter had left Maynooth.

"But wouldn't it be a pity," said Pat Phelan, "to tell her this if Peter is not going to marry her in the end?"

"I 'll have him out of his bed," said James, "and he 'll tell us before this fire if he will or won't."

"It 's a serious thing you are doing, James, to get a girl out of a convent, I am thinking."

"It will be on my advice that you will be doing this, father; and now I 'll go and get Peter out of his bed."

And Peter was brought in, asking what they wanted of him at this hour of the night; and when they told him what they had been talking about and the plans they had been making, he said he would be catching his death of cold, and they threw some sods of turf on the fire.

"It is against myself that I am asking a girl to leave the convent, even for you, Peter," said James. "But we can think of nothing else."

"Peter will be able to tell us if it is a sin that we 'd be doing."

"It is only right that Catherine should know the truth before she made her vows," Peter said. "But this is very unexpected, father. I really——"

"Peter, I 'd take it as a great kindness. I shall never do a hand's turn in this country. I want to get to America. It will be the saving of me."

"And now, Peter," said his father, "tell us for sure if you will have the girl?"

"Faith I will, though I never thought of marriage, if it be to please James." Seeing how heart-sick his brother was, he said, "I can't say I like her as you like her; but if she likes me I will promise to do right by her. James, you 're going away; we may never see you again. It is all very sad. And now you 'll let me go back to bed."

"Peter, I knew you would not say no to me; I can't bear this any longer."

"And now," said Peter, "let me go back to bed. I am catching my death."

And he ran back to his room, and left his brother and father talking by the fire.

V.

Pat thought the gray mare would take him in faster than the old red horse; and the old man sat, his legs swinging over the shaft, wondering what he should say to the Reverend Mother, and how she would listen to his story; and when he came to the priest's house a great wish came upon him to ask the priest's advice. The priest was walking up his little lawn reading his breviary, and a great fear came on Pat Phelan, and he thought he must ask the priest what he should do.

The priest heard the story over the little wall, and he was sorry for the old man.

It took him a long time to tell the story, and when he was finished the priest said:—

"But where are you going, Pat?"

"That 's what I stopped to tell you, your reverence. I was thinking I might be going to the convent to tell Catherine that Peter has come back."

"Well, it wasn't yourself that thought of doing such a thing as that, Pat Phelan."

But at every word the priest said Pat Phelan's face grew more stubborn, and at last he said:—

"Well, your reverence, that isn't the advice I expected from you," and he struck the mare with the ends of the reins and let her trot up the hill. Nor did the mare stop trotting till she had reached the top of the hill, and Pat Phelan had never known her do such a thing before. From the top of the hill there was a view of the bog, and Pat thought of the many fine loads of turf he had had out of that bog, and the many young fellows he had seen there cutting turf. "But every one is leaving the country," the old man said to himself, and his chin dropped into his shirt-collar, and he held the reins loosely, letting the mare trot or walk as she liked. And he let many pass him without bidding them the hour of the day, for he was too much overcome by his own grief to notice any one.

The mare trotted gleefully; soft clouds curled over the low horizon far away, and the sky was blue overhead; and the poor country was very beautiful in the still autumn weather, only it was empty. He passed two or three fine houses that the gentry had left to caretakers long ago. The fences were gone, cattle strayed through the woods, the drains were choked with weeds, the stagnant water was spreading out into the fields, and Pat Phelan noticed these things, for he remembered what this country was forty years ago. The devil a bit of lonesomeness there was in it then.

He asked a girl if they would be thatching the house that autumn; but she answered that the thatch would last out the old people, and she was going to join her sister in America.

"She 's right—they 're all there now. Why should any one stop here?" the old man said.

The mare tripped, and he took this to be a sign that he should turn back. But he did not go back. Very soon the town began, in broken pavements and dirty cottages; going up the hill there were some slated roofs, but there was no building of any importance except the church.

At the end of the main street, where the trees began again, the convent stood in the middle of a large garden,

and Pat Phelan remembered he had heard that the nuns were doing well with their dairy and their laundry.

He knocked, and a lay-sister peeped through the grating, and then she opened the door a little way, and at first he thought he would have to go back without seeing either Catherine or the Reverend Mother. For he had got no further than "Sister Catherine," when the lay-sister cut him short with the news that Sister Catherine was in retreat, and could see no one. The Reverend Mother was busy.

"But," said Pat, "you 're not going to let Catherine take vows without hearing me."

"If it is about Sister Catherine's vows——"

"Yes, it is about them I 've come, and I must see the Reverend Mother."

The lay-sister said Sister Catherine was going to be clothed at the end of the week.

"Well, that is just the reason I 've come here."

On that the lay-sister led him into the parlor, and went in search of the Reverend Mother.

The floor was so thickly bees-waxed that the rug slipped under his feet, and, afraid lest he might fall down, he stood quite still, impressed by the pious pictures on the walls, and by the large books upon the table, and by the poor-box, and by the pious inscriptions. He began to think how much easier was this pious life than the life of the world—the rearing of children, the failure of crops, and the loneliness. Here life slips away without one perceiving it, and it seemed a pity to bring her back to trouble. He stood holding his hat in his old hands, and the time seemed very long. At last the door opened, and a tall woman with sharp, inquisitive eyes came in.

"You have come to speak to me about Sister Catherine?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what have you got to tell me about her?"

"Well, my son thought and I thought last night—we were all thinking we had better tell you—last night was the night that my son came back."

At the word Maynooth a change of expression came into her face, but when he told that Peter no longer wished to be a priest her manner began to grow hostile again, and she got up from her chair and said:—

"But really, Mr. Phelan, I have got a great deal of business to attend to."

"But, my lady, you see that Catherine wanted to marry my son Peter, and it is because he went to Maynooth that she came here. I don't think she 'd want to be a nun if she knew that he didn't want to be a priest."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Phelan, in that. I have seen a great deal of Sister Catherine—she has been with us now for nearly a year—and if she ever entertained the wishes you speak of, I feel sure she has forgotten them. Her mind is now set on higher things."

"Of course you may be right, my lady, very likely. It isn't for me to argue with you about such things; but you see I have come a long way, and if I could see Catherine herself—"

"That is impossible. Catherine is in retreat."

"So the lay-sister told me; but I thought—"

"Sister Catherine is going to be clothed next Saturday, and I can assure you, Mr. Phelan, that the wishes you tell me of are forgotten. I know her very well. I can answer for Sister Catherine."

The rug slipped under the peasant's feet and his eyes wandered round the room; and the Reverend Mother told him how busy she was, she really could not talk to him any more that day.

"You see, it all rests with Sister Catherine herself."

"That 's just it," said the old man; "that 's just it, my lady. My son Peter, who has come from Maynooth, told us last night that Catherine should know everything that has happened, so that she may not be sorry afterwards, otherwise I wouldn't have come here, my lady. I wouldn't have come to trouble you."

"I am sorry, Mr. Phelan, that your son Peter has left Maynooth. It is sad indeed when one finds that one has not a vocation. But that happens sometimes. I don't think that it will be Catherine's case. And now, Mr. Phelan, I must ask you to excuse me," and the Reverend Mother persuaded the unwilling peasant into the passage, and he followed the lay-sister down the passage to the gate and got into his cart again.

"No wonder," he thought, "they don't want to let Catherine out, now that they have got that great farm, and not

one among them, I 'll be bound, who can manage it except Catherine."

At the very same moment the same thoughts passed through the Reverend Mother's mind. She had not left the parlor yet, and stood thinking how she should manage if Catherine were to leave them. "Why," she asked, "should he choose to leave Maynooth at such a time? It is indeed unfortunate. There is nothing," she reflected, "that gives a woman so much strength as to receive the veil. She always feels stronger after her clothing. She feels that the world is behind her."

The Reverend Mother reflected that perhaps it would be better for Catherine's sake and for Peter's sake—indeed, for every one's sake—if she were not to tell Catherine of Pat Phelan's visit until after the clothing. She might tell Catherine three months hence. The disadvantage of this would be that Catherine might hear that Peter had left Maynooth. In a country place news of this kind cannot be kept out of a convent. And if Catherine were going to leave, it were better that she should leave them now than leave them six months hence, after her clothing.

"There are many ways of looking at it," the Reverend Mother reflected. "If I don't tell her, she may never hear it. I might tell her later when she has taught one of the nuns how to manage the farm." She took two steps towards the door and stopped to think again, and she was thinking when a knock came to the door. She answered mechanically, "Come in," and Catherine wondered at the Reverend Mother's astonishment.

"I wish to speak to you, dear mother," she said timidly. But seeing the Reverend Mother's face change expression, she said, "Perhaps another time will suit you better."

The Reverend Mother stood looking at her, irresolute; and Catherine, who had never seen the Reverend Mother irresolute before, wondered what was passing in her mind.

"I know you are busy, dear mother, but what I have come to tell you won't take very long."

"Well, then, tell it to me, my child."

"It is only this, Reverend Mother. I had better tell you now, for you are expecting the Bishop, and my clothing is fixed for the end of the week, and—"

"And," said the Reverend Mother, "you feel that you are not certain of your vocation."

"That is it, dear mother. I thought I had better tell you." Reading disappointment in the nun's face, Catherine said, "I hesitated to tell you before. I had hoped that the feeling would pass away; but, dear mother, it isn't my fault; every one has not a vocation."

Then Catherine noticed a softening in the Reverend Mother's face, and she asked Catherine to sit down by her; and Catherine told her she had come to the convent because she was crossed in love, and not as the others came, because they wished to give up their wills to God.

"Our will is the most precious thing in us, and that is why the best thing we can do is to give it up to you, for in giving it up to you, dear mother, we are giving it up to God. I know all these things, but—"

"You should have told me of this when you came here, Catherine, and then I would not have advised you to come to live with us."

"Mother, you must forgive me. My heart was broken, and I could not do otherwise. And you have said yourself that I made the dairy a success."

"If you had stayed with us, Catherine, you would have made the dairy a success; but we have got no one to take your place. However, since it is the will of God, I suppose we must try to get on as well as we can without you. And now tell me, Catherine, when it was that you changed your mind. It was only the other day you told me you wished to become a nun. You said you were most anxious for your clothing. How is it that you have changed your mind?"

Catherine's eyes brightened, and speaking like one illuminated by some inward light, she said:—

"It was the second day of my retreat, mother. I was walking in the garden where the great cross stands amid the rocks. Sister Angela and Sister Mary were with me, and I was listening to what they were saying, when suddenly my thoughts were taken away and I remembered those at home. I remembered Mr. Phelan, and James, who wanted to marry me, but whom I would not marry; and it seemed to me that I saw him leaving his father—it seemed to me that I saw him going away to America. I

don't know how it was—you will not believe me, dear mother—but I saw the ship lying in the harbor, that is to take him away. And then I thought of the old man sitting at home with no one to look after him, and it was not a seeming, but a certainty, mother. It came over me suddenly that my duty was not here, but there. Of course you can't agree with me, but I cannot resist it, it was a call."

"But the Evil One, my dear child, calls us too; we must be careful not to mistake the devil's call for God's call."

"Mother, I daresay." Tears came to Catherine's eyes, she began to weep. "I can't argue with you, mother, I only know—" She could not speak for sobbing, and between her sobs she said, "I only know that I must go home."

She recovered herself very soon, and the Reverend Mother took her hand and said:—

"Well, my dear child, I shall not stand in your way."

Even the Reverend Mother could not help thinking that the man who got her would get a charming wife. Her face was rather long and white, and she had long female eyes with dark lashes, and her eyes were full of tenderness. She had spoken out of so deep a conviction that the Reverend Mother had begun to believe that her mission was perhaps to look after this hapless young man; and when she told the Reverend Mother that yesterday she had felt a conviction that Peter was not going to be a priest, the Reverend Mother felt that she must tell her of Pat Phelan's visit.

"I did not tell you at once, my dear child, because I wished to know from yourself how you felt about this matter," the nun said; and she told Catherine that she was quite right, that Peter had left Maynooth. "He hopes to marry you, Catherine."

A quiet glow came into the postulant's eyes, and she seemed engulfed in some deep joy.

"How did he know that I cared for him?" the girl said, half to herself, half to the nun.

"I suppose his father or his brother must have told him," the nun answered.

And then Catherine, fearing to show too much interest in things that the nun deemed frivolous, said, "I am sorry to leave before my work is done here. But, mother, so it has all come true; it was extraordinary what I felt that

morning in the garden," she said, returning to her joy. "Mother, do you believe in visions?"

"The saints, of course, have had visions. We believe in the visions of the saints."

"But after all, mother, there are many duties besides religious duties."

"I suppose, Catherine, you feel it to be your duty to look after this young man?"

"Yes, I think that is it. I must go now, mother, and see Sister Angela, and write out for her all I know about the farm, and what she is to do, for if one is not very careful with a farm one loses a great deal of money. There is no such thing as making two ends meet. One either makes money or loses money."

And then Catherine again seemed to be engulfed in some deep joy, out of which she roused herself with difficulty.

VI.

When her postulant left the room, the Reverend Mother wrote to Pat Phelan, asking him to come next morning with his cart to fetch Catherine. And next morning, when the lay-sister told Catherine that he was waiting for her, the Reverend Mother said:—

"We shall be able to manage, Catherine. You have told Sister Angela everything, and you will not forget to come to see us, I hope."

"Mr. Phelan," said the lay-sister, "told me to tell you that one of his sons is going to America to-day. Sister Catherine will have to go at once if she wishes to see him."

"I must see James. I must see him before he leaves for America. Oh," she said, turning to the Reverend Mother, "do you remember that I told you I had seen the ship? Everything has come true. You can't believe any longer that it is not a call."

Her box was in the cart, and as Pat turned the mare round he said: "I hope we won't miss James at the station. That 's the reason I came for you so early. I thought you would like to see him."

"Why did you not come earlier?" she cried. "All my happiness will be spoilt if I don't see James."

The convent was already behind her, and her thoughts were now upon poor James, whose heart she had broken.

She knew that Peter would never love her as well as James, but this could not be helped. Her vision in the garden consoled her, for she could no longer doubt that she was doing right in going to Peter, that her destiny was with him.

She knew the road well, she knew all the fields, every house and every gap in the walls. Sign after sign went by; at last they were within sight of the station. The signal was still up, and the train had not gone yet; at the end of the platform she saw James and Peter. She let Pat Phelan drive the cart round; she could get to them quicker by running down the steps and crossing the line. The signal went down.

"Peter," she said, "we shall have time to talk presently. I want to speak to James now."

And they walked up to the platform, leaving Peter to talk to his father.

"Paddy Maguire is outside," Pat said; "I asked him to stand at the mare's head."

"James," said Catherine, "it is very sad you are going away. We may never see you again, and there is no time to talk, and I 've much to say to you."

"I am going away, Catherine, but maybe I will be coming back some day. I was going to say maybe you would be coming over after me; but the land is good land, and you 'll be able to make a living out of it."

And then they spoke of Peter. James said he was too great a scholar for a farmer, and it was a pity he could not find out what he was fit for—for surely he was fit for something great after all.

And Catherine said:—

"I shall be able to make something out of Peter."

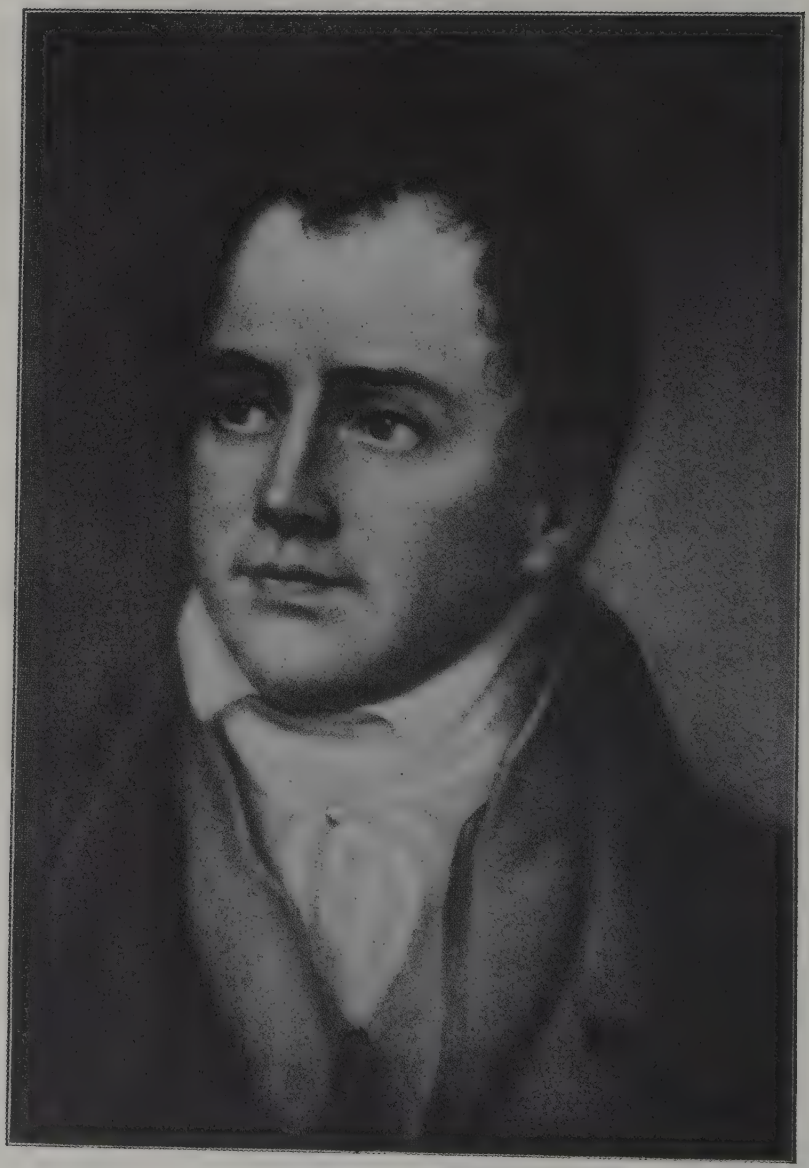
His emotion almost overcame him, and Catherine looked aside so that she should not see his tears.

"This is no time for talking of Peter," she said. "You are going away, James, but you will come back. You will find another woman better than I am in America, James. I don't know what to say to you. The train will be here in a minute. I am distracted. But one day you will be coming back, and we shall be very proud of you when you come back. I shall rebuild the house, and we shall be all happy

then. Oh! here 's the train. Good-bye; you have been very good to me. Oh, James! shall I ever see you again?"

Then the crowd swept them along, and James had to take his father's hand and his brother's hand. There were a great many people in the station—hundreds were going away in the same ship that James was going in. The train was followed by wailing relatives. They ran alongside of the train, waving their hands until they could no longer keep up with the train. James waved a red handkerchief until the train was out of sight. It disappeared in a cutting, and a moment after Catherine and Peter remembered they were standing side by side. They were going to be married in a few days! They started a little, hearing a step beside them. It was old Phelan.

"I think," he said, "it is time to be getting home."



THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE.

(1780—1852.)

"THE National Poet of Ireland," "The Bard of Erin," "Anacreon Moore," "Jove's Poet," "That Popular Poet of Green Erin," "Sweet Melodious Bard," are among the epithets or nicknames by which Moore has been characterized in and since his day. But for the most of us he is "Tom Moore," and in the hearts of English-speaking people all over the world many of his Irish melodies have an abiding place from which they will not easily be uprooted.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1780. His father was a grocer and keeper of a small wine-store. He was sent to school at an early age, and in 1794 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to studying law. While in college in 1798 Moore narrowly escaped being involved with Emmet and others in a charge of sedition. He sympathized with their cause, and anonymously wrote a poem and a fiery letter in favor of the movement.

He was graduated as B.A., and in 1798 set out for London, where he entered as a student at the Middle Temple. He had already translated the 'Odes of Anacreon.' Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Prince of Wales became subscribers for this work. To Lord Moira he owed his introduction to this select circle, and the Prince of Wales permitted the dedication of the 'Odes' to himself. His brilliant conversational powers, with his poetical and musical gifts, rendered him everywhere a welcome guest, and he was now plunged headlong into the vortex of London fashionable society. In 1801 he published a volume of 'Poems' under the name of "The Late Thomas Little, Esq.," of which, however, he was afterward ashamed. But, as our own sweet singer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has said—

> "If in his cheek unholy blood
> Burned for one youthful hour,
> 'T was but the flushing of the bud
> That blooms a milk-white flower."

Appointed Registrar of the Admiralty to the Court of Bermuda, he went there in 1803, but finding the work uncongenial he left it to be performed by a deputy. He paid a visit to this country, meeting President Jefferson and many prominent citizens. After a short trip through Canada, he returned to London again to enter into the whirlpool of its social life.

His 'Odes and Epistles' was very severely handled by Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review*, and Moore, irritated, foolishly sent him a challenge. The affair was stopped on the ground by the police and the would-be combatants afterward became fast friends. Byron's sarcastic allusion to the duel stung Moore, and he also

received a challenge ; but, fortunately, matters were adjusted by mutual friends without a hostile meeting. In 1808 he published anonymously two poems, 'Intolerance' and 'Corruption,' and in 1809 'The Sceptic,' none of which, however, was very successful.

He married in 1811 Miss Bessie Dyke, a native of Kilkenny, a charming and amiable young actress of considerable ability. In the autumn of that year 'M. P., or the Blue Stocking,' a comic opera, was produced on the stage.

In 1812 appeared 'The Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post Bag, by Thomas Brown, the Younger.' The wit, pungency, and playfulness of these satires, aimed at the Prince Regent and his Ministers, made them immensely popular, and fourteen editions were called for in the course of one year. At this time the Messrs. Longmans arranged to give him three thousand guineas ($16,500) for a poetical work of which they had not seen a single line. Moore determined not to disappoint the trust placed in him, and in his cottage in Derbyshire studied Oriental literature summer and winter ; and, in four years after his arrangement with the firm, 'Lalla Rookh' was completed 'National Airs,' a volume of poems containing 'Flow on, thou shining river,' 'All that 's bright must fade,' 'Those Evening Bells,' 'Oft in the stilly night,' and others, was published in 1815. In 1816 appeared two series of 'Sacred Melodies.' He removed to Hornsey, near London, in this year, in order to see 'Lalla Rookh' through the press. It was published—a quarto volume—in 1817, and, striking a new note, was a splendid success, dazzling the readers of the day with its gorgeous Eastern illustration and imagery. Within a fortnight of its issue the first edition was sold out, and within six months it had reached a sixth edition. Parts of the work were rendered into the Persian tongue and sung in the streets of Ispahan.

In 1817 he visted Paris with the poet Rogers. The Bourbon dynasty had just been restored ; society was in a chaotic state, and Paris swarmed with English, whose ridiculous cockneyism and nonsense furnished him with materials for the letters entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' published in 1818, and consisting of a happy blending of the political squib and the social burlesque. This was succeeded in 1819 by the publication of 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress.' About this time the news reached him that the deputy whom he had appointed at Bermuda had absconded and involved him in a debt of £6,000 ($30,000) for which he was responsible. Friends at once offered pecuniary aid, but Moore resolved to help himself by his pen. To avoid arrest he was advised to visit the Continent till matters were arranged; so, in September, 1819, he set out with Lord John Russell to visit Switzerland and Italy. On returning from Rome to Paris, in January, 1820, he was there joined by his family and settled down to literary work. He lived nearly three years in Paris, during which time his life was precisely the same as in England, one continual round of visiting among the English aristocracy and travelers who came there. At the same time he was busy on 'The Life of Sheridan,' 'The Epicurean,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'The Loves of the Angels,' etc., which were published at a later period.

In 1822 he received a letter from Longmans informing him that the Bermuda defalcation had been arranged and that he might now safely return to England. In the end of November, 1822, he returned to Sloperton Cottage, and in 1823 published 'Rhymes for the Road,' with 'Fables for the Holy Alliance' and 'Loves of the Angels,' which he had written when in exile. In June of this year his publishers placed £1,000 ($5,000) to his credit from the sale of the last-named work, and £500 ($2,500) from the 'Fables for the Holy Alliance.'

As early as 1797 Moore's attention had been called to Bunting's collection of Irish melodies, and at intervals he had written words for some of them which he was accustomed to sing with great effect. In 1807 he began to publish these, receiving from Mr. Power £50 ($250) each for the first two numbers. The songs were immensely and deservedly popular, and now, in 1823, Mr. Power agreed to pay Moore £500 ($2,500) a year for a series of years, that he might have the exclusive right of publishing 'The Irish Melodies,' the whole ten numbers of which were not completed till 1834.

His 'Memoirs of Captain Rock' appeared in 1824, written after a tour in Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne. This year Lord Byron died, and thus the existence and the intended publication of his memoirs, which he had intrusted to Moore for that purpose, came to be known. Byron's relatives strongly urged that the MS. should be destroyed, and after arrangements made accordingly it was burned in the presence of witnesses.

In October, 1825, his 'Life of Sheridan' appeared. In 1827 'The Epicurean' was published, illustrated with vignettes on steel after Turner. It is a romance founded on Egyptian mythology, and is the most highly finished, artistic, and imaginative of his prose writings. In 1830 he edited 'The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.' This work, which appeared in two quarto volumes, compiled from Byron's journals and such materials as he could subsequently procure, is interesting, but too copious and, as might be expected, partial and lenient in its criticism. For this biography he ultimately obtained £4,870 ($24,350). In 1831 was published his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' followed by 'The Summer Fête,' a poem celebrating an entertainment given at Boyle Farm in 1827. At this time he chiefly adhered to prose, and only occasionally wrote verse in the shape of political squibs or satires for *The Times* or *The Morning Chronicle*, for which service he was paid at the rate of about £400 ($2,000) a year. In 1833 followed 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' a defense of the Roman Catholic system; and 'The History of Ireland' (4 vols. 12mo), in 1835, written for Lardner's 'Cabinet Cylopedia.' It embraced a long period, from the earliest king to the latest chief. In this year a pension of £300 ($1,500) a year was bestowed upon him.

The rest of his literary work consisted of an occasional trifle in verse for the periodicals, and the prefaces and a few additions to a collected edition of his poetical works, issued by Longmans (1840–42) in ten volumes. His later years were clouded by domestic grief,

his children having all died before him. In 1846 the poet made this sad entry in his diary : "The last of our five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone ; not a single relative have I now left in the world." His memory failed rapidly : he stooped and looked old, and, in 1848—as in the cases of Swift, Scott, and Southey—imbecility gradually set in. He died at Sloperton Cottage, his residence for more than thirty years, on Feb. 26, 1852.

Moore's life may be summed up as "an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron said, "Tommie dearly loved a lord" ; and his journals continually evince his vanity in this respect, although it was, essentially, of a very harmless and kindly sort.

The estimation of Moore's work has varied much. It was eclipsed by that of Keats and Tennyson for a while, and it was once the fashion to decry it. Whatever cold and unsympathetic critics may say, we think that the majority of our readers will re-echo the sentiment of Oliver Wendell Holmes—

> "And while the fresh blossoms of Summer are braided,
> For the sea-girded, stream-silvered, lake-jeweled Isle,
> While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,
> While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile,
> The land where the staff of St. Patrick was planted,
> Where the Shamrock grows green from the cliff to the shore,
> The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
> Shall wreathe her bright heart with the garlands of Moore."

Furthermore, as Edmund Gosse reminds us, "it was into an atmosphere of refined and frigid reflection that Tom Moore brought the fervor of his Irish heart and the liquid numbers of his Irish tongue. . . . The easy muse of Moore conquered the town ; he popularized the use of bright and varied measures, sparkling rhymes, and all the bewitching panoply of artistic form in which Shelley, the true song-writer, was to array himself. In a larger sense than he himself was conscious of, he was a pioneer in letters. He boasted, with no more gayety than truth, that he originated modern Irish poetry :—

> "'Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
> The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
> When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
> And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !'"

Those homely and sentimental lyrics which have endeared themselves to thousands of hearts under the name of the 'Irish Melodies' form a part and parcel of our literature, the extinction of which would leave a sad blank behind it. When they were first produced they seemed universally brilliant and fascinating to the ears of those on whom their fresh tunes and dulcet numbers fell in a most amiable union. Here for once, it seemed, music and poetry agreed in complete harmony, the one not brighter or more dainty than the other.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

From 'Lalla Rookh.'

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh, 't is only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"one hope is thine.
'T is written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven

Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin,—
'T is sweet to let the pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,—
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—" I know
The wealth," she cries, " of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high,—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,

And man the sacrifice of man
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'T is he of Gazna: fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved sultana;
Maidens within their pure zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood:
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not, holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains
Far to the south the Peri lighted,
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile
And hail the new-born giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchers of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris's lake.
'T was a fair scene: a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright

When their beloved sun's awake;
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting
Fast from the moon unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-winged sultana sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The demon of the plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
Like plants where the simoon hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies;—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye paid for your primal fall:
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept: the air grew pure and clear
Around her as the bright drops ran;
For there 's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze

Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy,—
  Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
  Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour
  Had thither stolen to die alone:
One who in life, where'er he moved,
  Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
  Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him; none to slake
  The fire that in his bosom lies
With even a sprinkle from that lake
  Which shines so cool before his eyes;
No voice well known through many a day
  To speak the last, the parting word,
Which when all other sounds decay
  Is still like distant music heard,—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
  Shed joy around his soul in death:
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have called his own,
  Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth
  This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health
  With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'T is she: far off, through moonlight dim
  He knew his own betrothèd bride,—
She who would rather die with him
  Than live to gain the world beside!
Her arms are round her lover now,
  His livid cheek to her she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
  In the cool lake her loosened tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
  Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
  Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone;
Those lips that then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
  The blessèd air, that 's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
  Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!
There—drink my tears while yet they fall;
  Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou knowest I 'd shed it all
  To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
  Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
  In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
  In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
  That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks; as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle; and his pain is past—
  Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last
  Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,

As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast,—
"Sleep on; in visions of odor rest;
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of Doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate:
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain:
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
The angel said, as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory:
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not: holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri:
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed

In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes
The beautiful blue damsel flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a smalli maret's rustic fount,
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that:
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,—
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance

Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
  Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches that have burnt all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
  Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
  As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
  From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

Oh! 't was a sight,—that heaven, that child,—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there, while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,—
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessèd child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
  And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence;
  In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There 's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies!
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'T was a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh:
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief:

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth 's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He 'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'T was odor fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's wingèd dream;
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.
O, 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I 've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that 's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O, winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O, my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I 've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We 'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;

And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They 're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 't is thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'T is never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we 'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

O BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
  Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
  The smiles, the tears,
  Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
  The eyes that shone,
  Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
  Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I 've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
  Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
  Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said: "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
  The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
  In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
  Save the woodpecker's tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
  "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
  How blest could I live, and how calm could I die."

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
  In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
  Which had never been sighed on by any but mine.

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest! put on awhile
  These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
  In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume
  At golden sunset hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
  As I shall waft thee over!

Fields where the Spring delays,
  And fearlessly meets the ardor
Of the warm Summer's gaze
  With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
  In grace majestic frowning—
Like a bold warrior's brows
  That Love has just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
  That never hath bird come nigh them,

But from his course through air
He hath been won down by them,—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
And caves where the diamond 's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine let fall in weeping.
Glens where ocean comes
To escape the wild wind's rancor,
And harbors, worthiest homes,
Where freedom's sails could anchor.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we 've seen it burning,
O thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
O then remember me.

O THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

O the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
O the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 't is not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumèd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,

'T is heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever!
O that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, arrayed
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[1]

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
O no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.[3]

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, O, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

[1] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

[2] The rivers Avon and Avoca.

[3] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people



THE VALE OF AVOCA

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.[1]

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking:
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They 'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."— *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

[1] This poem refers to the betrothed of Robert Emmet. She afterward became the wife of an officer, who took her to Sicily, in the hope that travel would restore her spirits, but her grief for Emmet was so great that she died of a broken heart.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.[1]

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O, say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
O, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

[1] This, doubtless, refers to Robert Emmet, who addresses Erin, his loved but unhappy country.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory 's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned;
O, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale!
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
O, do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue.
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmed, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor 's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valor's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
O, who would live a slave in this?

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

RUSSIAN AIR.

From 'National Airs.'

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—EXODUS XV. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man 's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory 's plume,
As fading hues of even!
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There 's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOU ART, O GOD!

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume,
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.[1]

"La poesie a ses monstres comme la nature."—D'ALEMBERT.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,

[1] "They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—ANONYMOUS.

Till he starting cried, from his dréam awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs, fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so;*
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
"My voice is for war" asked, "Which of them, pray?"
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund" the last words as his noddle came down.
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
HELP ME OUT! *Help me out!* I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there 's two of you there—can't you help one another?"
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

LADY MORGAN.

(1783—1859.)

Miss Sydney Owenson, afterward Lady Morgan, was born, it is said, between Liverpool and Dublin about 1783. At eighteen she became a governess, and in 1804 published her first novel, 'St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond.' In 1805 appeared 'The Novice of St. Dominic' and a little later 'The Wild Irish Girl.' This last novel immediately became popular and was the means of gaining her admission to the best society, where her wit and talent were fully appreciated. Within two years of its first publication seven editions appeared in Great Britain and two or three in this country. 'The Lay of an Irish Harp,' a selection of twelve popular Irish melodies to which Miss Owenson wrote the words, followed in 1807. One of these songs, 'Kate Kearney,' is still popular. In the same year she wrote a comic opera called 'The First Attempt, or the Whim of a Moment,' which was produced at the Theater Royal, Dublin, and proved successful. Her next novel was 'Woman, or Ida of Athens,' which was severely handled by Gifford in *The Quarterly Review*. Miss Owenson at first took no notice of this attack; but afterward, when Lady Morgan, she showed that the insult had not been forgotten, and in the preface to her work 'France' defended herself with much spirit.

While visiting the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn in 1812, she was introduced to their physician, Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, and later in the same year they were married. At this time she had saved £5,000 ($25,000), the fruit of her literary labors. They settled down in Kildare Street, Dublin, Lady Morgan becoming the center of a brilliant and talented circle.

Her visits to Europe, which began in 1816, led to the writing of the books entitled 'France' and 'Italy.' She and her husband moved in the best society, and she was enabled to study the people of all classes. She wrote frankly, fearlessly, and honestly, and the breadth of her opinions gained her some enemies. *The Quarterly Review* attacked both books in the sanguinary style of the cut-and-slash reviewer of the day, but Lord Byron wrote enthusiastically of her 'Italy.'

In 1837 she and her husband returned to London, and the years of happiness there were interrupted only by the death of the latter in 1843.

Lady Morgan now began to write a diary or story of her life, which she completed before her death. Her works are said to have brought her a sum of £25,000 ($75,000), but her style of living was expensive and she was by no means rich. In acknowledgment of her long-continued literary work and her constant support given to the Liberal party, a pension of £300 ($1,500) a year from the civil list was settled upon her by Lord Grey. After a long and busy life she died at her house in William Street, London, April 13, 1859.

During her long literary career of over half a century she is said to have published more than seventy volumes. Some of these have

already been noticed; among the others are 'Patriotic Sketches in Ireland,' 'The Missionary,' 'O'Donnel' (a novel highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott), 'Florence Macarthy,' 'The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa,' 'Absenteeism,' 'The O'Briens and O'Flahertys,' 'The Book of the Boudoir,' 'Dramatic Scenes from Real Life,' 'The Princess or the Beguine,' 'Woman and her Master,' 'An Odd Volume, etc.

We quote the following description of the personal appearance of Lady Morgan from a "memory" in the *Art Journal* by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who knew her ladyship: "Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humor,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and, whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espièglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."

Lady Morgan was not an admirer of O'Connell, but her novels ably pleaded the cause which he represented. In them she strongly advocated emancipation, and her stories, full of sympathy with the sufferings of her race and of hatred of the wrongs her people had endured, were as great a political power as the best oratory or the smartest pamphlets of the day.

THE PRINCE OF INISMORE.

From 'The Wild Irish Girl.'

Ay, 't is even so—point your glasses—and rub your eyes, 't is all one; here I am, and here I am likely to remain for some time, but whether a prisoner of war, taken up on a suspicion of espionage, or to be offered as an appeasing sacrifice to the *manes* of the old Prince of Inismore, you must for a while suspend your patience to learn.

According to the *carte du pays* laid out for me by the fisherman, I left the shore and crossed the summit of a mountain that "battled o'er the deep," and which after an hour's ascension, I found sloped almost perpendicularly down to a bold and rocky coast, its base terminating in a peninsula, that advanced for near half a mile into the ocean. Towards the extreme western point of this peninsula, which was wildly romantic beyond all description, arose a vast and grotesque pile of rocks, which at once formed the site and fortifications of the noblest mass of ruins on which my eye ever rested. Grand even in deso-

lation, and magnificent in decay—it was the Castle of Inismore. The setting sun shone brightly on its moldering turrets, and the waves which bathed its rocky basis, reflected on their swelling bosoms the dark outlines of its awful ruins.

As I descended the mountain's brow I observed that the little isthmus which joined the peninsula to the main land had been cut away, and a curious danger-threatening bridge was rudely thrown across the intervening gulf, flung from the rocks on one side to an angle of the mountain on the other, leaving a yawning chasm of some fathoms deep beneath the foot of the wary passenger. This must have been a very perilous pass in the days of civil warfare; and in the intrepidity of my daring ancestor, I almost forgot his crime. Amidst the interstices of the rocks which skirted the shores of this interesting peninsula, patches of the richest vegetation were to be seen, and the trees which sprung wildly among its venerable ruins, were bursting into all the vernal luxuriancy of spring. In the course of my descent, several cabins of a better description than I had yet seen appeared scattered beneath the shelter of the mountain's innumerable projections; while in the air and dress of the inhabitants (which the sound of my horse's feet brought to their respective doors), I evidently perceived a something original and primitive, I had never noticed before in this class of persons here.

They appeared to me, I know not why, to be in their holiday garb, and their dress, though grotesque and coarse, was cleanly and characteristic. I observed that round the heads of the elderly dames were folded several wreaths of white or colored linen and others had handkerchiefs lightly folded round their brows, and curiously fastened under the chin; while the young wore their hair fastened up with wooden bodkins. They were all enveloped in large shapeless mantles of blue frieze, and most of them had a rosary hanging on their arm, from whence I inferred they were on the point of attending vespers at the chapel of Inismore. I alighted at the door of a cabin a few paces distant from the Alpine bridge, and entreated a shed for my horse, while I performed my devotions. The man to whom I addressed myself, seemed the only one of several who surrounded me that understood English, and appeared

much edified by my pious intention, saying, "that God would prosper my Honor's journey, and that I was welcome to a shed for my horse, and a night's lodging for myself into the bargain." He then offered to be my guide, and as we crossed the drawbridge, he told me I was out of luck by not coming earlier, for that high mass had been celebrated that morning for the repose of the soul of a Prince of Inismore, who had been murdered on this very day of the month. "And when this day comes round," he added, "we all attend dressed in our best; for my part, I never wear my poor old grandfather's *berrad* but on the like occasion," taking off a curious cap of a conical form, which he twirled round his hand and regarded with much satisfaction.

By heavens! as I breathed this region of superstition, so strongly was I infected, that my usual skepticism was scarcely proof against my inclination to mount my horse and gallop off, as I shudderingly pronounced—

"I am then entering the castle of Inismore on the anniversary of that day on which my ancestors took the life of its venerable Prince!"

You see, my good friend, how much we are the creatures of situation and circumstance, and with what pliant servility the mind resigns itself to the impressions of the senses, or the illusions of the imagination.

We had now reached the ruined cloisters of the chapel. I paused to examine their curious but dilapidated architecture when my guide, hurrying me on, said, "if I did not quicken my pace, I should miss getting a good view of the Prince," who was just entering by a door opposite to that we had passed through. Behold me then mingling among a group of peasantry, and, like them, straining my eyes to that magnet which fascinated every glance.

And sure, fancy, in her boldest flight, never gave to the fairy vision of poetic dreams, a combination of images more poetically fine, more strikingly picturesque, or more impressively touching. Nearly one half of the chapel of Inismore has fallen into decay, and the ocean breeze as it rushed through the fractured roof, wafted the torn banners of the family which hung along its dismantled walls. The red beams of the sinking sun shone on the glittering tabernacle which stood on the altar, and touched with their

golden light the sacerdotal vestments of the two officiating priests, who ascended its broken steps at the moment that the Prince and his family entered.

The first of this most singular and interesting group, was the venerable Father John, the chaplain. Religious enthusiasm never gave to the fancied form of the first of the patriarchs a countenance of more holy expression or divine resignation; a figure more touching by its dignified simplicity, or an air more beneficently mild, more meekly good. He was dressed in his pontificals, and, with his eyes bent to the earth, his hands spread upon his breast, he joined his coadjutors.

What a contrast to this saintly being now struck my view; a form almost gigantic in stature, yet gently thrown forward by evident infirmity; limbs of herculean mold, and a countenance rather furrowed by the inroads of vehement passions, than the deep trace of years. Eyes still emanating the ferocity of an unsubdued spirit, yet tempered by a strong trait of benevolence; which, like a glory, irradiated a broad expansive brow, a mouth on which even yet the spirit of convivial enjoyment seemed to hover, though shaded by two large whiskers on the upper lip, which still preserved their ebon hue; while time or grief had bleached the scattered hairs which hung their snows upon the manly temple. The drapery which covered this striking figure was singularly appropriate, and, as I have since been told, strictly conformable to the ancient costume of the Irish nobles.

The only part of the under garment visible, was the ancient Irish *truis,* which closely adhering to the limbs from the waist to the ankle, includes the pantaloon and hose, and terminates in a buskin not dissimilar to the Roman *perones.* A triangular mantle of bright scarlet cloth, embroidered and fringed round the edges, fell from his shoulders to the ground, and was fastened at the breast with a large circular golden brooch, of a workmanship most curiously beautiful; round his neck hung a golden collar, which seemed to denote the wearer of some order of knighthood, probably hereditary in his family; a dagger, called a *skiene* (for my guide explained every article of the dress to me,) was sheathed in his girdle, and was discerned by the sunbeam that played on its brilliant haft. And as he

entered the chapel, he removed from his venerable head a cap or berrad, of the same form as that I had noticed with my guide, but made of velvet, richly embroidered.

The chieftain moved with dignity—yet with difficulty—and his colossal, but infirm frame, seemed to claim support from a form so almost impalpably delicate, that as it floated on the gaze it seemed like the incarnation of some pure ethereal spirit, which a sigh, too roughly breathed, would dissolve into its kindred air; yet to this sylphid elegance of spheral beauty was united all that symmetrical *contour* which constitutes the luxury of human loveliness. This scarcely "mortal mixture of earth's mold," was vested in a robe of vestal white, which was enfolded beneath the bosom with a narrow girdle embossed with precious stones.

From the shoulder fell a mantle of scarlet silk, fastened at the neck with a silver bodkin, while the fine turned head was enveloped in a veil of point lace, bound round the brow with a band or diadem, ornamented with the same description of jewels as encircled her arms.

Such was the *figure* of the Princess of Inismore! But oh! not once was the face turned round towards that side where I stood. And when I shifted my position, the envious veil intercepted the ardent glance which eagerly sought the fancied charms it concealed! for was it possible to doubt the face would not "keep the promise that the form had made"?

The group that followed was grotesque beyond all powers of description. The ancient bard, whose long white beard

> "Descending, swept his aged breast";

the incongruous costume, half modern, half antique, of the bare-footed domestics; the ostensible steward, who closed the procession; and, above all, the dignified importance of the *nurse,* who took the lead in it immediately after her young lady; her air, form, countenance, and dress, were indeed so singularly fantastic and *outré,* that the genius of masquerade might have adopted her figure as the finest model of grotesque caricature.

Conceive for a moment a form whose longitude bore no degree of proportion to her latitude; dressed in a short

jacket of brown cloth, with loose sleeves from the elbow to the wrist, made of red camblet striped with green, and turned up with a broad cuff—a petticoat of scarlet frieze, covered by an apron of green serge, longitudinally striped with scarlet tape, and sufficiently short to betray an ankle that sanctioned all the libels ever uttered against the ankles of the Irish fair—true national brogues set off her blue worsted stockings, and her yellow hair, dragged over a high roll, was covered on the summit with a little coiff, over which was flung a scarlet handkerchief, which fastened in a large bow under her rubicund chin.

As this singular and interesting group advanced up the central aisle of the chapel, reverence and affection were evidently blended in the looks of the multitude which hung upon the steps; and though the Prince and his daughter seeked to lose in the meekness of true religion all sense of temporal inequality, and promiscuously mingled with the congregation, yet that distinction they humbly avoided was reverently forced on them by the affectionate crowd, which drew back on either side as they advanced, until the chieftain and his child stood alone in the center of the ruined choir, he winds of heaven playing freely amidst their garments, the sun's setting beam enriching their beautiful figureswith its orient tints, while he, like Milton's ruined angel,

> "Above the rest,
> In shape and feature proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower";

and she, like the personified spirit of Mercy hovered round him, or supported, more by tenderness than her strength, him from whom she could no longer claim support.

Those gray-headed domestics, too, those faithful though but nominal vassals, who offered that voluntary reverence with their looks, which his repaid with fatherly affection, while the anguish of a suffering heart hung on his pensive smile, sustained by the firmness of that indignant pride which lowered on his ample brow!

What a picture!

McRORY CONVERSES WITH THE QUALITY.

From 'O'Donnel, a National Tale.'

The servant now came out of the house to say that he believed the people were all abroad, getting in the harvest, for they could only find an old woman in the inn kitchen, and that he could not make her understand him.

"It 's hard for her, the *cratur!* when she 's entirely *bothered*," [1] said a voice, which, from its peculiar tone and accent, drew every eye to the speaker. The person who had thus volunteered his observation, in all the unadulterated richness of a genuine Connaught brogue, stood with his huge arms folded, leaning against the side of the inn door, while a thick stick and a small bundle lay at his feet. The figure, thus disposed, was considerably above the ordinary height, muscular, but not full; it exhibited an appearance of powerful strength, united with a lounging air of habitual indolence: a countenance in which a sort of solemn humor was the leading expression, tinctured with an acute shrewdness, was shaded by long black hair, occasionally shaken back, while a pair of dark sunken eyes were thrown indifferently on either side, and only with a slight passing look, turned, as if by chance, on the splendid strangers, whose showy persons and equipage seemed to excite neither admiration nor curiosity.

The dress of this singular person was as equivocal as the figure was striking; his coat might have been an old livery—might have been an undress military frock; it was a faded blue, with still more faded scarlet cuffs and cape. Though the day was sultry for September, he wore a loose, large rug coat, which was buttoned round his neck, but hung behind, like a mantle, with the sleeves unoccupied. Immense brogues and blue stockings were partially covered with black gaiters, and a pair of short canvas trousers, reaching but a little beneath his knees, completed his costume.

"A prize!" cried the colonel, speaking through his hand to the party in the barouche. "The first genuine Paddy I have met since I have been in the north of Ireland," he added, to Lady Florence.

[1] *Bothered*, deaf.

"Perhaps, sir," said Mr. Glentworth, addressing the stranger, "you can give us some information as to the nearest town to this village, where we could get the best accommodation for so large a party as this."

"I can, sir, to be sure—every information in life, your honor; not one in the barony can *insense* you better, sir." and he took off his hat whilst he spoke; nor could he be prevailed on to resume it, while his dark countenance brightened into intelligence the moment he was addressed.

"Come here, sir," cried Lady Singleton, beckoning to him—"come here. Which is the nearest town to this miserable disappointing little village?"

"Is it the nearest town to ye'z, madam? Why then, madam, the nearest town to ye'z, is the furthest off intirely, in regard to the *short cut* being broke up since myself passed the same last; but the directest way ye'z can take is to turn *acrass* by that bit of a wood, to your *lift.*"

"What wood?" asked Lady Singleton: "there is no wood that I can see."

"*There is nat,* madam, but there 's all as one—for there was a wood there in th' ould times, as I hear tell. Well, ye 'z *lave* the wood to the left, and ye'z will turn down, *of* you *plase,* right forenent you, and when ye'z come to the ind of the lane—"

"Well, sir!" interrupted Lady Singleton, impatiently.

"Well, madam," returned the stranger in a tone of sudden recollection, "the divil a foot further ye'z will go, anyhow, in regard to the floods which has *damm'd* up the road for all the world like the *salmon lep* at *Ballyshanny;* but sure if ye'z will be *contint* to go the ould way, ye'z have nothing to do in life, but turn round and go back *straight* before ye'z, and then, your honor, you 'll reach *Larne* in no time."

This information, which excited a general laugh from all the party but Lady Singleton and Mr. Dexter, was replied to by the latter, who exclaimed—

"Why you stupid, blundering fellow, that 's the very town we are come from."

"Is it, dear?" returned the Irishman, coolly.

Meantime, as it was evident they had another stage to perform before they halted for the evening, hay and water

was procured for the horses; and the master of the inn, who had come in from his fields, confirmed what they had suspected, that he could not accommodate so large a party, and directed them to a new inn on the sea-coast, within a short distance of the next post town, (New Town Glens,) lately set up for the accommodation of travélers to the causey.

Lady Singleton had entered into conversation with a linen buyer, or, in the language of the country, a *webber,* who was riding by, and to whom, from beginning to inquire about the state of the roads between Glenarm and New Town Glens, she digressed to the texture and value of Irish linens, and gave him some useful hints relative to *bleach greens* and other things connected with the manufacture. While Lady Singleton was thus engaged with the *itinerant* merchant, who, on his part, was recommending her to their house at Colerain, if she intended to buy any linens, while in the very region of webs and looms, the rest of the party, headed by the colonel, were amusing themselves with the Irishman, who stood every interrogatory and attack with the utmost quietude, coolness, and gravity. On the subject, however, of place of his nativity (for the colonel affected to think him an Englishman) he seemed a little puzzled: he repeated that *County Donegal* was his undoubted native place, though he had the good luck to be born in County Leitrim, *Provence* of Connaught, which was all was left to the FORE of poor *ancient ould Ireland, barring ministers;*—"for," he added, "every one of my people, grandfathers and grandmothers, from the beginning of time, barring myself, was born *in* and *about* Donegal town, till the English patentees and Scotch undertakers drove us all like wild bastes into the mountains, and into the Province of Connaught."

"Then you are not a native of this province?" asked Mr. Glenworth.

"Is it me, sir? O! no your honor, I am not: I hope I have done nothing, bad as I am, to be born in the black north any way; ye'z might tell that by my English, for the *cratures* in these parts have no English, only *Scotch Irish,* your honor."

"We did remark something peculiar in your English,"

returned the colonel; "but may I presume to ask what brings you into this country, since you seem to hold it rather in contempt?"

"What brings me into this country, your honor? O, I 'm a traveler, sir."

"I thought so; you have the air of a man who has seen a deal of the world."

"O, I 've seen a power, sir, in my day: sure I was *twice't* in Dublin, your honor."

"Indeed! and no further?"

"No, sir, no further—only once't in *Garmany,* on a little business; and a little back in the Western Indies; that is when I was sarving in th' army, your honor."

"So then his Majesty has had the honor of retaining you in his service?"

"O! he had, your honor; God bless him."

"And pray, captain, to what regiment were you attached?"

"O! your honor 's going to the fair with me, now, anyhow: it never was *Phaidrig* (which is Patrick) McRory's luck, and that 's myself, to be a captain, yet, sir; only a *corpolar;*—and what was my regimen', why then, troth, I was mighty near listing with the *Flaugh-na-balagh* boys, under the great Giniril Doyle, long life to him, wherever he is, only in regard of the master, who came home on account of the *troubles.* So I listed with him in the Irish brigades; and so we went to fight the black French negurs in St. Domingo. Of as fine a regimen' of lads as ever you clapt your eyes on, not one of us but was kilt dead in the field, barring a handful, as I may say, and myself and the master."

"Why, you don't mean that a gentleman of your education and appearance is really in service?"

"O! I do, sir, surely: and I 'm master's foster brother to boot, and has the greatest regard and love for him in life; but at this present spaking I may say I 'm no sarvant at all, only a pilgrim."

"A pilgrim! you!"

"I am, sir, surely, an't I going to *keep* my *station* at Lough-Dergh, in respect of a vow I made for taking a drop too much on a Good Friday: so with the master's lave, and

the blessing of God. I 'm going to do *pinnence* at the blessed and holy St. Patrick's purgatory."

"Purgatory!" repeated Mr. Dexter, shrugging his shoulders—"So, I thought as much: and so Mr. McRory, you are really such a superstitious blockhead as to believe in purgatory, are you?"

"I believe, sir, in what my Church bids me, and what my people believed before me; and what more does your honor, and the likes of you do, nor that? But in troth, in respect of purgatory, sir, myself is no ways *perticular;* only, bad as it is, sure your honor may *go further and fare worse* for all that."

This observation, quaintly uttered with a mixture of quietude and humor, produced a general laugh at Mr. Dexter's expense, who replied with great acrimony of manner—

"So, sir, it is very plain that *you* are a pretty bigoted, thoroughgoing papist, and think that every man who is otherwise will be damned."

"No, sir, I am nat: I 'm a *Roman,* and sweet *Jasus* forbid that every man shouldn't have a *sowl* to be saved, go what way he will; and divil a diffir I believe it makes in the end, anyhow, whether a man goes to *mass* or *church,* only just for the fashion sake."

"No, sir, you don't think any such thing," replied Mr. Dexter, with increasing ill humor. "I know what sort of a person you are very well: you are one of those idle, mischievous fellows, for I don't credit a word of your story, who go about the country, stirring up the poor deluded people, and raising the cry of *emancipation.*"

"Of who, sir?" returned the Irishman, coming nearer to the barouche, in which Mr. Dexter had just seated himself.

"Emancipation! you hear me very well."

"I have *no call* to him, sir; is he a freeholder?"

"He, he, he!" cried Mr. Dexter, "that 's just what he wants to be."

"Why then no blame to him," returned McRory, "for surely it makes all the diffir if a man have a *wote* or have not a wote; that 's when he gets into a *scrimmage*: what compensation did I ever get for my poor brother, Randall

McRory, who was kilt in a *ruction,* because I 'd no gentleman to back me, having ourselves neither wote nor interest, and being *Romans* to boot? for *he* was far away that could see me righted, anyhow; only he couldn't be in two places at once, like a bird, long life to him."

"And so," said Mr. Glenworth, willing to give the conversation another turn from that to which the folly and intemperance of Mr. Dexter was leading; "and so, my friend, you are going to perform penance for the crime of getting tipsy on a Good Friday: how far have you traveled to-day?"

"Not far, your honor; only from New Town Glens, where you 'll get the best entertainment for man and baste, and elegant fish."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Mr. Vandaleur, who had hitherto remained silent, and lolling within the window of his chaise.

"Troth, I do, your honor, every word of it; and it 's what you 'll get a bit of mutton there that the *Provost* of *Strabane* needn't be ashamed to stick his knife in of an Easter Sunday; long life to him!—and real *Raghery.*"

"Raghery! what sort of mutton is that?" demanded Mr. Vandaleur, with some eagerness.

"The elegantest, little, dear mutton, your honor, that ever you set your two good-looking eyes on; the leg of it, not bigger nor the leg of a lark, sir, to say nothing of the beautiful salmon fish that comes leaping into your arms, fairly out of the water—the craturs, with their tails in their mouths, and their elegant fine fins, twinkling in the sunshine, for all the world like that lady's eye, there," and he bowed low to Lady Florence, who, leaned forward, and smiling graciously, returned—

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Rory. I assure you, I think you altogether a most amusing person, and particularly gallant, and exactly what I should expect an Irishman to be."

"Why, then, devil a much out you are there, madam, or miss: for myself doesn't know well which you are; it 's few of the likes of you comes into these parts anyhow, God bless you."

The horses being now fed, and Lady Singleton having

made all the inquiries, and given all the advice she thought proper, called out to the party, who were still amusing themselves with the communicative Irishman, "*Basta, basta, cosi;* come, we have lost time enough: *Thompson,* get on: Mr. Dexter, put up the head of the barouche at your side. So, I have sent Edwards on before us to prepare for our reception."

KATE KEARNEY.

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal 's the glance of Kate Kearney!
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You 'd ne'er think of mischief she 's dreaming,
Yet oh, I can tell how fatal 's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There 's mischief in every dimple;
Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

PATRICK FRANCIS MULLANY.

(1847—1893.)

PATRICK FRANCIS MULLANY (better known as Brother Azarias) was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to America when quite young and joined the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He was professor of mathematics and of English literature at Rock Hill College, Maryland, from 1866 to 1878, when he became its President. In 1889 he removed to New York City, and died at Plattsburg, N. Y., 1893.

His works have been chiefly along the line of philosophical thought and literary criticism. Among his books may be mentioned 'Philosophy of Literature,' 'Development of English Literature,' 'Addresses on Thinking,' 'Aristotle and the Christian Church,' 'Culture of the Spiritual Sense,' 'Phases of Thought and Criticism.'

Most of the material for these volumes was in the form of contributions to periodicals, and these were afterward gathered up. He also contributed poetry from time to time, and wrote a series of sonnets on the great English poets. He was a successful and acceptable lecturer on literary, philosophical, and educational themes.

EMERSON AND NEWMAN.

THE PHILOSOPHER—THE CHURCHMAN.

From an Address delivered at Rock Hill College, 1877.

That you may all the better understand the nature and scope of sound thinking, I will mention for your consideration two living thinkers in different hemispheres of our globe and standing at opposite poles of human thoughts—men at the same time acknowledged masters of our own language. They both have this in common, that each is retiring, sensitive, shrinking from mere notoriety, not over-anxious to speak and speaking only when each has something to say. They are loved by all who know them, admired by thousands and misunderstood by thousands more. One of these is Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is possessed of a mind like the Eolian harp. It is awake to the most delicate impressions, and at every breath of thought gives out a music all its own. His sympathies with Nature are so strong—so intense, so real—that they seem to take root with the plant, to infuse themselves into the brute creation, and to think and act with his fellow-man. A

thing, be it an institution, or a custom, or a habit, exists; that suffices for Emerson; it must therefore be good, and useful, and beautiful in its own way. He is a passionate lover of the beautiful; he would reduce all morality to a code of esthetics. Beauty of thought, beauty of expression, beauty of action, beauty of manners—these are the outcome of his philosophy. Supreme culture is for him supreme human perfection. But withal, he is a thinker who has learned how to assimilate the best thoughts of the best writers and make them fructify in his own mind. His lines of thought are narrow, but he thinks on them intensely. Not unfrequently his language only half expresses that which his mind labors to give utterance to. Some of his assertions are riddles. He speaks with the mysteriousness of the Sphinx. He disdains argument. He will not reason with you. He is content to throw out the hint or the suggestion; you may take it or leave it. He never obtrudes himself upon you.

Unfortunately for Emerson and the value of his utterances, he ignores the supernatural in man. His view of religion is that of a merely human institution. He is tolerant only in certain directions. He has never acquired the large-sightedness that is expected from a man of his culture. Let him expatiate on the Nature he loves, on society, on manners, on experience, on letters and social aims, and he is admirable, suggestive, original; but once he descends to concrete living issues, we find only the lifeless bones of intolerance dressed up with the time-worn garments of New England puritanical prejudices. I hold this man up to you that you may learn both from his strength and his weakness. You can no more make a model of his mind than you can of his style. He is in some respects a law to himself. The secret of his success lies in this: that he does not isolate a thought; he studies its relations so far as his intellectual vision ranges. Could you imbibe his sympathy for Nature without becoming imbued with his pantheism; could you acquire his culture without the dilettanteism that accompanies it; could you make his love for the beautiful in all shapes and under all conditions your own—looking above all beyond the mere surface into the deeper and more spiritual beauty of things—you would be learning the whole lesson I wish you to draw from his intellectual life.

And now that I have led you into the inner chambers of Emerson's mind, and shown you the points of excellence and deficiency in his thinking, let me with less reserve place before you a still greater living example of this power of thinking, that you may, in admiration and at a distance, and each in his own sphere, follow in his footsteps. His word carries weight wherever the English language is known. His name is revered by all classes and creeds; and it is so because he is thoroughly honest in the expression of his convictions. He does not understand the art of special pleading; he has never learned the trick of covering up disagreeable truths or removing out of sight a fact calculated to tell against him. Endowed with one of the most acute intellects ever bestowed upon man, and well disciplined by severe study and profound meditation, it was his delight to grapple with difficulties. That mind, so ingenious and searching, never rested till it found the basis of an opinion or struck the central idea of a system.

It is often to me a source of wonder how much patient, earnest thought its eminent possessor must have brought to bear upon an idea before he could see it in so many lights, view it in such different relations, and place it before the mind in all the nakedness of truth. But this is one of the characteristics of great thinkers, and such preëminently is Cardinal John Henry Newman. It is now about three years since I met him in the bare, modest parlor of the Birmingham Oratory, and I need scarcely add that that meeting is one of the most precious incidents in my life.

I thought the very simplicity of that parlor was in keeping with the greatness of the man. Tinsel, or decoration, or an air of worldliness would have jarred with the simple, unassuming ways of the noble soul I met there. He had then lately returned from his beloved Oxford, where his old *alma mater*, Trinity College, did itself an honor and him an act of tardy justice in inducting him as Honorary Fellow. This veteran knight of natural and revealed truth looked old and worn; his hair was blanched; his features were furrowed with the traces of age. His manners were gentle and condescending. His voice was soft and beautiful in its varied modulations—now serious, now playful, according to the subject he spoke upon. With the

most exquisite tact he listened or placed his remark as the case required. There was a charm in his conversation. As it flowed along placid and pleasant, his countenance glowed with a nameless expression; his eye sparkled, and he spoke with all the strength and clearness of a man whose intellectual vigor is still unimpaired. I was not half an hour in his presence when I felt the spell of that irresistible personal influence which he has swayed through life, whether within the walls of Oriel, or from the Protestant pulpit of St. Mary's, or in the retirement of the Oratory. I then understood the power that shook the Anglican Church to its very basis six and thirty years ago. Though endowed with the delicate sensibility of the poet, Cardinal Newman never permits sentiment or feeling or inclination or confirmed habit to control or divert the severe logic of his noble reason. See for instance the caution with which he took the most important step in his long career. For years inclination and grace and the logic of his mind had been leading him into the Catholic Church, but he makes no move that is not first sanctioned by reason and conscience. His sympathies have gone forth to her long before proof or argument point the way; but he holds aloof till reason becomes convinced. He even keeps others for years from entering her Communion.

And whilst writing a book in favor of that Church he does not yet make up his mind to become a member; he reserves to himself the chance of changing his views after the whole argumentative process influencing him has been placed before him in writing. And in all this he is acting sincerely and in good faith. Protestants question his honesty; Catholics fear he may be trifling with grace; but all the same he waits and prays, and the truth grows upon him from the gray of dawn to the full light of day. Never for a single moment did he falter through the whole course of the long and painful struggle; from first to last he acted according to his lights; God respected the earnest endeavor and blessed it and crowned it with the grace of conversion. I repeat it, it is this strict and chivalric adherence to truth at all times and under all circumstances that has won him the profound respect and admiration of Christendom. He disciplined his mind into the habit of seeing things as they are and of expressing them as he sees

them, till it has become an impossibility for him to do otherwise. His mind is well worth your study. Its logical acuteness is something marvelous. Its analyzing power is searching and exhaustive. Its introspection seems to be all-seeing. He understands so well the checks and limitations of the human intellect that he is never satisfied to accept an idea for the reasons on its face. He goes back of the formal demonstration to what he considers the far more powerful motives of credibility. The syllogism says not all. The real convincing and abiding reasons on which a proposition is accepted as true are beyond either premises or conclusion. "As to logic," he remarks, "its drain of conclusions hangs loose at both ends; both the point from which the proof should start, and the point at which it should arrive, are beyond its reach; it comes short both of first principles and of concrete issues." Besides all this there are undercurrents of sentiment and inclination, associations of ideas, obscure memories, half confessed motives, probabilities, popular impressions that determine the frame of mind and the tone of thought, and they all of them enter his calculations. "And such mainly is the way," he tells us, "in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason,—not by rule, but by an inward faculty." A mind recognizing all these elements of thought and coördinating them, and giving each its value and position, is the highest ideal of a well-thinking mind that I can place before you. But I have not yet said all.

Cardinal Newman's mind is above all a religious mind. Religion is for him a reality—an intense reality; it is a sacred tunic clothing all his thoughts and making them holy and earnest; it is an essential part of his existence; it is the life of his life. And this is not simply the religion of sentiment or of the mere viewiness of doctrine and dogma, but religion based upon clear-cut doctrines and well-defined principles. "From the age of fifteen"—he tells us in one of those revelations of himself that light up his soul and show the man—"dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I know of no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion as a sentiment is to me a mere dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of the Su-

preme Being." Here is the central thought of Cardinal Newman's intellect. All thoughts, all issues group around that one idea. To him who reads between lines, every sermon, every essay, every treatise of the six and thirty volumes penned by his hand, reveals a soul ever questioning, ever struggling with difficulties, ever solving to itself the problems and issues of the day, ever arranging and rearranging in clear, well-defined order its own views and opinions—and all for one object and with one result, that of harmonizing them with the teachings of religion. The thoughts and questionings and theories against which other strong and well-equipped intellects struggled only to be made captives of irreligion and agnosticism, he also wrestled with and became their master, each new effort giving him additional strength; and now, his laurels won, he looks upon the intellectual struggles of the day with the repose of a warrior who has been in the fight and has come out of it a victor.

MILTON.

> "Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
> An earthly guest, and drawn Empyreal fire."
> —PARADISE LOST, Book VII.

Irreverent Milton! bold I deem thy flight;
Unsanctified, unbidden, thou didst wing
Thy pathless way off tow'rd the secret spring
Of God's decrees, and read them not aright;
Thou sought to do what no man mortal might,
Still thence a speech majestical didst bring,
And there o'erheard some angels whispering
Of Eden's bliss, and from thy lofty height
Surveyed all starry space both far and wide,
And saw hell's deepest depths and tortures dire,
And viewed the darkling works of demon pride,
And in the glowing of poetic fire,
What time thy heart felt age's chilly hand,
Embodied all in language stately, grand.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

(1835—1885.)

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY was born in Dublin on May 20, 1835, and was educated there, taking his degree of B.A. at Trinity College in 1856. At first he was a surgeon in the Royal Navy, but afterward took orders, and went to Canada, where he died on May 31, 1885. He contributed to *Kottabos*, and published verses in *The Nation*, *The Irish Metropolitan Magazine*, and *The College Magazine*, which he edited. His books are: 'Lyrics of History and of Life' (1880); 'A History of Brant, Ontario' (1883); 'Toronto, Past and Present' (1884); 'History of the North-West Rebellion of 1885' (1886). He was engaged on 'A History of Canadian Liberalism' when he died.

LONG DESERTED.

Yon old house in moonlight sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair,
Long ago she left it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there—
That old pauper house unmeet for the pleasant village street—

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass o'ergrown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tombstones on the sky.

Ruined, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble
Present ruin and disgrace,
For whom none are left that bear hope or sorrow anywhere.

Lost old house! and I was happy
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walked beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my destinies.

There within our quiet garden
Fell that last of happy eves

Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves;
There the winter winds are now sighing round each leafless bough.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls, a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago,
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral gala light?

Vain and idle superstition!
Thee no spectral rays illume;
But one shape of gentlest beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my memory.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

(1727—1805.)

ARTHUR MURPHY, actor, lawyer, dramatist, and editor, was born at Clooniquin, in the county of Roscommon, in the year 1727. He was educated at the college of St. Omer. For a while he was employed in his uncle's counting-house in Cork, but in 1751 he went to live in London. There he edited a political paper, and made acquaintance with a number of actors and men of letters. He went on to the stage and made some money, and afterward was called to the bar. Finding himself unsuccessful in the legal profession, he determined to devote himself to literature alone.

His first dramatic attempt was 'The Apprentice.' In 1759 his tragedy of 'The Orphan of China' was the means of making Mrs. Yates a favorite with the public, and in 1761 she had another success with the author's 'All in the Wrong.' This last comedy was also a great financial success, and, with 'Know Your Own Mind' and 'The Way to Keep Him,' held the stage for many years; indeed the three plays are yet acted occasionally in provincial theaters. 'The Grecian Daughter,' a tragedy, 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' and 'The Citizen,' both comedies, were also successes.

After his retirement to Hammersmith, Murphy published his 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson.' In 1793 appeared his translation of Tacitus, with an essay on his life and genius, which has frequently been reprinted. He also wrote a 'Life of Fielding' and a 'Life of Garrick,' which last is his least talented work. In 1798 appeared his tragedy of 'Arminius,' which was in favor of the then pending war, and for which he was granted a pension of £200 ($1,000) a year. This he enjoyed till his death, which occurred at Knightsbridge, in June, 1805.

HOW TO FALL OUT.

From 'Three Weeks After Marriage.'

SIR CHARLES *and* LADY RACKETT.

Lady Rackett. Well, now let 's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you.

Sir Charles. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady Rackett. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir Charles. Pho! nonsense! You don't understand it.

Lady Rackett. I beg your pardon, I 'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir Charles. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lady Rackett. No such a thing, Sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

Sir Charles. Pho, pho! ridiculous! The club was the card against the world.

Lady Rackett. Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

Sir Charles. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady Rackett. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Charles. Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I 'm about? I tell you, once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady Rackett. Maybe so; have it your own way, sir.

(*Walks about and sings.*)

Sir Charles. Vexation! you 're the strangest woman that ever lived; there 's no conversing with you. Look ye here, my Lady Rackett; it 's the clearest case in the world; I 'll make it plain to you in a moment.

Lady Rackett. Well, sir!—ha, ha, ha!

(*With a sneering laugh.*)

Sir Charles. I had four cards left, a trump was led, they were six; no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then, you know, the beauty of the play was to—

Lady Rackett. Well, now, it 's amazing to me that you can't see it; give me leave, Sir. Charles. Your left-hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finessed the club, and ruffed the diamond; now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir Charles. Zounds! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

Lady Rackett. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Charles. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady Rackett. Go on, sir.

Sir Charles. Zounds! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady Rackett. I never heard the like in my life.

(*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

Sir Charles. Why, then, you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic. (*Looks at her, and she walks about and laughs uneasy.*) Very well, madam: you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the

top of the house. You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady Rackett. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Takes out a glass and settles her hair.*)

Sir Charles. You 're a vile woman, and I 'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you.

Lady Rackett. As you please, sir.

Sir Charles. Madam, it shall be as I please. I 'll order my chariot this moment. (*Going.*) I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. (*Going.*) And when your family were standing behind counters measuring out tape and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors—madam, my ancestors—were squandering away whole estates at cards,—whole estates, my Lady Rackett. (*She hums. a tune, and he looks at her.*) Why, then, by all that 's dear to me, I 'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. Look ye, my Lady Rackett, thus it stood; the trump being led it was then my business—

Lady Rackett. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir Charles. D—n it; I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. (*Exit.*)

Lady Rackett. What a fashion the gentleman 's in! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs in a peevish manner.*) I promise him I 'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Charles. My Lady Rackett, look ye, ma'am; once more, out of pure good-nature—

Lady Rackett. Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

Sir Charles. That, and that only prevails with me to tel you, the club was the play.

Lady Rackett. Well, be it so; I have no objection.

Sir Charles. It 's the clearest point in the world; we were nine, and—

Lady Rackett. And for that very reason, you know, the club was the best in the house.

Sir Charles. There is no such thing as talking to you. You 're a base woman. . . . I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you. (*Walks back as fast as he can.*) I am resolved upon it, and I know the club was NOT the best in the house.

DENIS MURPHY.

(1833—1896.)

Father Denis Murphy was born at Newmarket, County Cork, in 1833. He was a Jesuit novice before he was sixteen years old. But he was always deeply interested in the antiquities and history of his country. The Royal University of Ireland conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in recognition of his distinguished scholarship. His 'Life of Hugh O'Donnell,' translated from the Irish, is an accurate rendering, and his 'Cromwell in Ireland' shows the finest qualities of the historian. At the time of his death he was engaged on a 'History of the Irish Martyrs.' Among his other works are the 'History of Holy Cross Abbey,' the 'Annals of Clonmacnoise,' and the 'Compendium of Irish History.' He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a Vice-President of the Royal Academy, and during the later years of his life was the editor of the *Kildare Archæological Journal.* He died May 18, 1896.

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

From 'Cromwell in Ireland.'

Then it was, probably, that quarter was offered and accepted. "All the officers and soldiers," says Ormonde, "promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out; which encouraged the others to yield. But when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, then the word 'no quarter' went round, and the soldiers were forced, many of them against their wills, to kill the prisoners." A contemporary author says Cromwell could not take the town until its defenders had received a promise of their lives from some persons of high rank in his army. As soon as the town was in the assailants' power, Jones, the governor of Dublin, who was second in command, told Cromwell that now he had the flower of the Irish army in his hands and could deal with them as he pleased. He then issued an order that the life of neither man, woman, nor child should be spared; and when one of his officers pleaded for mercy for the unresisting victims, "he would sacrifice their souls," he said, "to the ghosts of the English whom they had massacred."

And thus a body of 3,000 men was totally destroyed

and massacred, with which, in respect to experience and courage, the Marquis would have been glad to have found himself engaged in the field with an enemy though upon some disadvantage.

"Divers of the enemy," continues Cromwell, "retreated to the Millmount, a place very strong and of difficult access, being exceeding high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Aston, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men."

It was manned with 250 of the best men; when they saw their companions retreat, they were so disheartened that they thought it useless to make further resistance. "Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell of Colonel Hewson's regiment, with some twelve of his men, went to the top of the Mount and demanded of the Governor the surrender of it, who was very stubborn, speaking high words; but at length was persuaded to go into the windmill at the top of the Mount, and many of the chiefest as it could contain, where they were disarmed and afterwards slain."

Sir Arthur Aston was among the first who fell; he was killed "after quarter given by the officer who first came there." "A great dispute there was," says Ludlow in his *Memoirs,* "among the soldiers for his artificial leg, which was reputed to be of gold; but it proved to be but of wood, his girdle being found to be better booty, wherein 200 pieces of gold were found quilted." A Wood says he was believed to have hid away his gold for security in his wooden leg. This they seized upon as a prize when he fell; but finding nothing in it, they knocked out his brains with it and hacked his body to pieces. Sir Edward Verney, Colonels Warren, Fleming, Boyle, and Byrne, were slain in cold blood.

As every part of the town was commanded from the Millmount, further resistance was hopeless. The assailants in full force passed through the two breaches, crossed the bridge, and were soon in possession of the whole of the north side. There the work of slaughter was continued.

"Then our horse and foot followed them so fast over the bridge, which goes over a broad river; and being very long, and houses



LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA

on both sides, yet they had not time to pull up their drawbridge, that our men fell violently upon them, and I believe there was 2,000 of them put to the sword."

Such was the fate of those who had surrendered because quarter had been promised them. There were others who put no faith in these promises, and, knowing the certain death that awaited them, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about a hundred of them possessed St. Peter's church-steeple, some the West gate, others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of the St. Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God confound me, I burn, I burn.'"

His first intention was to blow it up, and for the purpose he had put a quantity of powder in the subterranean passage; but changing his plan, he set fire to the steeple. Those who rushed out to avoid the flames were slaughtered. Only one person escaped; he leaped from the tower, and received no other hurt than a broken leg. He had quarter given him by the soldiers, "for the extraordinariness of the thing."

The street leading to St. Peter's church retained even within the memory of the present generation the name of "Bloody Street;" it is the tradition of the place that the blood of those slain in the church formed a regular torrent in this street.

"The next day the two other towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared (as to their lives only), and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes."

Three or four officers of name and good families, who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterwards discovered, were butchered in cold blood.

Captain Teige O'Connor, who was left among the dead, at night returned to his home, and afterwards recovered. Garrett Dungan and Lieutenant-Colonel Cavenagh also escaped. Cromwell saved Dr. Bernard, dean of Kilmore and Ussher's chaplain, and afterwards made him his almoner.

Except these and some few others who during the assault escaped at the other side of the town, and others who, mingling with the rebels as their own men, disguised themselves so as not to be discovered, there was not an officer, soldier, or religious person belonging to that garrison left alive, and all this within the space of nine days after the enemy appeared before the walls.

One of the English soldiers who was present at the siege and took part in the assault, was Thomas, eldest brother of Anthony à Wood, the well-known historian of Oxford. He was a captain in Colonel Ingoldsby's troop. The vivid description given by him of the manner in which the Puritans carried on the war furnishes an excellent commentary on the language of Cromwell. "He returned," says Anthony, "from Ireland to Oxford for a time to take up the arrears of his studentship at Christ Church. It was the winter after the siege. At which time, being often with his mother and brethren, he would tell them of the most terrible assaulting and storming of Drogheda, wherein he himself had been engaged. He told them that three thousand at least, beside some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards all the town, put to the sword, on the 11th and 12th of September, 1649. At which time Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, had his brains beat out and his body hacked to pieces.

"He told them that when the soldiers were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries in the church, and up to the tower where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child, and use it as a buckler of defense when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained. After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults underneath, where all the flower and the choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to Thomas

à Wood, with tears and prayers, to save her life; and being struck with a profound pity, he took her under his arm, and went with her out of the church, intending to put her over the works to shift for herself. But a soldier, perceiving his intentions, ran his sword through her body. Whereupon À Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money and jewels, and flung her down over the works." Mr. Froude has been unlucky that he did not fall in with this detailed account given by one "who himself engaged in the storm." It proves his assertion to be wholly false, that there is no evidence from an eye-witness that women and children were killed otherwise than accidentally.

"It is remarkable," says Cromwell, "that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries, and afterward grew so insolent, that the last Lord's day before the storm the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there, and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety."

The sight of the ruin which surrounded him does not seem to have wrought any compunction in his soul:

"I am persuaded," he says, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds of such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us, they being confident of the resolution of their men and the advantage of the place; if we had divided our force into two quarters, to have besieged the north town and the south town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their army and have fought with what part they pleased, and at this same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned, they having in the town the number hereinafter specified, some say near 4,000.

"And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work was wrought. It was set up in some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory."

And writing to the President of the Council of State, he says:

"This hath been a marvelous great mercy. . . . I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs."

What the fate of the ecclesiastics was who were found within the walls, it is not hard to conjecture.

"I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one was Father Peter Taaffe, brother to Lord Taaffe, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower, under the repute of a lieutenant; and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar, but that did not save him."

A manuscript history of these events, written at the time by one of the Jesuit Fathers employed on the Irish mission, and preserved in the archives of the Irish College at Rome, gives some further details of the cruelty exercised towards the priests that were seized.

"When the city was captured by the heretics, the blood of the Catholics was mercilessly shed in the streets, in the dwelling-houses, and in the open fields; to none was mercy shown; not to the women, nor to the aged, nor to the young. The property of the citizens became the prey of the Parliamentary troops. Everything in our residence was plundered: the library, the sacred chalices, of which there were many of great value, as well as all the furniture, sacred and profane, were destroyed.

"On the following day, when the soldiers were searching through the ruins of the city, they discovered one of our Fathers, named John Bathe, with his brother, a secular priest. Suspecting that they were religious, they examined them, and finding that they were priests and one of them, moreover, a Jesuit, they led them off in triumph, and, accompanied by a tumultuous crowd, conducted them to the market-place, and there, as if they were at length extinguishing the Catholic religion and our Society, they tied them both to stakes fixed in the ground, and pierced their bodies with shots till they expired. Father Robert Netterville, far advanced in years, was confined to bed by his infirmities; he was dragged thence by the soldiers, and trailed along the ground, being violently knocked against

each obstacle that presented itself on the way; then he was beaten with clubs; and when many of his bones were broken, he was cast out on the highway. Some good Catholics came during the night, and bore him away, and hid him somewhere. Four days after, having fought the good fight, he departed this life, to receive, as we hope, the martyr's crown."

Two Fathers of the Dominican Order, Dominick Dillon, prior of the convent of Urlar, who had been apointed chaplain to the Confederate army by the Nuncio Rinuccini, and Richard Oveton, prior of the convent of Athy, were seized and taken outside the walls to the Puritan camp. There, in the presence of the whole army, they were put to death through hatred of their religious calling and of the Catholic faith.

The massacre continued for five whole days in succession. "During all that time," says Clarendon, "the whole army executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that belonged to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword." Well might Ormonde say that on "this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and any thing he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of humanity as are to be found in 'The Book of Martyrs' or in 'The Relation of Amboyna.'"

Ludlow calls it an "extraordinary severity." Of the inhabitants only thirty survived, and these by a dubious mercy were shipped to the West Indies, and sold as slaves to the planters. Richard Talbot, who was later the famous Duke of Tyrconnell, was at Drogheda when the town was taken. The sights he witnessed, though he was but a child at the time, made a lasting impression on his mind, and inspired him with a horror of the Puritans all his life long. According to a tradition still current in Drogheda, the slaughter was stayed by a touching incident which aroused the lingering spark of humanity in Cromwell's breast. Walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched in the pathway, the dead body of a newly made mother, from whose breast her miserable infant was striving to draw sustenance.

JAMES MURPHY.

(1839 ——)

James Murphy, the well-known Irish novelist, was born in Glynn, County Carlow, in 1839. He entered the Dublin Training College for Teachers in 1858, and in 1860 was principal of Public Schools at Bray, County Wicklow. He has filled some important municipal positions; was professor of mathematics at St. Gall's University, Dublin, and is a prominent Government educational official in Ireland.

He has contributed many historical ballads to *The Irishman*, *The Nation*, and other periodicals, and his novels, 'The Forge of Clohogue,' 'The House on the Rath,' 'Hugh Roach the Ribbonman,' 'The Shan Van Vocht, a Story of '98,' etc., have had and still enjoy considerable vogue.

A NOBLE LORD.

From 'The Shan Van Vocht, a Story of '98.'

It was with a heart beating with conflicting emotions that Eugene found himself in the officers' quarters of the Thunderer, wherein at a large table sat the captain and a number of gentlemen resplendent with all the gorgeousness of naval uniform. If he had had the time to analyze these emotions he would have found the principal one to be a vague sense of disappointment and loss and disaster. Not loss or disaster to himself—for he knew well enough that every man in warfare on sea or land must run the risk of these—they are the incidents of his profession; but for others. Simple as was the little barque in appearance that was even then making her rapid way through the deep waters to the bottom, she bore important fortunes. The future of a gallant and brave nation struggling into the light of freedom was in her keeping, and mayhap the safety of a powerful and friendly fleet. He was convinced, from all that he had heard the night before, that the only chance for success attending the great venture which France was about to make in Ireland's cause, was in making the Eastern coast their point of debarkation; and that unless the present intention of the Republican leaders were altered, sorrow would come to the cause now engaging the attention

of the high-hearted men whom he had left last night—and misfortune to a French army and fleet.

Relying upon the great success with which hitherto their messages had been conveyed, he knew the Irish leaders would rely on *this* message reaching safely also, and would not send a duplicate. Indeed, except himself and François, they had no one sufficiently acquainted with French customs and ways to do the work. He shuddered as he thought of the tremendously important efforts now making in France in the wrong direction, and the impossibility at present of a warning or advising voice reaching them.

He banished, with a strong effort, these uncomfortable feelings and thoughts, as he perceived the necessity for keeping a bold and unconcerned front to the group of officers before whom he was brought. And his first thought in this new train of ideas which his position suggested was, what information as to his position and recent doings should he give his captors, or should he decline to give any at all? The query had no sooner occurred to him than he immediately answered it by mentally adopting the latter course. But the first question addressed to him showed how futile it was.

"Your name is Eugene Lefèbre?" half queried, half affirmed the captain, after glancing at a paper lying on the table before him.

"Yes, that is my name," said the prisoner with great surprise; for he was quite unable to comprehend how they had acquired knowledge of his name.

"First Lieutenant on board the French Republican frigate, La Vengeur?"

"I hold that position," said Eugene, bowing.

"You have been in Ireland?"

"I have."

"State to the court here assembled the mission or business that brought you there."

"That I must decline doing."

"It is unnecessary for you to do so. It is all set out here. You were, in the first place, sent on business, on a treasonable errand, from the usurped Republican Government to stir up disaffection in Ireland, and to give countenance and aid and advice to certain traitors there. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state."

"Be it so. You were further sent over to make arrangements for the possible landing of a French invading force, now or at some future time. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state," said Eugene, with some difficulty, endeavouring to keep a calm and unconcerned bearing in face of these statements. He was completely puzzled how they could have arrived at this information, considering the secrecy with which his mission had been conducted.

"It is entirely unnecessary for you to do so; I see the statements are quite correct. You see, lieutenant, how well we are served in our information. This is a question you can perhaps answer: What treatment is awarded in your nation to emissaries caught stirring up rebellion and anarchy?"

"That is a question for yourself to answer," said Eugene haughtily.

"Perhaps it is. What treatment is awarded in your nation to persons found acting as spies from the enemy's camp?"

"I am no spy," said Eugene indignantly. "The French service never sends its officers on such service."

"They do not give them that name, perhaps. We do. Well, as you prefer not to answer, I shall answer for you. If caught on land, they are shot on a trench side without trial; if on sea, they are summarily strung up from the yard-arm without investigation."

"I fear neither the one nor the other," said the prisoner proudly.

"Fear would be useless and unavailing before the inevitable. We shall, however, recognize your position and your youth by acording you some time. We shall not take you as short as your nation have taken many of our brave officers—if we are strong we shall be merciful. We shall give you the night to prepare for the next world. The sentence of the court is, that you be hung from the yard-arm at gun-shot in the morning. Take the prisoner away."

It was a short and inglorious termination to a career so bright with hope and future promise. The glorious life which he had pictured to himself in the French service had vanished, as a cloud obscures a burst of sunshine of an April day. . . .

The end was now come, and all anxiety and care in the future for him was terminated. Precisely as the convict—knowing the worst, and anticipating in the world nothing further—falls asleep the night before his doom comes, so the young Frenchman, without seeking it, obtained the sleep he vainly courted when in safety, and in dreamless slumbers passed the night. . . .

Eugene awoke from his slumbers as the first beams of the morning, glinting along the sea, came in through the porthole that gave light and air to his prison. The motion of the vessel, the creaking of chains and rattling of cannon balls as they grated against one another, gave evidence enough to his ears that the ship was under weigh. The rush of the white-crested waves apast the port-hole proved it to his eye.

He marveled much that they should have weighed anchor with his execution so near. It was quite unusual, at any rate in the French service, for executions to take place on a vessel proceeding on her course. A floating anchor was generally dropped, and the vessel stayed in her course on such occasions.

Whilst he was revolving these thoughts in his head the door opened, and a footstep sounded on the floor of his cabin.

The prisoner jumped at once to the conclusion that it was his acquaintance, the lieutenant, coming to make the announcement of his doom to him.

He turned his head around, but curiously enough, it was not the expected face upon which his eyes fell. Instead of the officer whom he anticipated, a gentleman, well dressed and in civilian attire, stood before him—one evidently, too, from his fresh face and unweather-beaten appearance, not long on board or at sea.

Noticing the curious look that grew on Eugene's face, he said:

"It is clear, M. Lefèbre, I am not the person you expected to see."

"No," said Eugene.

"Well, I trust I shall be a more acceptable visitor."

"I trust so. I shall have no objection to your being so."

The stranger's manner was so affable and agreeable that Eugene was disposed to respond to the advances he made.

"It will certainly not be my fault, if I do not."

"Nor mine either, I should fancy," Eugene said.

"I am glad to see that you are in such cheerful mood. I hope you have slept well, M. Lefebre?"

"Yes, quite well," said the prisoner.

"Notwithstanding your sentence?"

"Notwithstanding my sentence."

"Don't you think, M. Lieutenant, that it is a pity one so young as you should die so unhonored a death?" said the visitor, somewhat abruptly, taking his seat on a projecting beam.

"I don't see that I have any very great choice in the matter," said the prisoner.

"Well, I should think you have."

"How?"

"There is no difficulty in the matter. You have been in Ireland on business of which we have cognizance."

The visitor paused, as if seeking for suitable words wherein to express his ideas.

"Yes. Well?"

"You must have intimate knowledge of the designs of the conspirators. Information of that nature would be invaluable to England just at present, and ours is a nation that rewards with unstinted and lavish hand those who do her service. In this case it would be an essential service, indeed."

He paused again, as if with some embarrassment. Eugene glanced through the port-holes, and on the wide sea over whose surface the rising sun was now spreading a mantle of rosy light. The eastern sky was red with the bright effulgence of morning, and, higher in the horizon, the fleecy white clouds were edged with crimson as its rays just tipped them.

For the moment Eugene thought of Helen Barrington, and the bewitching tints that occasionally crimsoned the delicate whiteness of her cheeks. His eye turning on his visitor, however, brought his wandering attention speedily back to the present.

"Ours is a nation that rewards," pursued the visitor, "with unsparing generosity those who do her service. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Eugene quietly.

"There are men high in command in your armies and your fleets who can bear evidence to this. You understand?"

"I am afraid I do not," said the prisoner, whose face promptly darkened with a red purple flush, not unnoticed by his visitor.

"Well, I cannot enter into further particulars nor pursue this matter further than to say that there *are*," said the other guardedly. "Now, it can be of the least possible consequence to you, personally, what course things take in Ireland. For a brave officer, young, and in a brilliant service, what possible advantage can you hold out to yourself by aiding a half-savage country like Ireland, with a miserable ignorant, and degraded population? Is it worth sacrificing your life in such an ignominious cause?"

"I think I said before," said Eugene, again smiling—but this time at the awkward manner in which the other sought to cloak and at the same time reveal his object, "that I have no choice in the matter. Your officers have doomed me—me, an officer in the French fleet—to death at the yard-arm. It is they, not I, should fear it—because of the consequences for them. It is not the British fleet alone who hold prisoners of war."

"You are to remember—I say it with all courtesy—that you are *not* a prisoner in the ordinary acceptation of the term. You are and have been—I say it again with all the respect due to your position in the French service and to your present position as a prisoner—more in the character of a traitor and a spy—"

"What!—do you use these words to me?" said Eugene fiercely, leaping up from his resting place.

"Well, we shall not quarrel about words. It is in that light, however, we look on it. We do not hold that you can look upon yourself in the character of a prisoner of war. But, waiving all that, the question stands thus—Are you prepared, for the sake of an ignorant, semi-savage populace like the Irish, whose futile attempts at insurrection might as well be essayed by a nation of red Indians, to throw away your life and the bright prospects that await you, or are you rather prepared to act the part of a brave and sensible man by courting the advantages which are now held out to you?"

"What are they? Service under your flag?" suggested Eugene, with a half perceptible sneer.

"No; there would be many disadvantages in that. *We* could probably neither offer, nor *you* accept, such a proposal?"

"What then?—for I am quite at a loss to understand your meaning."

"It is this. Information as to the present intentions and resources of what some are pleased to call the revolutionary army of Ireland, their prospects and their leaders, would be highly valuable at this moment—not that we do not already know it, but confirmation at your hands of what we *do* know would be regarded as quite as valuable as if it came to us for the first time."

"You want me to give you this information?"

"Yes."

"And your reward for that?"

"Your life, in the first instance. A draft on a Hamburgh bank for any amount you choose to mention, payable in the Bank of France at sight and signed by a Hamburgh banker, in the second. No trace of how you obtained, or from whom you obtained, the draft can ever be by any means discovered. We shall place you on board an English cutter which we shall contrive shall be captured by one of your vessels, and you can readily reach France without detection and without suspicion."

"What if I were," said Eugene, turning his eyes fully on his visitor, "to give you false information—unreliable information?"

"We shall trust to your honor as a French officer for that."

"To my honor as a French officer?" cried he, rising from his seat. "And is it one who bears that title—that honored dignity—you dare to offer the shameful and degrading proposition you have now made me? Do you think that the humblest officer bearing the uniform of France would sink so low as to accept all the gold your country could offer as the price of his own degradation? No. I can readily meet death—I have met it often before unshrinkingly—this," said he, pointing to the cicatrix across his forehead, "bears witness to that—it was on no carpet-tournament that was earned, but amid the smoke

and thunder of battle, where gallant men contended for victory with their lives—I met death there fairly face to face—and often before and since—but the proudest death a man can die is that wherein unnoticed and unhonored he gives his life for the sake of a gallant though down-trodden people. If I had a thousand lives I should give them in the cause. Not all the wealth that England boasts of could tempt me. Tempt!—the very idea is dishonoring!—to breathe a word that could endanger the brightening fortunes of her people! I have known them to love them. I have learned to respect their high spirit and their undaunted bravery, and it was the highest hope of my life to die fighting for their freedom. Go! The threat of death at the yard-arm was a tribute of high respect compared with your insulting offer."

"There are those higher in your service than ever you can hope to obtain who would not, and have not, despised such a one," said the visitor cynically.

"I disbelieve it. I should mourn the day, when the flag of France covered such a scoundrel."

"Harsh words, monsieur. Were you to live long enough you would see the truth of my words; and see it in the disastrous ending of your boasted armament. I tell you, if all the strength of France were put forward in your vaunted expedition there are those within it who would neutralize it—and not the subordinate either. You see we know all. We need no information, though I would gladly have saved your life at the price of what is really worthless to us, because it is in our possession at present."

Eugene turned on his heel to the port-hole, the only parting word he said being, "Go."

"You will think better of it."

Eugene made no answer.

"If you should—I shall be here for a week—send for me. My name is Castlereagh—Lord Castlereagh. All Ireland knows me."

Eugene did not hear his concluding words. A chill of deadly cold was at his heart.

Could it be possible the words were true? Could it be possible that there were within the French ranks, high up in command, scoundrels who would sell their country for British gold? His heart spurned the idea. And yet there

was something in the words of the visitor which showed that, in this instance at any rate, he knew what he was speaking of, and spoke truth. It is always so easy when one really speaks the truth to see it: one may mistake the false for the true, but the truth for falsehood—never. It bears its own distinctive characters never to be mistaken.

He stood there gazing vacantly at the growing day brightening the face of the waters, wholly unconscious of what he was looking at, a dull sense of pain and dread and humiliation weighing on his heart like a foreboding of unaccountable evil—evil not to himself, but to France and to the cause of Ireland, with which he inseparably linked Seamore.

How long he stood there he knew not, until a voice behind him aroused him. It was the cook bringing him his breakfast.

It was only then he remembered—and, remembering, wondered at it—that the hour for his execution had long passed without his once thinking of it. In presence of the unseen danger threatening France and the expedition and Ireland, all considerations of self had completely vanished —quite as much as if he were non-existent, or a third party who had no connection with himself.

CAROLINE NORTON (LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

(1807—1877.)

Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the daughter of his son Thomas. She was born in 1807, and while still in her girlhood she began to wield her pen and pencil. In conjunction with her sister, Lady Dufferin, she produced the 'Dandies' Rout,' with illustrations from her own designs; and by 1829 'The Sorrows of Rosalie' was published.

In 1829 she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley. It did not take long to convince her that the choice she had made was a most unhappy one. Her husband is described as indolent and conceited, devoid of talent and devoted to pleasure, and sometimes so brutal as to resort to physical violence. He was almost wholly without means, and in order to gratify his extravagant tastes she was compelled to toil night and day at literary work. Mr. Norton demanded that his wife should exercise her influence with Lord Melbourne, then a Minister, to procure him a situation under the Crown. Through him, Mr. Norton obtained a situation as police magistrate in London. He is said to have greatly neglected his duties, to have quarreled with his colleagues, and to have indulged in undignified correspondence with the newspapers; and the result was that his official superior was obliged to express dissatisfaction with his conduct. He was, besides, exasperated against Lord Melbourne by the latter's refusal to lend him money. He took his revenge by bringing an action for divorce against the Minister and Mrs. Norton, laying the damages at £10,000 ($50,000); but the jury found the charge so entirely unsupported that they gave a verdict for the defendants without leaving the box. This led to the final separation of Mrs. Norton and her husband.

Mrs. Norton was for some years one of the idols and the chief ornaments of society; for her vivacious intellect, fine powers of repartee, and distinguished and varied talents made her everywhere a welcome guest. Toward the end of her days, however, she lived in retirement, and for a short time before her death she was confined to her room. Her career had a somewhat romantic close. Her first husband's death left her a widow in 1869. Eight years afterward she was again married, her husband being Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell; there had existed between them a friendship of many years. The marriage was purely platonic. Mrs. Norton was married in her own drawing-room in the spring of 1877 and in the June following she was dead. It was a singular coincidence that her sister, the Countess of Gifford, should have been married for the second time under somewhat similar circumstances.

'The Sorrows of Rosalie,' which we have already mentioned, was praised enthusiastically by Christopher North in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and found a eulogist also in James Hogg. The 'Undying One' followed in 1830. This is a version of the legend of the

'Wandering Jew.' Her next work dealt with a blot on English society—the condition of the women and children employed in factories. Her feelings found expression in a poem, 'A Voice from the Factories,' published in 1836; and in 1841 her letters in *The Times* of London on the same subject were issued in a collected form. The 'Dream,' published in 1840, is one of the most ambitious of Mrs. Norton's poems. 'The Child of the Islands' describes with much vehement eloquence the condition of the poor in England. "The Child of the Islands" is the Prince of Wales, who was then in infancy. Among her other poems we may mention 'The Lady of La Garaya,' which is considered the most polished and classic of all Mrs. Norton's longer poems. Many of her fugitive pieces have been set to music, and some of them have become familiar as household words. Mrs. Norton also produced three novels—'Stuart of Dunleath,' 'Lost and Saved,' and 'Old Sir Douglas'—and pamphlets on several occasions. She wrote 'The Martyr,' a tragedy, several tales and sketches, and also edited a lively book on society in Sierra Leone.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standeth meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou 'rt sold, my steed, thou 'rt sold!

Farewell!—Those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare:
That silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to be—
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that 's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein!

Will they ill use thee?—if I thought—but no,—it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;—
And yet if haply when thou 'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

"Return!"—alas! my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by the green well, I 'll pause, and sadly think,—
"'T was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink."

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er!
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'T is false! 't is false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There 's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Then his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl!
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for the battle and days of need;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the things ye love may change:
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
What'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN.

(1845 ——)

Miss O'Brien was born at Cahirmoyle, County Limerick, in 1845. She is the daughter of William Smith O'Brien, and she inherited his philanthropy and his patriotism. Her efforts to improve the lot of the female emigrants from Ireland to this country were most successful, as the accommodation now given to them on board the steamers testifies.

She has found time for something of a literary life as well. She wrote verse for *The Nation*, *United Ireland*, etc., and several very acceptable tales for children. In verse her books are 'A Tale of Venice,' 'Lyrics,' and 'Cahirmoyle'; her novel, 'Light and Shade,' was received with a chorus of praise by the critics of all manner of politics.

BOG COTTON ON THE RED BOG.

FOYNES IN JUNE, 1895.

I.

"O strong-winged birds from over the moorland dark,
On this June day what have you seen?
Where have you been?"

Where, oh! where
The golden yellow asphodel makes its boggy home,
And far and near,
Spreading in broad bands of silvery silky foam
O'er the moorland drear,
The slender-stemmed bog cotton bends in waves of light,
Shaking out its shining tufts for its own delight,
There, oh! there
We have been.

II.

"O sweet sky-piercing, heaven-mounting lark,
On this June day what have you seen?"

I have seen—I have seen
The dark red bog and the king fern green,
And the black black pools lying dim between,—
The baby heather that blossoms so soon
In the splendid heat that comes after June—

And the white white silk that swings in the wind,
And the little nest hidden just in behind!
Hey! little mother, how goes the nest?
Which of the young ones pleases you best?
Pull the white grass silk, tuck them in tight,
While I go singing up into the light.
Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

III.

"O mystic, still, and summer-breathing night
In this hot June what have you seen?
What have you seen?"

Silk white tents for fairy armies spreading,
Silk white sheets for fairy maidens' bedding,
Silver down for their pillows—and oh, I have seen
Troops of little fairies pulling low each silky tassel,
The fairy queen herself and many a red-capped vassal.
Riding on her snow-maned horse, the gold-haired fairy queen
Oh, I have seen—I have seen!

IV.

"And you, O summer moon, there in the clear dark sky,
Tell me, oh! tell me, you who live so high,
What have you seen?
What have you seen?"

I have seen the eyes of God looking down upon the earth;
I have seen the dark things growing to bright strength and joyful birth;
I have seen the slow unfolding of bud and leaf and life;
I have seen immortal good ripening on through mortal strife—
Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

SONG.

[Written in imitation of the manner of the Celtic writers of the seventeenth century. Though not a translation, it is a close copy of the fancies and mannerisms of the time.]

One morning by the streamlet I walked, and gazing round,
I saw the low sun sending its beams along the ground,
I saw the birch-tree bending, its gray stem lightly crowned.

As I was wandering slowly, in still and thoughtful mood,
I heard the water falling anear me as I stood,
And shouts of cuckoos calling within the far-off wood.

I lifted up mine eyelids, and there along the way,
I saw a fair young woman, all clad in bright array,
And I wondered were she human—in the early dawning day.

Her breath was as the honey wrought by the wandering bee;
Her lips as two red berries, plucked from the rowan tree;
And rose-red as young cherries her round cheek, fresh and free.

Her forehead as the lime-dust was clear, and smooth, and fair;
Her brows were as two swallows, seen far through summer air;
O vain the word that follows, for the wonder of her hair!

Free curling were her tresses, wide-spreading, odorous, sweet,
And the golden lights, though hiding, in shadowed depths would meet,
Or, down her green robe gliding, would haste to kiss her feet.

As combs of the wild honey, her teeth were ranged and white:
Her eyes as dewdrops sparkling in the early morning light;
Or as river-waters darkling on a frosty moonlight night.

"O tell me now, O tell me, what name to call thee by?
O silent, modest maiden, of the chaste and downcast eye.
Bright love, with beauty laden, O tell me, else I die.

Art thou the sad-eyed Deirdré who mourns the Red Branch knights?
With Love's prophetic weeping, she left the Albyn heights."
"No; Deirdré still lies sleeping beneath the northern lights."

"O tell me now, O tell me, art thou the magic Maove
Who, 'mid the dead and dying, threw down the warlike glaive?"
"No; the cruel queen is lying beside Connacia's wave."

"Art thou the fairy Ailnè who bound the Chief of Spears
With her magic waving motion in the Valley of the Fears?"
"No; but the heaving ocean her druid laughter hears."

All silent she stood by me, but 'mid her radiant hair,
Enwreathed in depths of brightness I saw the shamrock rare,
And my heart was filled with lightness, for my mother-queen was there.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

(1828—1862.)

Fitz James O'Brien was born in Limerick in 1828. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but was not graduated. While yet a young man he inherited a fortune of £8,000 ($40,000); but he went to London and made "ducks and drakes" of it in about two years. He then drifted into journalism, and in 1858, when almost at the end of his tether, he landed in New York with letters of introduction to some distinguished Americans.

He soon became a valued contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribner's*, *Putnam's*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*. 'The Diamond Lens' appeared in the last-named. He also wrote for *The Lantern*, *The Home Journal*, *The New York Times*, etc., both in prose and in verse. He was the author of several comediettas, and his play 'A Gentleman from Ireland,' which was written for Wallack, was very successful.

He was leading the gay and careless life of the Bohemian, when it was rudely broken in upon by the civil war. He lost no time in enlisting, and threw himself with as much reckless fervor into fighting as he did into everything else to which he put his hand. He was first with the New York Seventh Regiment and afterward on the staff of General Lander. He was wounded in the left shoulder, Feb. 16, 1862, and after battling for his life for two months he finally succumbed on the 6th of April of that year. His poems were collected and edited by William Winter in 1881, and his stories in 1885.

THE GREAT DIAMOND IS OBTAINED AND USED.

From 'The Diamond Lens.'

With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-

washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added that in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond by the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of Destiny seemed in it. On this very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man, Simon, was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay with my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him,

that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and, as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantaneously.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside.* How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside and so lock the door. Previously, however, to

doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself, but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week, that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had con-

structed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in luster every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited the dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose

luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,—but still some living organism. I find my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly

revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say "human," I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was

gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true, that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I

must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through these enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

LOCH INA.[1]

I know a lake where the cool waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand—
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprears in might his misty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's green—
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung, when the owners in sleep reclined.

[1] A beautiful salt-water lake in County Cork near Baltimore.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
His lofty tower a shepherd's pen,
His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
Would rise, with anger and shame again.

'T is sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave—
But 't is sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathèd cells,
Make music on the silent shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea weed shines, like the hidden mines
Or the fairy cities beneath the sea,
And the waved-washed stones are bright as the thrones
Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live for ever, and dream 't were mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee—Loved Loch-Ine.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

(1847 ——)

Richard Barry O'Brien, the historian, was born at Kilrush, County Clare, in 1847. He was educated by private tutors and at the Catholic University, Dublin. In 1874 he was called to the Irish bar and in 1875 to the English. After practicing for a time in England he turned to politics and literature, devoting himself mainly to Irish historical studies. He has written the following books : 'The Irish Land Question and English Public Opinion,' 'The Parliamentary History of the Irish Land Question,' 'Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland,' 'Thomas Drummond's Life and Letters,' 'Irish Wrongs and English Remedies,' 'The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell,' 'The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.' He has also edited, with an introduction, a new edition of the 'Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.' Mr. O'Brien was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, and since its establishment he has been its Chairman.

THE CAPTURE OF WOLFE TONE.

From 'Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.'

Yet another effort was to be made. On September 20th the last French expedition sailed from Brest. It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the *Hoche* (74 guns), eight frigates, *Loire, Résolue, Bellone, Coquette, Embuscade, Immortalité, Romaine, Sémillante,* and one schooner, the *Biche,* under the command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of 3,000 men under General Hardy. Tone was on board the admiral's ship, the *Hoche.* As on the previous occasion, the ships were scattered on the voyage; but on October 10 Bompard arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with the *Hoche,* the *Loire,* the *Résolue,* and the *Biche.* He was instantly signaled from the shore. At daybreak next morning a British squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee (60 guns) and two frigates, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, hove in sight. Bompard signaled the French frigates and the schooner to retreat, and cleared the *Hoche* for action. A boat from the *Biche* came alongside the *Hoche* for last orders.

The French officers gathered around Tone, and urged him to escape. "The contest is hopeless," they said. "We

shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" He answered, "Shall it be said that I fled when the French were fighting the battles of my country? No; I shall stand by the ship." The British admiral, having dispatched two sail—the razee and a frigate—to give chase to the *Loire* and the *Résolue,* bore down on the *Hoche* with the rest of the squadron. The French ship was surrounded; but Bompard nailed his colors to the mast. For six hours the *Hoche* stood the combined fire of the British ships. Her masts were dismantled; her rigging was swept away; the scuppers flowed with blood; the wounded filled the cock-pit. At length with yawning ribs, with five feet of water in the hold, her rudder carried away, her sails and cordage hanging in shreds, her batteries dismounted and every gun silenced, she struck. Tone commanded a battery, and fought like a lion, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict.

The *Hoche* was towed into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. The Earl of Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone was among the guests. An old college companion, Sir George Hill recognized him. "How do you do, Mr. Tone?" said Hill. "I am very happy to see you." Tone greeted Hill cordially, and said, "How are you, Sir George? How are Lady Hill and your family?" The police, who suspected that Tone was among the prisoners, lay in waiting in an adjoining room. Hill went to them, pointed to Tone, and said "There is your man." Tone was called from the table. He knew that his hour had come, but he went cheerfully to his doom. Entering the next apartment, he was surrounded by police and soldiers, arrested, loaded with irons, and hurried to Dublin.

On November 10 he was put on his trial before a court-martial. He said to his judges: "I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof, to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year,

and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries."

He made but one request. He asked to be shot like a soldier. The request was refused, and he was ordered to be hanged within forty-eight hours. On the morning of the 12th of November Curran moved the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *habeas corpus*. "I do not pretend," he said, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honorable men. But it is stated in this affidavit as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus,* to be directed by the Provost-Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief-justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

Chief-justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the Provost-Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The sheriff hastened to the prison. The court awaited his return with feverish suspense. He speedily reappeared.

"My lord," he said, "I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Provost-Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis."

Curran—"My lord, Mr. Tone's father has just returned after serving the writ of *habeas corpus,* and General Craig says he will not obey it."

Lord Chief-justice Kilwarden—"Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody, take the Provost-Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig."

The sheriff hastened once more to the prison. He returned quickly. He had been refused admittance, and was told that Tone had attempted suicide, and that he lay in a precarious state. A servant was called to corroborate the sheriff's statement.

Lord Chief-justice—"Mr. Sheriff, take an order to suspend the execution."

At the prison Tone lay on his pallet dying. On the evening of the 11th of November, while the soldiers were erecting the gallows before his window, he cut his throat with a penknife, inflicting a deep wound. At four o'clock next morning a surgeon came and closed the wound. As the carotid artery was not cut, he said that Tone might recover. "I am sorry," said Tone, "that I have been so bad an anatomist." He lingered till the morning of November 19. Standing by his bedside, the surgeon whispered to an attendant that if he attempted to move or speak he would die instantly. Tone overheard him, and making a slight movement said: "I can yet find words to thank you, sir. It is the most welcome news you can give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions upon his lips, he instantly expired.

So perished Wolfe Tone. So ended the rebellion of 1798.

WHY PARNELL WENT INTO POLITICS.

From 'The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.'

But the event which was destined to turn Parnell's thoughts fully to Irish politics now occurred. In September, 1867, two Fenian leaders, Kelly and Deasy, were arrested in Manchester. Their comrades in the city resolved to rescue them. Accordingly, as the van conveying

them was on its way from the police court to the jail at Bellevue it was attacked. The prisoners were liberated, and a policeman, Sergeant Brett, was shot dead in the struggle. Many Fenians were arrested for complicity in this affray, including Allen, Larkin, Condon, and O'Brien, who were tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In the dock they showed a bold front, a dauntless spirit, and an abiding faith in their cause. All protested their innocence of the crime of murder, but did not shrink from the charge of treason. Indeed, they gloried in it. "No man in this court," said Allen, "regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God that I am innocent—ay, as innocent as any man in this court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy. I want no mercy, I 'll have no mercy. I 'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land and in defense of it."

"I was not even present," said Condon, "when the rescue took place. But I do not accuse the jury of willfully wishing to convict, but I believe they were prejudiced. We have, however, been convicted, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death. We are not afraid to die. I only trust that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which, I understand, exists. You will soon send us before God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, 'God save Ireland!'" "God save Ireland!" repeated all the prisoners, and "God save Ireland!" has since become a political watchword in the country.

All England was profoundly moved by this Manchester affair. Irish discontent and Irish treason were painfully brought home to the English people. But the first feeling was one of vengeance and retaliation, when the mob which gathered round the jail the night before the execution, shouting, cheering, and reviling the men within, singing "Rule, Britannia," performing break-down dances, and bursting into yells of glee, only too faithfully represented the general feeling of triumph and satisfaction at the fate of the doomed men. On the morning of November 23, 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien perished on the scaffold.

Nothing can, perhaps, better show the chasm which sepa-

rates English from Irish political opinion than the way in which the news of their execution was received in each country. In England it awoke a pean of joy: in Ireland it produced a growl of indignation and horror. In one country they were regarded as murderers and traitors, in the other as heroes and martyrs. Up to this time a section of the Home Rulers was more or less out of sympathy with the Fenian movement. But the Manchester executions brought all Irish Nationalists into line. "Commemorative funerals" were held in almost every principal city in Ireland, and Constitutional-Nationalists and Revolutionists marched side by side in honor of the Manchester martyrs.

"The Dublin procession," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, himself a persistent opponent of Fenianism, "was a marvelous display. The day was cold, wet and gloomy, yet it was computed that 150,000 persons participated in the demonstration, 60,000 of them marching in a line over a route some three or four miles in length. As the three hearses, bearing the names of the executed men passed through the streets, the multitudes that lined the streets fell on their knees, every head was bared, and not sound was heard save the solemn notes of the 'Dead March in Saul' from the bands, or the sobs that burst occasionally from the crowd.

"At the cemetery gate the procession formed into a vast assemblage, which was addressd by Mr. Martin in feeling and forcible language, expressive of the national sentiment on the Manchester executions. At the close once more all heads were bared, a prayer was offered, and the mourning thousands peacefully sought their homes." To Englishmen these demonstrations were only a proof of Irish sympathy with crime. A policeman had been killed by a gang of Irish revolutionists, and Ireland went mad over the transaction. That was all that Englishmen saw in the Manchester celebrations. But Parnell, despite his English surroundings, caught the Irish feeling on the instant. "It was no murder," he said, then and afterwards. It was not the intention of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien to kill Sergeant Brett. Their sole object was to rescue their comrades. And why not? Was England to sit in judgment on Fenianism, or upon anything Irish? The Irish were justified in overthrowing the English rule, if they could. The Fenians who rescued Kelly and Deasy had a better case than the English

Government which punished them. They acted with pluck and manliness. What they did they did in the open day. A few Irishmen faced the police and mob of a hostile city, and snatched their comrades from the clutches of the law—the law to which they morally owed no allegiance. The rescue was a gallant act, the execution a brutal and a cowardly deed. A strong and generous Government would never have carried out the extreme penalties of the law. But the English people were panic-stricken. The presence of Fenianism in their midst filled them with alarm, and they clamored for blood. The killing of Sergeant Brett was no murder; the execution of the Fenians was.[1]

That was the Irish view of the case, and that was the view of Parnell. But, though the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien made Parnell think about Ireland, he did not for several years afterwards take an active part in Irish politics. He never did anything in a hurry. He thought out every question. He looked carefully around before taking any forward step. But when once he put his hand to the plow he never turned back. When I was at Avondale in 1896 I met a middle-aged man, a retainer of the family, who remembered Parnell as a boy and a man. He said to me: "You see, sir, if it was only the picking up of that piece of stick (pointing to the ground) Master Charles would take about half an hour thinking of it. He never would do anything at once, and when he grew up it was just the same. I would sometimes ask him to make some alterations about the place. 'I will think of that, Jim,' he would say, and I would think he would forget all I said; but he would come back, maybe in two days' time, and say, 'I have considered it all,' and would do what I asked, or not, just as he liked."

[1] It is quite clear that it was not the intention of the Fenians to kill Sergeant Brett. Brett was on guard inside the van. He was asked to give up the keys, but refused. Allen then fired to force the lock of the door. The ball penetrated, and killed Brett. Shaw, a police-constable, swore at the trial that it was his impression that Allen fired to knock the lock off.—*Annual Register*, 1867.

THE FIRST BOYCOTT.

From 'The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.'

On September 19, Parnell attended a mass meeting at Ennis. There, in a speech which rang throughout the land, he struck the keynote of the agitation; he laid down the lines on which the League should work. Slowly, calmly, deliberately, without a quiver of passion, a note of rhetoric, or an exclamation of anger, but in a tone that penetrated his audience like the touch of cold steel, he proclaimed war against all who should resist the mandates of the League.

"Depend upon it that the measure of the Land Bill next session will be the measure of your activity and energy this winter. It will be the measure of your determination not to pay unjust rents; it will be the measure of your determination to keep a firm grip on your homesteads. It will be the measure of your determination not to bid for farms from which others have been evicted, and to use the strong force of public opinion to deter any unjust men amongst yourselves—and there are many such—from bidding for such farms. Now what are you to do to a tenant who bids for a farm from which his neighbor has been evicted?"

Here there was much excitement, and cries of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" Parnell waited, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking quietly out upon the crowd until the tumult subsided, and then softly resumed: "Now I think I heard somebody say 'Shoot him!'—(a voice: 'Yes, quite right')—but I wish to point out to you a very much better way—a more Christian and a more charitable way, which will give the lost sinner an opportunity of repenting."

Here there were inquiring glances, and a lull, and a silence, which was scarcely broken until Parnell finished the next sentence—a long sentence, but every word of which was heard, as the voice of the speaker hardened and his face wore an expression of remorseless determination. "When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town—(a voice: 'Shun him!')—you must show him at the shop counter, you must show him in the fair, and in the market-

place, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he was a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws."

The closing sentence was received with a shout of applause; the doctrine of boycotting, as it afterwards came to be called, was accepted with popular enthusiasm.

Three days afterwards the peasants of Connaught showed how ready they were to practice as Parnell had preached. Captain Boycott, the agent of Lord Erne, had been offered by the tenants on the estate what they conceived to be a just rent. He refused to take it, and the tenants refused to give more; whereupon ejectment processes were issued against them.

On September 22 the process server went forth to serve the ejectments. He was met by a number of peasants, who forced him to abandon the work and retreat precipitately to the agent's house. Next day the peasants visited the house and adjoining farm, and ordered the servants in Captain Boycott's employ to depart—a mandate which was promptly obeyed; the result being that the unfortunate gentleman was left without farm laborers or stablemen, while his crops remained ungathered and unsaved. Nor did the peasants stop here. They forbade the local shopkeepers to serve him, told the blacksmith and laundress not to work for him, threatened the post-boy who carried his letters, and upon one occasion stopped and "cautioned" the bearer of a telegram.

Captain Boycott was left "severely alone," "put into moral Coventry." As days wore on it became a matter of pressing importance to him to have his crops saved, but no one in the neighborhood could be got to do the work. In these circumstances an opportunity, gladly seized, for "demonstrating in force" was given to the Ulster Orangemen. One hundred of them offered to "invade" Connaught to save Captain Boycott's crops. The captain informed the authorities of Dublin Castle that fifty men would be quite sufficient for agricultural purposes; and be-

ing himself a man of peace, he did not feel at all disposed to see a hundred Orangemen marching in battle array over his farm, shouting "to hell with the Pope," and drinking the memory of the glorious, pious, and immortal William at his expense. Fifty Orangemen were accordingly dispatched to Connaught under the protection of a large force of military and police (with two field pieces) to save Captain Boycott's crops. The work done, the Orangemen, accompanied by Captain Boycott, departed in peace, and the Connaught peasants were left masters of the situation.

The "isolation" of Captain Boycott was followed by another famous case. Mr. Bence Jones, of Clonakilty, in the County Cork, had incurred the popular displeasure, and was, in the phraseology of the day, boycotted. He tried to sell his cattle in Cork market, but no one could be got to buy. He then sent them to Dublin to be shipped off to the Liverpool markets, but the men in the service of the Dublin Steam Packet Company refused to put them on board. Finally, after a great deal of difficulty, the cattle were taken in small batches across the Channel and sold.

After these cases boycotting became a great weapon in the armory of the League, and was, as one of the Leaguers said, "better than any 81-ton gun ever manufactured."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

(1852 ——)

William O'Brien was born at Mallow, Oct. 2, 1852. He was educated at Cloyne College and Queen's College, Cork. He became a reporter on the Cork *Daily Herald*, wrote for *Freeman's Journal*, and founded *United Ireland* in 1880. He was returned to Parliament for his native town in 1883, and has sat for various other constituencies. He has been prosecuted nine times for political offenses and has spent over two years in prison. Mr. O'Brien has published 'Irish Ideas,' 'When We Were Boys,' and 'A Queen of Men.'

In 1898 he founded a new agrarian movement, the United Irish League, and started *The Irish People* newspaper as its advocate.

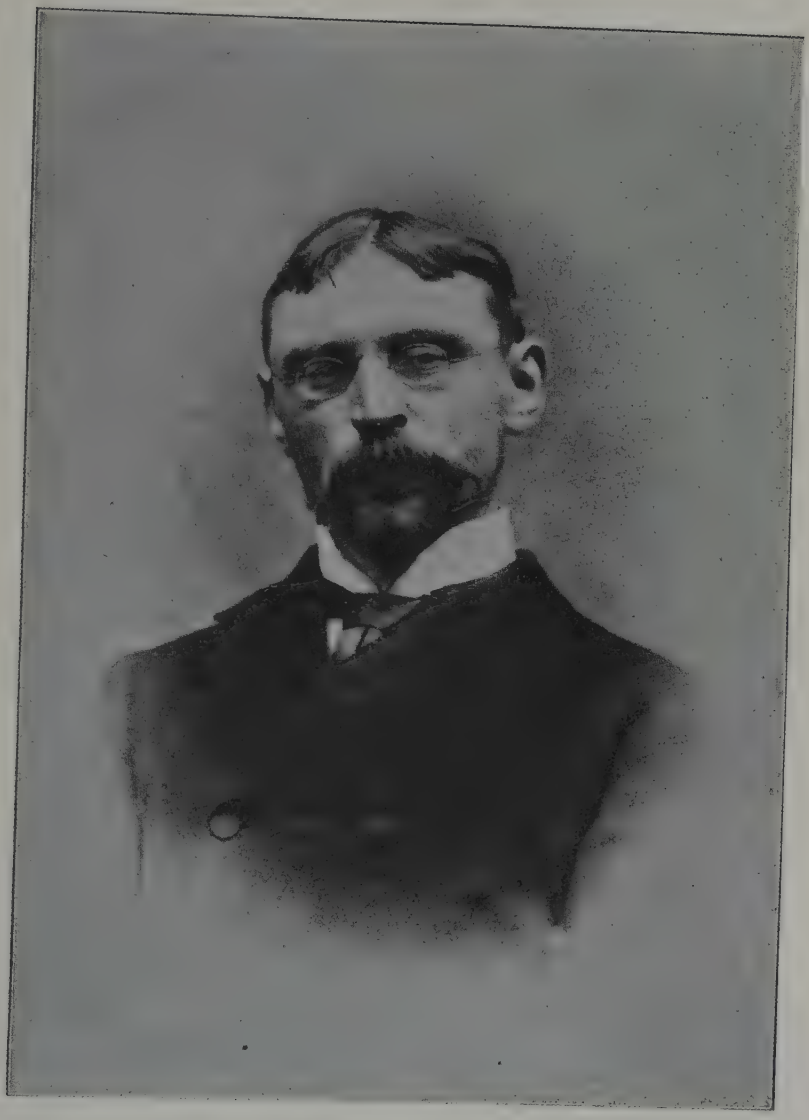
A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF IRISH.

From 'The Influence of the Irish Language,' a lecture delivered May 13, 1902, before the Cork National Society.

The story of the belief in, and the clinging to, the Gaelic language is in itself a romance pathetic enough for tears. Age after age, while the native tongue was a badge of contempt, a passport to persecution, even a death warrant—the schools suppressed, the printing press unknown, the relics of the national literature scattered in moldering manuscripts, secreted as the damning evidences of superstition or treason—there were always to be found the poet, the scholar, the ecclesiastic, to foster the sacred fire, the outlawed treasure of the Gael, in his bosom—to suffer, and hunger, and die for its sake.

In the days of Elizabeth it was Duald Mac Firbis, dedicating his great Genealogy to his ruined Celtic prince with the pathetic lament that no Irish prince any longer owned enough of territory to afford himself a grave. Or it was Michael O'Clery, one of the Four Masters, in his poor Franciscan cell, "transcribing every old material that his eager hand could reach," for it seemed to him, in his own quaint words, "a cause of pity and grief, for the glory of God, and the honor of Erin, how much the race of Gael, the son of Niall, had gone under a cloud of darkness."

The centuries pass. The soil of Ireland is confiscated anew after the Cromwellian wars, and confiscated all over



WILLIAM O'BRIEN

again after the Williamite wars. The last relics of the old Celtic civilization seem to shrink into the very earth before the laws and dripping sword of England.

And still in Keating's cave in Aherlow Glen, and O'Flaherty's cabin in Connemara, and Lynch's cell in Louvain, the undying spark is kept alive, and the treasonous manuscripts of the Gael are cherished for happier days. Not happier, but more unhappy days arrive. A century of humiliation compared to which the Drogheda massacre was glory, and the lost battle of the Boyne inspiring—the century of the diabolical Penal Laws of Anne and the First Georges—broods over the Celtic race. The Gaelic schoolmaster becomes a legal abomination. The school-house, as well as the Mass-house, cowers in a lonely glen under the rains and storms. Still will not the imperishable spirit of Gaelic song and scholarship consent to give up the ghost. In the very dead of night of the eighteenth century burst out the songs of Carolan, amazing as the notes of a nightingale in mid-winter; and then were heard 'The Blackbirds;' and the 'Dawning of the Day' of the Munster Bards—that mysterious band of minstrels who started up here, there, and everywhere, for no other reason than that the overcharged Irish heart had either to sing or die—a Charleville farmer, a schoolmaster in Clare, a blind musician in Tipperary—men whose names even are unknown to the people who still find in their songs the heavenly nutriment of their sweetest emotions and of their most passionate hours.

Then came the period when patriots and scholars, sprung from the ruling blood and speaking the Saxon speech, began to realize dimly the charms of national archeology, and of the venerable Gaelic literature that had been so long hunted on the hills and ridiculed in the schools—the period when the great Edmund Burke was the means of securing for Trinity College the manuscript of the priceless Brehon Law Code after its century of wanderings, neglect, and decay in the cabins of Tipperary; when O'Flaherty's *Ogygia* was purchased for twenty guineas, and the great compilation of the *Drimmin don dilis* for £3 13s. 8d.; the period of the pathetic scene in the history of an apparently lost tongue, when the *Leabhar Breac,* recovered as by a miracle from the proscriptions

and neglect of ages, was found to be written in a dialect which was no longer intelligible to the most learned Irish scholar then alive. Finally, there came the discovery of the great French and German philologists, that the Gaelic language afforded as inestimable a key to the history of pre-Roman Europe as the baths of Caracalla and the golden house of the Cæsars do to the character of the Imperial city itself. At the same time there arose in our own country that pleiad of conscientious, accurate, and indefatigable Irish scholars, the Petries, and O'Donovans, and O'Currys—who deciphered and unearthed and made light in the dark places, confounded the scoffers, and convinced every scientific thinker in Europe for all time that the rotting manuscripts to which Irish enthusiasm had clung throughout centuries of unexampled horror were not the mere abracadabra of the fanatical worshipers of a barbarous *patois,* but were the authentic title-deeds of a social system, a history, and a literature more venerable and more fascinating than any European race, except the Romans and the Greeks, can produce.

The Gaelic enthusiasts were vindicated. But the Gaelic tongue, while it is honored in the schools, has been dying on the hills. The masters of many languages take off their hats to it, but to the Irish youth, whom it has suckled, whose mental atmosphere, so to say, it has provided, whose blood pulses with its inspirations, it is still a stranger—an uncouth, ill-clad, poor relation at the door. I do not preach any sudden or violent diversion of our national energies from the channels in which they were now directed, for a National Parliament is the life-giver without which no national interest can flourish, and in whose heat all fair and seemly accessories of national life are sure to blossom forth again. I am fully persuaded than any general Gaelic revival will not come as a mere matter of national penance for past forgetfulness, much less on the terms of penalizing the use of that agglomeration of languages which is called the English. It will have to be proven that the language of our fathers is a pleasure and a luxury to the Celtic tongue and brain, even as the hurling and the hunting sports of our fathers have been proven to be an exhilaration to Celtic brawn and muscle.

Poor human nature will have to be convinced that a knowledge of the Irish language, in place of being a thing to blush for and disown, a mark of inferiority to be concealed like the faint dark circle around the finger-nails of the octoroon, ought to be the first object of an Irish Nationalist's young ambition, a new sense, a delicious exercise of the faculties, the key that unlocks to him the old palaces, and the old hunting-grounds of his dreams, the music which comes ringing down the ages from the lips of the saints who chanted in the old abbeys, of the warriors whose lusty shouts rang over the old battle-fields, and of the lovers who whispered by the haunted Irish springs. Approached thus with the loving ardor of a nation's second youth, the tongue of Tara and Kinkora may realize the fond prophecy that " the Gaelic will be in high repute yet among the music-loving hosts of Eirinn," and the men who clung to it when it was persecuted, who believed in it when it was scorned, who in the watches of the night hoped on beside what seemed to be its bed of death, may yet taste the reward of knowing that they have preserved unto the happier coming time a language which will be the well-spring of a racier national poetry, national music, national painting, and of that richer spiritual life of simplicity, of equality, of good-fellowship, of striving after the higher and holier ideals, with which the Celtic race alone seems to have the promise of brightening the future of a disenchanted world.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

From ' Irish Ideas.'

In the present century the bountiful commonwealth of America has given Irish enthusiasm, brawn, and intellect a more fruitful place of exile than the hungry battle-fields of Turenne and Prince Eugene. Our countrymen have not only fought American battles, they have tasted American freedom; they have become an imperishable part of the greatness of the world's greatest State—rulers among her rulers, pioneers in her progress, partners in the rich heritage of her giant trades and silver mines and golden

prairies. They have not only grown with the greatness of the land of their exile, they have showered countless blessings back upon the island of their birth. Even in the glorious eyes of the republic of their wedlock they have never forgotten the gray hair and loving accents of the poor old mother in the mountain hut at home.

The Irish-Americans and Irish-Australians have achieved two feats for which no other race can offer a parallel. From their exile they have year by year, practically speaking, contributed more than all the poor-rates and all the subsidies of the Imperial Exchequer, to sustain the poorer half of the Irish population three thousand miles away. That is an unrivaled deed of racial generosity. But they have done a greater thing still. It is their principles, their sympathy, their money, which, without firing a shot, have brought about in Ireland a revolution more potent than many that have been purchased with the horrors of a hundred massacres. The Irish-American servant-girl, who has been so often the scoff of English newspaper contumely, has literally done as much to liberate the country of her childhood as if she were a queen disposing of regiments and ironclads in their embattled might.



DROMOLAND, COUNTY CLARE

The Birthplace of William O'Brien

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

(1803—1864.)

William Smith O'Brien was born in Dromoland, County Clare Oct. 17, 1803, and was educated at Harrow, and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge. His remote ancestors were, according to Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt in his 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History,' the royal O'Briens, of whose family Brian Boroimhe was a member. In 1826 he took his seat in Parliament as the Tory Member for Ennis, and not only used his influence against O'Connell, but on one occasion very strongly censured the conduct of the Liberator. But a change was brought about after some study of the social and political conditions, and Smith O'Brien became a violent member of the Young Ireland party. He was warmly welcomed and generously greeted by O'Connell when he made his appearance in Conciliation Hall, although his ideas of Irish freedom and the methods to be resorted to for obtaining it were very different from those of the great emancipator.

The whole story of the attempt of 1848, its disastrous failure, and the trial and transportation of Smith O'Brien, is well told by Mr. A. M. Sullivan in his 'New Ireland.'

After nearly five years in exile an unsolicited pardon was accorded to Smith O'Brien on condition of his not returning to Ireland, and in 1854 he went to Europe, settling with his family at Brussels. Here he wrote his 'Principles of Government, or Meditations in Exile,' which was afterward published in Dublin. It is clearly and forcibly written, the views are very moderate and far-seeing, and the ideas with regard to the Australian colonies show keen observation.

In May, 1856, a free pardon was granted him, and July of the same year saw the patriot once more on the shores of Ireland. Although his opinions were unchanged, he wisely kept himself apart from politics.

After spending a short time at home he departed on a European tour, visiting this country before his return. The ideas gleaned during his absence, and his conclusions formed upon many subjects, were utilized in a course of interesting lectures given in the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin.

In 1864 he visited England and Wales, with the view of restoring his failing health, but no improvement took place, and he died at Bangor, June 16, 1864. "Few politicians," says Mr. Lecky, a writer who has no sympathy with his views, "have sacrificed more to what they believed to be right, and the invariable integrity of his motives has more than redeemed the errors of his judgment."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

From 'Principles of Government.'

A beneficent government ought not to limit its efforts merely to the establishment of arrangements to promote the health of the community; it ought also to do whatever lies in its power to provide suitable recreation for the people. Enjoyment of some kind—excitement of some kind—is indispensable to man; and those best deserve innocent enjoyment who give up the greater portion of their time to useful toil. Now, if rational and innocent pleasures are not rendered accessible to the working-classes, they will naturally have recourse to those brutalizing excitements which are always within their reach. Many a laboring man spends his evening in a pot-house only because no other circle in which he can enjoy social converse is open to him. Many a young man has attended a cock-fight, only because no more noble excitement has been presented to him. Had he been a citizen of ancient Athens, he would probably have spent his leisure hours in listening to the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles, or in taking part in those athletic exercises which developed and kept alive the manly prowess of the children of Greece. . . .

With regard to athletic exercises and games of skill, we have occasion to feel shame and regret when we contrast the feebleness and decrepitude of modern days with the vigor of antiquity. Horse-racing and the manly amusement of fox-hunting, which are the favorite excitements of the gentry of modern times, form but a poor substitute for the athletic exercises of Greece, or for the tournaments of the middle ages. At one period in English history the practice of archery was not only an amusement but a requirement exacted from every English peasant and yeoman. What manly exercise now forms part of the discipline of youth? The governors of many of those states which call themselves free would be afraid to place arms in the hands of the population at large, or to encourage them to learn the use of implements of defense; otherwise the rifle would now be, in the hands of an English peasant, what the bow was in former times. The hour will arrive when rulers,

who have been accustomed to place their whole reliance upon standing armies, and to distrust the loyalty of their own population, will have reason to regret the decay of that self-relying spirit which they have labored to extinguish. I do not advocate the revival of pugilistic combats, though much may be said in favor of that barbarous amusement; but I cannot read Virgil's account of the games practiced by the followers of Æneas, without feeling how immeasurably superior was the spirit which is breathed in the following lines—

> " Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
> Ni teneant vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci;
> Hos successus alit; possunt quia posse videntur "—

to that emulation which now prompts the peasantry of England to catch soaped pigs by the tail, or to run in sacks—the rural sports of the nineteenth century.

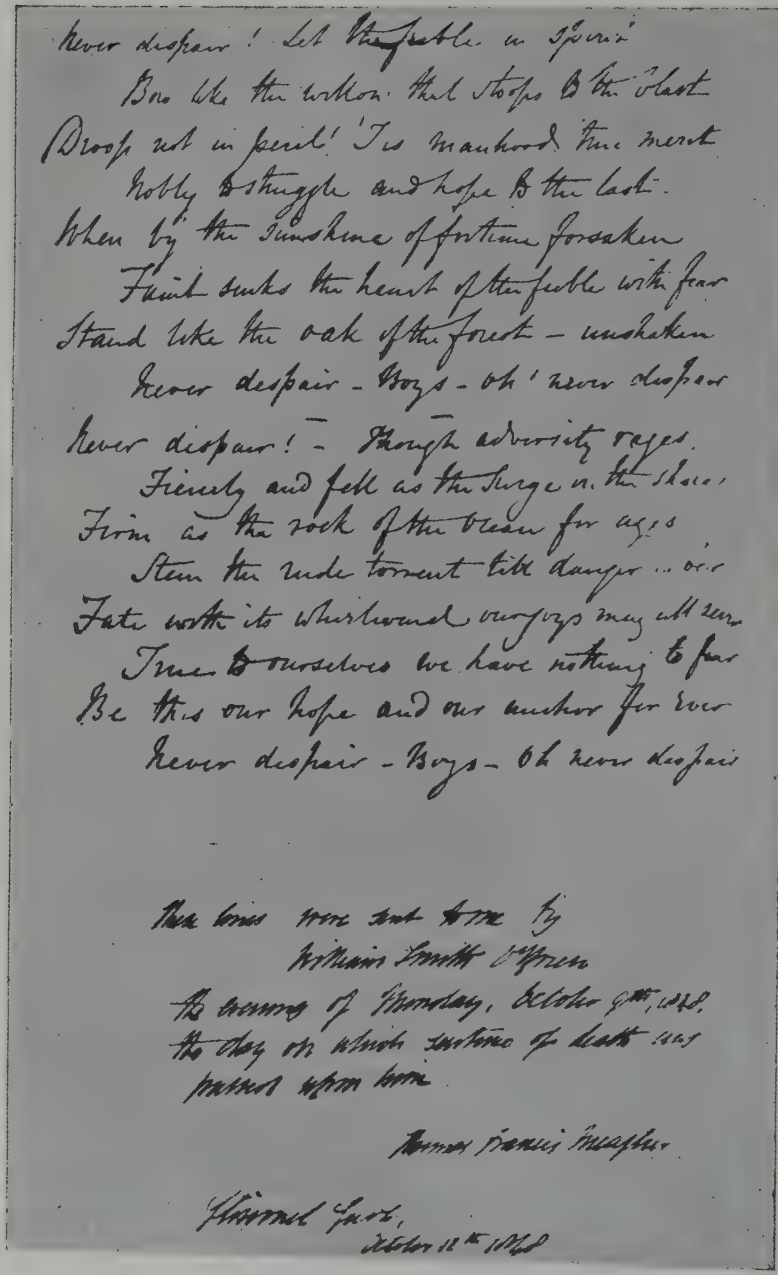
In a well-governed community not only should the population be encouraged to practice all sorts of gymnastic exercises; but also they should be trained to military evolutions, and to the use of arms. For such purposes days ought to be set apart, and prizes ought to be distributed by the municipal authorities. The acquisition of money has become the sole object of pursuit in modern days. Mammon now rules the civilized world with imperious sway. It should be the aim of the statesman to impart nobler emotions, more generous aspirations, than those which the love of gain can inspire.

There are some who affect to disapprove emulation in every form—whether in a boat-race or in an academy. Yet even such squeamish moralists may assist in providing recreation for the people. They cannot object to throw open to the multitude zoölogical collections, botanic gardens, museums of painting and sculpture, or to encourage attendance upon lectures directed to the advancement of literary and scientific knowledge. It ought to be the pride, as it is the duty, of an enlightened government to encourage all such pursuits, and there is no mode of encouraging them so legitimate as that which calls into action the cooperation of the people themselves. Hence the municipal representatives of the people should not only be empowered, but stimulated, to provide in each locality such arrangements as shall contribute in the highest attainable

degree to the health, recreation, and intellectual improvement of the population. There is no village, however small, in which something might not be done to promote the enjoyment of the inhabitants. These things are in some countries left undone, merely because no organization has been formed for carrying such objects into effect. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," says the proverb. It appears like intrusion on the part of an individual to do that for the public which the public neglects to do for itself; and if a benevolent or public-spirited individual hazards such an intrusion, some sinister motive will generally be imputed to him.

Take the simplest instance that can be brought forward in illustration of this observation. It generally happens that, in the vicinity of every village, there are spots of favorite resort, which attract by their beauty of scenery, or by some other charm. It naturally occurs to every one that seats should be provided in such places for the accommodation of the public, yet seats are not provided. There is no public body authorized to make such arrangements, and each individual says to himself, "It is not my business. Why should I be called upon to expend my private funds for the accommodation of the public?" Or, if he be willing to incur the expense, he is deterred by the consideration that some unworthy motive will be attributed to him, in case he undertake to provide the desired accommodation. Were political institutions organized with a view to promote the happiness of the people, much would be done that is now left undone; much would be left undone that is now done.

To exact taxes which shall be squandered upon the parasites of government, and to coerce those who offend against laws enacted for the maintenance of an artificial state of society, which is often repugnant to the requirements of nature, is too generally the principal, if not the sole object to which the whole energy of civil administration is directed. If taxes were levied with a view to promote the well-being and enjoyment of all classes of the community, they would be paid without reluctance, and universal contentment would render superfluous many of the expensive appliances now employed for the restraint and coercion of a discontented population.



Never despair! Let the feeble in spirit
Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast
Droop not in peril! 'Tis manhood true merit
Nobly to struggle and hope to the last.
When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken
Fainting sinks the heart often feeble with fear
Stand like the oak of the forest – unshaken
Never despair – Boys – oh! never despair
Never despair! – Though adversity rages.
Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore
Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages
Stem the rude torrent till danger is o'er
Fate with its whirlwind our joys may all sever
True to ourselves we have nothing to fear
Be this our hope and our anthem for ever
Never despair – Boys – oh never despair

These lines were sent home by
William Smith Chase
the morning of Thursday, October 9th, 1862.
the day on which sentence of death was
passed upon him.

Thomas Francis Meagher.

Fairmead Farm,
October 11th 1862

NEVER DESPAIR

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe in which so little has been done to promote the amusement of the people as in the United Kingdom. Upon the Continent there are few towns of any considerable size in which arrangements have not been made, either by the central government or by the municipal authorities, to give to the inhabitants the pleasures afforded by public promenades and gardens, military music, theaters, museums of painting, sculpture, and natural history, etc. In the United Kingdom, on the contrary, even the public squares are for the most part reserved exclusively for the enjoyment of the privileged few, instead of being thrown open to the whole population; and access to the repositories of art, nay, even to the glorious old cathedrals which were erected during the time which we presumptuously designate as "the dark ages," can seldom be procured except by payment of a fee on admission.

Yet we boast of modern refinement, civilization, progress, and philanthropy.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

(1775—1847.)

Daniel O'Connell, "the greatest popular leader the world has ever seen," as Mr. Gladstone said, was born Aug. 6, 1775, at Carhen, near Cahirciveen, and was educated in France. On the breaking out of the French revolution he was removed for safety from the seminary of St. Omer to Douay, but his liberty and even his life were endangered here, and with some difficulty he escaped. In 1794 he entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student. After two years he was called to the bar, but owing to illness he did not take his place there until the memorable year 1798. He found himself in the midst of rebellion, but, with the memory of the French revolutionary policy still before him, he ranged himself on the side of law and order and proved his loyalty by joining a yeomanry corps got up solely by the lawyers.

He adopted a policy aimed at emancipation of the Roman Catholics in the first place ; next the restoration of the Irish Parliament, or, as it was called, Repeal of the Union ; and lastly, the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland. O'Connell made his first public speech on the 13th of January, 1800, in circumstances sufficient to shake the nerves of even a veteran orator, a party of military being present. In this speech, modest and short, O'Connell stated his opposition to the Union, and concluded by challenging every man who felt with him to proclaim his preference of the re-enactment of the penal code to union with England.

The veto was a proposal that, with the grant of Catholic emancipation, the power of veto in the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops should rest with the Government. O'Connell opposed this power being vested in Government on any condition; and he was supported by the mass of the people, who were alarmed for the safety of their church. It seemed, however, as if all the powers were leagued in opposition to him. The bishops themselves declared in favor of the measure. But O'Connell's eloquence and persuasion soon caused the bishops to change their mind. The people were with him already, and finally the Pope himself withdrew his opposition.

By this agitation two important ends were gained by O'Connell: in the first place the clergy now took an interest in the politics of the country, and the people were aroused to action.

O'Connell married Miss Mary O'Connell, a distant relative, in 1802.

Mr. Lecky, in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' says of O'Connell's success at the bar: "His language was clear, nervous, and fluent, but often incorrect and scarcely ever polished. Having but little of the pride of a rhetorician, he subordinated strictly all other considerations to the end he was seeking to achieve, and readily sacrificed every grace of style in order to procure an immediate effect. 'A great speech,' he used to say, 'is a very fine thing, but after all the verdict is the thing.'" His professional income, which

in the first year of his legal life amounted to about £58 ($290), increased rapidly year by year, till in the year after his marriage it reached £9,000 ($45,000).

Many anecdotes are related of his wonderful abilities as a pleader and of his powers in cross-examination. In one case he was defending a man named James, indicted for murder, and had up for examination a witness who would stop at nothing to criminate the accused. The witness swore positively that a hat found near the body belonged to the prisoner. O'Connell asked to see the hat, proceeded to examine its outside, its top, its rim, and finally entered on a careful inspection of the inside. Turning it round slowly, and repeating the letters "J-a-m-e-s," he said to the witness: "Now, do you mean to tell the court and jury that this name was in the hat when you found it?" "I do, on my oath," replied the witness. "Did you see the name there?" "I did, surely." "This is the same hat; no mistake about it?" "Och, no mistake; it is his hat." "Now you may go down," said O'Connell, triumphantly. "My lord, there is an end of this case. There is no name whatever in the hat."

He found time to address meetings on the subject of Catholic emancipation, and became the acknowledged leader of the people. In 1806 the Whigs came into power, and from this time until 1815 O'Connell was one of the hardest worked men in the kingdom, organizing meetings, keeping his followers within the bounds of the law, and at the same time conducting an enormous and ever-increasing practice. In 1811 he took the house in Merrion Square, Dublin, where he resided for the remainder of his life. In 1813 his greatest forensic speech was made in defense of Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, who was prosecuted for a libel on the Duke of Richmond. In 1815 an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which threw a cloud over O'Connell's life ever after. He had called the Dublin municipal body a "beggarly corporation." Mr. D'Esterre, who was among the poorest of the members, at once construed the speech into a personal insult and challenged O'Connell. They met; D'Esterre was killed at the first shot, to the intense horror and remorse of his antagonist. Twice afterward he was challenged by Mr. (afterward Sir) Robert Peel, but on both occasions the authorities interfered and prevented the duel.

The movement for Catholic emancipation became very feeble from 1815 to 1819. There had been agitation, speeches, and promised aid from men in power, but with no result, and the Catholic party were almost in despair. It was entirely owing to O'Connell's exertions that the movement did not utterly collapse.

The Irish Catholic Association was organized in 1825 with great care to avoid infringing the Convention Act and other restrictions on the expression of public opinion in Ireland. On the 4th of February, 1824, the motion for establishing the "Catholic Rent" was carried at a meeting of the Association. In 1828 the rent reached the sum of £21,425 ($107,125). The total amount collected amounted to £52,266 ($261,330). This money voluntarily contributed was set apart for Parliamentary expenses, for the cost incident upon meetings, services of the press, legal defenses of Catholics and rebels, and

numerous other outlays connected with the organization of the vast movement. There were three classes who contributed to the rent—members, volunteers, and associates. The collectors were called Repeal wardens, and held office under the supervision of the priests. There were badges and other insignia of office, and Repeal reading-rooms and places of meeting were established everywhere.

The Goverment took alarm, and Lord Liverpool brought a bill into Parliament on Feb. 10, 1825, for the suppression of the Association. O'Connell at once set out for London, and attempted to obtain a hearing at the bar of the House. Although he failed in gaining his end, he managed to exercise great influence on public opinion, Lord Brougham and the Liberals giving him their support. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel, however, carried the bill by a majority of 146. The act forbade holding meetings continuously for more than fourteen days, but O'Connell had little difficulty, as he said, in "driving a coach and six" through it. The old association was dissolved, and a new one formed, which arranged to hold fourteen days' continuous meetings annually, and these were most successful.

After a long struggle the Catholic disabilities were partially removed in 1829; but O'Connell was refused a seat in the House on the ground that the Emancipation Act had been passed since his election. This was felt by the people as an insult, and because of the rebuff O'Connell afterward cherished a bitter feeling toward Sir Robert Peel, saying that "his smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Of course he was at once re-elected; but this act of seeming spite served to modify any contented feeling on the part of the people, and induced them to demand and obtain yet more. The higher positions at the bar were now open, and many Roman Catholic barristers received the silk gown. Among these was Sheil, but O'Connell, the most deserving of all, was left out. A temporary suppression of the Catholic Association was accomplished, but O'Connell was constantly evading the proclamations of the Viceroy against his associations, by dissolving them, only to be reformed under new and different names. Now it was "Volunteers for Repeal of the Union," now "Friends of Ireland," again "Anti-Union Association." O'Connell was old enough to remember the Irish Parliament, which he desired to restore, and he felt that, although it may have had its faults, it contained more men of genius and real lovers of their country than had ever been engaged, either before or since, in the ordering of Irish affairs. He also knew well that the unbribed members were for the most part opposed to the Union. To further his views he established in 1839 a society which he called the "Precursor Society." It was, as its name implied, intended to lead up to the demand for Repeal, but its first object was to feel its way by trying how much of "justice to Ireland" could be obtained from the Whigs and Radicals then in power.

In 1841 he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and resided at the Mansion House. In that year the Whigs went out of office, and Sir Robert Peel became Minister. All hope of obtaining repeal from Government being therefore gone, the Precursor Society was changed into the Repeal Association. For two years this body gained ground, and attracted no particular attention from the authorities; indeed

the normal state of the country for years had been agitation in some form. At length, in 1843, O'Connell ceased attending Parliament, declaring that the Repeal year had now come, and at once set about the work of organizing monster meetings and getting up petitions from various Irish corporations praying for Repeal. He declared the Union was false, that it had been obtained by bribery to the amount of two million and a quarter, and that it had been concluded by the weighty and unanswerable argument of twenty-nine thousand soldiers stationed in the country prepared to quell the slightest show of opposition. He pointed to the ruined trade, absenteeism, the money of the country drained out of it, and the manufactures destroyed.

Monster meetings were held in various parts of the country, and Repeal and the temperance cause went hand in hand. Mr. Lecky, in his graphic description of one of them, says: "At daybreak the mighty throng might be seen, broken into detached groups and kneeling on the green sward round their priests, while the incense rose from a hundred rude altars, and the solemn music of the mass floated upon the gale, and seemed to add a consecration to the cause." And Lord Lytton has described the scene of another in fluent and sonorous verse.

At the fatal Mullaghmast near Dublin—where the English lords of the Pale once invited a number of Irish chiefs to a banquet, and while the feast was in progress had the hall surrounded by a body of troops, who, on a given signal, rushed in and massacred the over-confiding Irish guests—another monster meeting was held. Here the people crowned the Liberator with a cap made like an ancient Irish crown. The Government took the alarm, and notice of a bill for disarming the people of Ireland was given. Ships of war lay near the coast, the barracks were fortified, the military strength was increased, and O'Connell was deprived of his commission as magistrate. A Cabinet council was held, of which O'Connell said they were "consulting whether they would deprive us of our rights, and I know not what the result of that council may be; but this I know: there was not an Irishman in the council. I may be told the Duke of Wellington was there. Who calls him an Irishman? If a tiger's cub was dropped in a fold, would it be a lamb? The council sat for an entire day, and even then did not conclude its deliberations, but adjourned till next day, while the business of the country was allowed to stand over. What had they to deliberate about? The Repealers were peaceable, loyal, and attached—affectionately attached—to the Queen, and determined to stand between her and her enemies. If they assailed us to-morrow, and we conquered them—as conquer them we will one day—the first use of the victory which we would make would be to place the scepter in the hands of her who has ever shown us favor, and whose conduct has been full of sympathy and emotion for our sufferings."

Another meeting was arranged for the 8th of October, 1843, at Clontarf, and on the preceding Saturday evening a Government proclamation was issued forbidding it. The roads were already thronged with multitudes on their way to the meeting. O'Connell, with the aid of active members of the association, took immediate

measures, and by herculean efforts they managed to stay the influx of the people and send them back peaceably to their homes. The Government, however, now that the first step had been taken, determined to crush the movement, and on the 14th of October warrants were issued for the arrest of O'Connell, his son, and seven of his associates, on the charge of exciting discontent and disaffection among the Queen's subjects. Bail was accepted for their appearance, and in the meantime O'Connell opened Conciliation Hall for the purpose of holding meetings during the ensuing winter. This open defiance determined the Government to proceed rigorously, and he was put on trial with the others at the Queen's Bench, Dublin, Jan. 16, 1844. The jury was notoriously packed, all Roman Catholics being excluded by the Government prosecutor. O'Connell was found guilty on May 30, condemned to two years' imprisonment with a fine of £2,000 ($10,000), and had to give security to keep the peace for seven years. He was conveyed to Richmond the same day, guarded by mounted police and followed by crowds of sympathizers. He wrote to the people, desiring them to conduct themselves quietly and to make no effort for his release.

An appeal against the sentence was brought before the House of Lords in September of the same year, and although O'Connell by his strong language had given many of the members cause to treat him as an enemy, their sense of justice and feeling of honor rose superior to mere personal prejudice, and on the ground of a packed jury the sentence was reversed. The people of Ireland received the decision with delight, and signal-fires blazed the joyful news all over the country. On Sept. 7 O'Connell was released, and was conducted by a monster procession to his own house. While passing the old House of Parliament in College Green, he rose up in his carriage and pointed to it silently. The people loudly cheered him, feeling how much that action expressed.

But O'Connell never recovered his former buoyancy of spirits. He was no longer young, and mind and body were both worn down by the continuous excitement of his life. The Young Ireland party, or the "rash young men of the nation" as he called them, the advocates of armed rebellion, were now a power in the land, and he dreaded the misery which their extreme proceedings might bring upon his country. Blighted hopes and gloomy anticipations did their work: he saw the great agitation for Repeal slackened, the fearful famine and pestilence of 1845–46 deeply affected his mind, and his naturally fine constitution completely broke down. In January, 1847, he left Ireland for the last time, and on the 8th of February he made his last speech in Parliament, when his altered appearance excited the sympathy of even his bitterest opponents. His had been a massive and imposing figure; his features, although not handsome, were full of good-nature and unmistakable genius; his eyes bright and piercing, and his voice deep and musical, with its brogue so melodious to Irish ears. Now his figure was shrunken, his face thin, and his head hanging upon his breast; and the once powerful voice sunk almost to a whisper, so that it was with difficulty his words could be heard. He implored the aid of Parliament for his famine-stricken country: "She is in



DANIEL O'CONNELL

your hands," he said, "in your power. If you do not save her, she cannot save herself." He was listened to with deep respect, and statesmen of all parties expressed their sympathy with him and the cause which he was so earnestly pleading.

He had been ordered by his physicians to the Continent, and having a strong desire to visit Rome, and possibly to die there, he set out on his journey. Even his last wish was doomed to disappointment, for he had only reached Genoa when he died, May 15, 1847. His heart, at his own request, was sent to Rome, and his body rests in the cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin.

In 1875 O'Connell's centenary was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm throughout Ireland.

ON CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

From a Speech in the Irish House of Common, 1814.

I wish to submit to the meeting a resolution calling on the different counties and cities in Ireland to petition for unqualified emancipation. It is a resolution which has been already and frequently adopted—when we had persevered in our petitions, even at periods when we despaired of success—and it becomes a pleasing duty to present them, now that the symptoms of the times seem so powerfully to promise an approaching relief.

Indeed, as long as truth or justice could be supposed to influence man, as long as man was admitted to be under the control of reason, so long must it be prudent and wise to procure discussions on the sufferings and the rights of the people of Ireland. Truth proclaimed the treacherous iniquity which had deprived us of our chartered liberty; truth destroyed the flimsy pretext under which this iniquity is continued; truth exposed our merits and our sufferings; whilst reason and justice combined to demonstrate our right—the right of every human being to freedom of conscience—a right without which every honest man must feel that to him, individually, the protection of government is a mockery and the restriction of penal law a sacrilege.

Truth, reason, and justice are our advocates, and even in England let me tell you that those powerful advocates have some authority. They are, it is true, more frequently resisted there than in most other countries, but yet they have some sway among the English at all times. Passion

may confound and prejudice darken the English understanding, and interested passion and hired prejudice have been successfully employed against us at former periods, but the present season appears singularly well calculated to aid the progress of our cause and to advance the attainment of our important objects.

I do not make the assertion lightly. I speak, after deliberate investigation and from solemn conviction, my clear opinion that we shall, during the present session of Parliament, obtain a portion at least, if not the entire, of our emancipation. We cannot fail unless we are disturbed in our course by those who graciously style themselves our friends or are betrayed by the treacherous machinations of part of our own body.

Yes, everything, except false friendship and domestic treachery, forebodes success. The cause of man is in its great advance. Humanity has been rescued from much of its thraldom. In the states of Europe, where the iron despotism of the feudal system so long classed men into two species—the hereditary masters and the perpetual slaves; when rank supplied the place of merit, and to be humbly born operated as a perpetual exclusion—in many parts of Europe man is reassuming his natural station, and artificial distinctions have vanished before the force of truth and the necessities of governors.

France has a representative government; and as the unjust privileges of the clergy and nobility are abolished; as she is blessed with a most wise, clear, and simple code of laws; as she is almost free from debt, and emancipated from odious prejudices, she is likely to prove an example and a light to the world.

In Germany, the sovereigns who formerly ruled at their free will and caprice are actually bribing the people to the support of their thrones, by giving them the blessings of liberty. It is a wise and a glorious policy. The prince regent has emancipated his Catholic subjects of Hanover, and traced for them the grand outlines of a free constitution. The other states of Germany are rapidly following the example. The people, no longer destined to bear the burdens only of society, are called up to take their share in the management of their own concerns, and in the sustentation of the public dignity and happiness. In short,

representative government, the only rational or just government, is proclaimed by princes as a boon to their people, and Germany is about to afford many an example of the advantages of rational liberty. Anxious as some kings appear to be in the great work of plunder and robbery, others of them are now the first heralds of freedom.

It is a moment of glorious triumph to humanity; and even one instance of liberty, freely conceded, makes compensation for a thousand repetitions of the ordinary crimes of military monarchs. The crime is followed by its own punishment; but the great principle of the rights of man establishes itself now on the broadest basis, and France and Germany now set forth an example for England to imitate.

Italy, too, is in the paroxysms of the fever of independence. O may she have strength to go through the disease, and may she rise like a giant refreshed with wine! One thing is certain, that the human mind is set afloat in Italy. The flame of freedom burns; it may be smothered for a season; but all the whiskered Croats and the fierce Pandours of Austria will not be able to extinguish the sacred fire. Spain, to be sure, chills the heart and disgusts the understanding. The combined Inquisition and the court press upon the mind, whilst they bind the body in fetters of adamant. But this despotism is, thank God, as unrelentingly absurd as it is cruel, and there arises a darling hope out of the very excess of the evil. The Spaniards must be walking corpses—they must be living ghosts, and not human beings, unless a sublime reaction be in rapid preparation. But let us turn to our own prospects.

The cause of liberty has made, and is making, great progress in states heretofore despotic. In all the countries in Europe, in which any portion of freedom prevails, the liberty of conscience is complete. England alone, of all the states pretending to be free, leaves shackles upon the human mind. England alone, amongst free states, exhibits the absurd claim of regulating belief by law, and forcing opinion by statute. Is it possible to conceive that this gross, this glaring, this iniquitous absurdity can continue? Is it possible, too, to conceive that it can continue to operate, not against a small and powerless sect, but against the millions, comprising the best strength, the

most affluent energy of the empire?—a strength and an energy daily increasing, and hourly appreciating their own importance. The present system, disavowed by liberalized Europe, disclaimed by sound reason, abhorred by genuine religion, must soon and forever be abolished.

Let it not be said that the princes of the continent were forced by necessity to give privileges to their subjects, and that England has escaped from a similar fate. I admit that the necessity of procuring the support of the people was the mainspring of royal patriotism on the continent; but I totally deny that the ministers of England can dispense with a similar support. The burdens of the war are permanent; the distresses occasioned by the peace are pressing; the financial system is tottering, and to be supported in profound peace only by a war taxation. In the meantime, the resources of corruption are mightily diminished. Ministerial influence is necessarily diminished by one-half of the effective force of indirect bribery; full two-thirds must be disbanded. Peculation and corruption must be put upon half-pay, and no allowances. The ministry lose not only all those active partisans, those outrageous loyalists, who fattened on the public plunder during the seasons of immense expenditure; but those very men will themselves swell the ranks of the malcontents, and probably be the most violent in their opposition. They have no sweet consciousness to reward them in their present privations; and therefore they are likely to exhaust the bitterness of their souls on their late employers. Every cause conspires to render this the period in which the ministry should have least inclination, least interest, least power, to oppose the restoration of our rights and liberties.

I speak not from mere theory. There exist at this moment practical illustrations of the truth of my assertions. Instances have occurred which demonstrate as well the inability of the ministry to resist the popular voice as the utility of re-echoing that voice, until it is heard and understood in all its strength and force. The ministers had determined to continue the property tax; they announced that determination to their partisans at Liverpool and in Bristol. Well, the people of England met; they petitioned; they repeated—they reiterated their petitions, un-

til the ministry felt they could no longer resist; and they ungraciously but totally abandoned their determination; and the property tax now expires.

Another instance is also now before us. It relates to the corn laws. The success of the repetition of petitions in that instance is the more remarkable, because such success has been obtained in defiance of the first principles of political economy, and in violation of the plainest rules of political justice.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the corn laws; but I cannot avoid, as the subject lies in my way, to put upon public record my conviction of the inutility as well as the impropriety of the proposed measure respecting those laws. I expect that it will be believed in Ireland that I would not volunteer thus an opposition of sentiment to any measure, if I was not most disinterestedly, and in my conscience convinced, that such measure would not be of any substantial or permanent utility to Ireland.

As far as I am personally concerned, my interest plainly is to keep up the price of lands; but I am quite convinced that the measure in question will have an effect permanently and fatally injurious to Ireland. The clamor respecting the corn laws has been fomented by parsons who were afraid that they would not get money enough for their tithes, and absentee landlords, who apprehended a diminution of their rack rents; and if you observed the names of those who have taken an active part in favor of the measure, you will find amongst them many, if not all, of the persons who have most distinguished themselves against the liberty and religion of the people. There have been, I know, many good men misled, and many clever men deceived, on this subject; but the great majority are of the class of oppressors.

There was formed, some time ago, an association of a singular nature in Dublin and the adjacent counties. Mr. Luke White was, as I remember, at the head of it. It contained some of our stoutest and most stubborn seceders; it published the causes of its institution; it recited that, whereas butcher's meat was dearer in Cork, and in Limerick, and in Belfast than in Dublin, it was therefore expedient to associate, in order that the people of Dublin should not eat meat too cheap. Large sums were sub-

scribed to carry the patriotic design into effect, but public indignation broke up the ostensible confederacy; it was too plain and too glaring to bear public inspection. The indignant sense of the people of Dublin forced them to dissolve their open association; and if the present enormous increase of the price of meat in Dublin beyond the rest of Ireland be the result of secret combination of any individuals, there is at least this comfort, that they do not presume to beard the public with the open avowal of their design to increase the difficulties of the poor in procuring food.

Such a scheme as that, with respect to meat in Dublin —such a scheme, precisely, is the sought-for corn law. The only difference consists in the extent of the operation of both plans. The corn plan is only more extensive, not more unjust in principle, but it is more unreasonable in its operation because its necessary tendency must be to destroy that very market of which it seeks the exclusive possession. The corn law men want, they say, to have the exclusive feeding of the manufacturers; but at present our manufacturers, loaded as they are with taxation, are scarcely able to meet the goods of foreigners in the markets of the world. The English are already undersold in foreign markets; but if to this dearness produced by taxation there shall be added the dearness produced by dear food, is it not plain that it will be impossible to enter into a competition with foreign manufacturers, who have no taxes and cheap bread? Thus the corn laws will destroy our manufactures and compel our manufacturers to emigrate, in spite of penalties; and the corn law supporters will have injured themselves and destroyed others.

I beg pardon for dwelling on this subject. If I were at liberty to pursue it here, I would not leave it until I had satisfied every dispassionate man that the proposed measure is both useless and unjust; but this is not the place for doing so, and I only beg to record at least the honest dictates of my judgment on this interesting topic. My argument, of the efficacy of petitioning, is strengthened by the impolicy of the measure in question; because, if petitions, by their number and perseverance, succeed in establishing a proposition impolitic in principle, and oppressive to thousands in operation, what encouragement does it not

afford to us to repeat our petitions for that which has justice for its basis, and policy as its support?

The great advantages of discussion being thus apparent, the efficacy of repeating, and repeating, and repeating again our petitions being thus demonstrated by notorious facts, the Catholics of Ireland must be sunk in criminal apathy if they neglect the use of an instrument so efficacious for their emancipation.

There is further encouragement at this particular crisis. Dissension has ceased in the Catholic body. Those who paralyzed our efforts, and gave our conduct the appearance and reality of weakness, and wavering, and inconsistency, have all retired. Those who were ready to place the entire of the Catholic feelings and dignity, and some of the Catholic religion too, under the feet of every man who pleased to call himself our friend, and to prove himself our friend by praising on every occasion, and upon no occasion, the oppressors of the Catholics, and by abusing the Catholics themselves; the men who would link the Catholic cause to this patron and to that, and sacrifice it at one time to the ministry, and at another to the opposition, and make it this day the tool of one party, and the next the instrument of another party; the men, in fine, who hoped to traffic upon our country and our religion—who would buy honors, and titles, and places, and pensions, at the price of the purity, and dignity, and safety of the Catholic church in Ireland; all those men have, thank God, quitted us, I hope, forever. They have returned into silence and secession, or have frankly or covertly gone over to our enemies. I regret deeply and bitterly that they have carried with them some few, who, like my Lord Fingal, entertain no other motives than those of purity and integrity, and who, like that noble lord, are merely mistaken.

But I rejoice at this separation—I rejoice that they have left the single-hearted, and the disinterested, and the indefatigable, and the independent, and the numerous, and the sincere Catholics to work out their emancipation unclogged, unshackled, and undismayed. They have bestowed on us another bounty also—they have proclaimed the causes of their secession—they have placed out of doubt the cause of the divisions. It is not intemperance, for that we abandoned; it is not the introduction of ex-

traneous topics, for those we disclaimed; it is simply and purely, veto or no veto—restriction or no restriction—no other words; it is religion and principle that have divided us; thanks, many thanks to the tardy and remote candor of the seceders, that has at length written in large letters the cause of their secession—it is the Catholic church of Ireland—it is whether that church shall continue independent of a Protestant ministry or not. We are for its independence—the seceders are for its dependence.

Whatever shall be the fate of our emancipation question, thank God we are divided forever from those who would wish that our church should crouch to the partisans of the Orange system. Thank God, secession has displayed its cloven foot, and avowed itself to be synonymous with vetoism.

Those are our present prospects of success. First, man is elevated from slavery almost everywhere, and human nature has become more dignified, and, I may say, more valuable. Secondly, England wants our cordial support, and knows that she has only to concede to us justice in order to obtain our affectionate assistance. Thirdly, this is the season of successful petition, and the very fashion of the times entitles our petition to succeed. Fourthly, the Catholic cause is disencumbered of hollow friends and interested speculators. Add to all these the native and inherent strength of the principle of religious freedom and the inert and accumulating weight of our wealth, our religion, and our numbers, and where is the sluggard that shall dare to doubt our approaching success?

Besides, even our enemies must concede to us that we act from principle, and from principle only. We prove our sincerity when we refuse to make our emancipation a subject of traffic and barter, and ask for relief only upon those grounds which, if once established, would give to every other sect the right to the same political immunity. All we ask is "a clear stage and no favor." We think the Catholic religion the most rationally consistent with the divine scheme of Christianity, and, therefore, all we ask is that everybody should be left to his unbiased reason and judgment. If Protestants are equally sincere, why do they call the law, and the bribe, and the place, and the pension, in support of their doctrines? Why do they for-

tify themselves behind pains, and penalties, and exclusions, and forfeitures? Ought not our opponents to feel that they degrade the sanctity of their religion when they call in the profane aid of temporal rewards and punishments, and that they proclaim the superiority of our creed when they thus admit themselves unable to contend against it upon terms of equality, and by the weapons of reason and argument, and persevere in refusing us all we ask—"a clear stage and no favor"?

Yes, Mr. Chairman, our enemies, in words and by actions, admit and proclaim our superiority. It remains to our friends alone, and to that misguided and ill-advised portion of the Catholics who have shrunk into secession—it remains for those friends and seceders alone to undervalue our exertions, and underrate our conscientious opinions.

Great and good God! in what a cruel situation are the Catholics of Ireland placed! If they have the manliness to talk of their oppressors as the paltry bigots deserve—if they have the honesty to express, even in measured language, a small portion of the sentiments of abhorrence which peculating bigotry ought naturally to inspire—if they condemn the principle which established the Inquisition in Spain and Orange lodges in Ireland, they are assailed by the combined clamor of those parliamentary friends and title-seeking, place-hunting seceders. The war-whoop of "intemperance" is sounded, and a persecution is instituted by our advocates and our seceders—against the Catholic who dares to be honest, and fearless, and independent!

But I tell you what they easily forgive—nay, what our friends, sweet souls, would vindicate to-morrow in Parliament, if the subject arose there. Here it is—here is *The Dublin Journal* of the twenty-first of February, printed just two days ago. In the administration of Lord Whitworth, and the secretaryship of Mr. Peel, there is a government newspaper—a paper supported solely by the money of the people; for its circulation is little, and its private advertisements less. Here is a paper continued in existence like a wounded reptile—only whilst in the rays of the sun, by the heat and warmth communicated to it by the Irish administration. Let me read two passages for

you. The first calls "Popery the deadly enemy of pure religion and rational liberty." Such is the temperate description the writer gives of the Catholic faith. With respect to purity of religion I shall not quarrel with him. I differ with him only in point of taste; but I should be glad to know what this creature calls rational liberty. I suppose such as existed at Lacedemon—the dominion of Spartans over Helots—the despotism of masters over slaves, that is his rational liberty. We will readily pass so much by. But attend to this:—

"I will," says this moderate and temperate gentleman, "lay before the reader such specimens of the popish superstition as will convince him that the treasonable combinations cemented by oaths, and the nocturnal robbery and assassination which have prevailed for many years past in Ireland, and still exist in many parts of it, are produced as a necessary consequence by its intolerant and sanguinary principles."

Let our seceders—let our gentle friends who are shocked at our intemperance, and are alive to the mild and conciliating virtues of Mr. Peel—read this passage, sanctioned I may almost say, certainly countenanced by those who do the work of governing Ireland. Would to God we had but one genuine, unsophisticated friend, one real advocate in the House of Commons! How such a man would pour down indignation on the clerks of the castle, who pay for this base and vile defamation of our religion—of the religion of nine tenths of the population of Ireland!

But perhaps I accuse falsely; perhaps the administration of Ireland are guiltless of patronizing these calumnies. Look at the paper and determine; it contains nearly five columns of advertisements—only one from a private person—and even that is a notice of an anti-Popery pamphlet, by a Mr. Cousins, a curate of the Established Church. Dean Swift has somewhere observed that the poorest of all possible rats was a curate [much laughing]; and if this rat be so, if he have, as usual, a large family, a great appetite, and little to eat, I sincerely hope that he may get what he wants—a fat living. Indeed, for the sake of consistency, and to keep up the succession of bad pamphlets, he ought to get a living.

Well, what think you are the rest of the advertisements? First, there are three from the worthy Commissioners of Wide Streets; one dated the sixth of August, 1813, announcing that they would, the ensuing Wednesday, receive certain proposals. Secondly, the Barony of Middlethird is proclaimed, as of the sixth of September last, for fear the inhabitants of that barony should not as yet know they were proclaimed. Thirdly, the proclamation against the Catholic Board, dated only the third day of June last, is printed lest any person should forget the history of last year. Fourthly, there is proclamation stating that gunpowder was not to be carried coastwise for six months, and this is dated the fifth of October last. But why should I detain you with the details of state proclamations, printed for no other purpose than as an excuse for putting so much of the public money into the pocket of a calumniator of the Catholics? The abstract of the rest is that there is one other proclamation, stating that Liverpool is a port fit for importation from the East Indies; another forbidding British subjects from serving in the American forces during the present, that is, the past war; and another stating that although we had made peace with France, we are still at war with America, and that, therefore, no marine is to desert; and to finish the climax, there is a column and a half of extracts from several statutes: all this printed at the expense of government—that is, at the expense of the people.

Look now at the species of services for which so enormous a sum of our money is thus wantonly lavished! It consists simply of calumnies against the Catholic religion —calumnies so virulently atrocious as, in despite of the intention of the authors, to render themselves ridiculous. This hireling accuses our religion of being an enemy to liberty, of being an encourager of treason, of instigating to robbery, and producing a system of assassination. Here are libels for which no prosecution is instituted. Here are libels which are considered worthy of encouragement, and which are rewarded by the Irish treasury. And is it for this—is it to supply this waste, this abuse of public money—is it to pay for those false and foul calumnies, that we are, in a season of universal peace, to be borne down with a war taxation? Are we to have two or three ad-

ditional millions of taxes imposed upon us in peace, in order that this intestine war of atrocious calumny may be carried on against the religion of the people of Ireland with all the vigor of full pay and great plunder? Let us, agitators, be now taunted by jobbers in Parliament with our violence, our intemperance. Why, if we were not rendered patient by the aid of a dignified contempt, is there not matter enough to disgust and to irritate almost beyond endurance?

Thus are we treated by our friends, and our enemies, and our seceders; the first abandon, the second oppress, the third betray us, and they all join in calumniating us; in the last they are all combined. See how naturally they associate—this libeler in *The Dublin Journal,* who calls the Catholic religion a system of assassination, actually praises in the same paper some individual Catholics; he praises, by name, Quarantotti, and my Lord Fingal [much laughing], and the respectable party (those are his words) who join with that noble lord.

Of Lord Fingal I shall always speak with respect, because I entertain the opinion that his motives are pure and honorable; but can anything, or at least ought anything, place his secession in so strong a point of view to the noble lord himself as to find that he and his party are praised by the very man who, in the next breath, treats his religion as a system of assassination? Let that party have all the enjoyment which such praises can confer; but if a spark of love for their religion or their country remains with them, let them recollect that they could have earned those praises only by having, in the opinion of this writer, betrayed the one and degraded the other.

This writer, too, attempts to traduce Lord Donoughmore. He attacks his lordship in bad English, and worse Latin, for having, as he says, cried peccavi to Popish thraldom. But the ignorant trader in virulence knew not how to spell that single Latin word, because they do not teach Latin at the charter schools.

I close with conjuring the Catholics to persevere in their present course.

Let us never tolerate the slighest inroad on the discipline of our ancient, our holy Church. Let us never consent that she should be made the hireling of the minis-

try. Our forefathers would have died, nay, they perished in hopeless slavery, rather than consent to such degradation.

Let us rest upon the barrier where they expired, or go back into slavery rather than forward into irreligion and disgrace. Let us also advocate our cause on the two great principles—first, that of an eternal separation in spirituals between our Church and the state; secondly, that of the eternal right to freedom of conscience—a right which, I repeat it with pride and pleasure, would exterminate the Inquisition in Spain and bury in oblivion the bloody Orange flag of dissension in Ireland!

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

It appears to me impossible to suppose that the House will consider me presumptuous in wishing to be heard for a short time on this question, especially after the distinct manner in which I have been alluded to in the course of the debate. If I had no other excuse, that would be sufficient; but I do not want it; I have another and a better—the question is one in the highest degree interesting to the people of Ireland. It is, whether we mean to do justice to that country—whether we mean to continue the injustice which has been already done to it, or to hold out the hope that it will be treated in the same manner as England and Scotland. That is the question. We know what "lip service" is; we do not want that. There are some men who will even declare that they are willing to refuse justice to Ireland; while there are others who, though they are ashamed to say so, are ready to consummate the inquity, and they do so.

England never did do justice to Ireland—she never did. What we have got of it we have extorted from men opposed to us on principle—against which principle they have made us such concessions as we have obtained from them. The right honorable baronet opposite [Sir Robert Peel] says he does not distinctly understand what is meant by a principle. I believe him. He advocated religious exclusion on religious motives; he yielded that point at length,

when we were strong enough to make it prudent for him to do so.

Here am I calling for justice to Ireland; but there is a coalition to-night—not a base unprincipled one—God forbid!—it is an extremely natural one; I mean that between the right honorable baronet and the noble lord the member for North Lancashire [Lord Stanley]. It is a natural coalition, and it is impromptu; for the noble lord informs us he had not even a notion of taking the part he has until the moment at which he seated himself where he now is. I know his candor; he told us it was a sudden inspiration which induced him to take part against Ireland. I believe it with the most potent faith, because I know that he requires no preparation for voting against the interests of the Irish people. [Groans.] I thank you for that groan—it is just of a piece with the rest. I regret much that I have been thrown upon arguing this particular question, because I should have liked to have dwelt upon the speech which has been so graciously delivered from the throne to-day—to have gone into its details, and to have pointed out the many great and beneficial alterations and amendments in our existing institutions which it hints at and recommends to the House. The speech of last year was full of reforms in words, and in words only; but this speech contains the great leading features of all the salutary reforms the country wants; and if they are worked out fairly and honestly in detail, I am convinced the country will require no further amelioration of its institutions, and that it will become the envy and admiration of the world. I, therefore, hail the speech with great satisfaction.

It has been observed that the object of a king's speech is to say as little in as many words as possible; but this speech contains more things than words—it contains those great principles which, adopted in practice, will be most salutary not only to the British Empire, but to the world. When speaking of our foreign policy, it rejoices in the coöperation between France and this country; but it abstains from conveying any ministerial approbation of alterations in the domestic laws of that country which aim at the suppression of public liberty, and the checking of public discussion, such as call for individual reproba-

tion, and which I reprobate as much as any one. I should like to know whether there is a statesman in the country who will get up in this House and avow his approval of such proceedings on the part of the French government. I know it may be done out of the House amid the cheers of an assembly of friends; but the government have, in my opinion, wisely abstained from reprobating such measures in the speech, while they have properly exulted in such a union of the two countries as will contribute to the national independence and the public liberty of Europe.

Years are coming over me, but my heart is as young and as ready as ever in the service of my country, of which I glory in being the pensionary and the hired advocate. I stand in a situation in which no man ever stood yet—the faithful friend of my country—its servant—its slave, if you will—I speak its sentiments by turns to you and to itself. I require no £20,000,000 on behalf of Ireland—I ask you only for justice: will you—can you—I will not say dare you refuse, because that would make you turn the other way. I implore you, as English gentlemen, to take this matter into consideration now, because you never had such an opportunity of conciliating. Experience makes fools wise; you are not fools, but you have yet to be convinced. I cannot forget the year 1825. We begged then as we would for a beggar's boon; we asked for emancipation by all that is sacred amongst us, and I remember how my speech and person were treated on the Treasury Bench, when I had no opportunity of reply. The other place turned us out and sent us back again, but we showed that justice was with us. The noble lord says the other place has declared the same sentiments with himself; but he could not use a worse argument. It is the very reason why we should acquiesce in the measure of reform, for we have no hope from that House—all our hopes are centered in this; and I am the living representative of those hopes. I have no other reason for adhering to the ministry than because they, the chosen representatives of the people of England, are anxiously determined to give the same measure of reform to Ireland as that which England has received. I have not fatigued myself, but the House, in coming forward upon this occasion. I may be laughed and sneered at by those who talk of my power; but what

has created it but the injustice that has been done in Ireland? That is the end and the means of the magic, if you please—the groundwork of my influence in Ireland.

If you refuse justice to that country, it is a melancholy consideration to me to think that you are adding substantially to that power and influence, while you are wounding my country to its very heart's core; weakening that throne, the monarch who sits upon which, you say you respect; severing that union which, you say, is bound together by the tightest links, and withholding that justice from Ireland which she will not cease to seek till it is obtained; every man must admit that the course I am taking is the legitimate and proper course—I defy any man to say it is not. Condemn me elsewhere as much as you please, but this you must admit. You may taunt the ministry with having coalesced me, you may raise the vulgar cry of "Irishman and Papist" against me, you may send out men called ministers of God to slander and calumniate me; they may assume whatever garb they please, but the question comes into this narrow compass. I demand, I respectfully insist on equal justice for Ireland, on the same principle by which it has been administered to Scotland and England. I will not take less. Refuse me that if you can.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.[1]

From Speech at a meeting on June 29, 1813.

Your enemies say—and let them say it—that I wish for a separation between England and Ireland. The charge is false; it is, to use a modern quotation, as "false as hell!" And the men who originated, and those who seek to inculcate it, know it to be a falsehood. There lives not a man less desirous of a separation between the two countries—there lives not a man more deeply convinced that the connection between them, established upon the basis of one king and separate parliaments, would be of the utmost value to the peace and happiness of both countries, and to the liberties of the civilized world.

[1] O'Connell repudiates the accusation that he desires separation from England, and urges upon the people the wearing of their own manufactures.



THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN

Next, your enemies accuse me of a desire for the independence of Ireland. I admit the charge, and let them make the most of it. I *have* seen Ireland a kingdom; I reproach myself with having lived to behold her a province! Yes, I confess it—I will ever be candid upon the subject—I *have* an ulterior object—THE REPEAL OF THE UNION, and THE RESTORATION TO OLD IRELAND OF HER INDEPENDENCE. I am told that it is indiscreet to avow this intention. It may be so, but in public affairs discretion may easily pass into dissimulation, and I will not be guilty of it. And if to repeal the union be the first service that can be rendered to Ireland, as it clearly is, I for one most readily and heartily offer to postpone our emancipation, in order to promote the cause of our country.

But let me not be mistaken. It is true, as I declare, that I desire the restoration of our Irish parliament; I would sacrifice my existence to restore to Ireland her independent legislature, but I do *not* desire to restore precisely such a parliament as she had before. No: the act of restoration necessarily implies a reformation which would for ever abolish the ridiculous but most criminal traffic in the representative privileges. The new Irish legislature would, of course, be purged of all the close boroughs. The right to nominate to parliament should no longer be a matter of traffic or of family arrangement; it should not be, as it is at present, private property—so much so that I could name to you a borough in which a seat in parliament is vested by regular marriage settlement.—I could tell you the date and number of the registry in which a judge of the land and a country gentleman are trustees to raise money upon it for the benefit of the younger children of a baronet; this traffic—this most odious and disgusting traffic—should be abolished at once and for ever were our parliament restored to us.

Desiring as I do the repeal of the union, I rejoice to see how our enemies promote that great object. Yes, they promote its inevitable success by their very hostility to Ireland; they delay the liberties of the Catholic, but they compensate us most amply, because they advance the restoration of Ireland; by leaving one cause of agitation they have created and they will embody and give shape and form to a public mind and a public spirit. Ireland lay in

torpor till roused by the call for religious liberty. She would, I fear and I am convinced, have relapsed into apathy if liberty of conscience had been speedily conceded. Let them delay emancipation but yet a little while, and they will find that they have roused the sleeping lion of Ireland to awaking activity, which will not permit our further slumber till Ireland is herself again. They may still, perchance, think of administering the narcotic of religious freedom, which may tend to re-establish political lethargy; but only let them allow our discussions to continue, let them suffer our agitators to proceed—let the love of country and even the desire of notoriety be permitted to excite fresh agitators, and, above all, let the popular mind become accustomed to the consideration of public subjects and to the vehemence of political contest, and they know nothing of human nature who imagine that they can with a breath still the tempest that they shall have thus excited, or be able to quiet a people whom they shall have roused to a sense of their wrongs, and to a knowledge of their own strength and importance! I repeat it! The delay of emancipation I hear with pleasure, because in that delay is included the only prospect of obtaining my great, my ultimate object—the legislative independence of my native land!

I have wandered from my subject, but I have not forsaken your cause. The very calumnies of your enemies and mine lead us to the discussion of topics which it is for their own interest to bury, if they can, in eternal oblivion! The manner in which I shall refute their calumnies is by endeavoring to serve you. I cannot do that better than by tendering to you my humble but my honest advice. The present period peculiarly calls for that advice. Emissaries are abroad, agents have been employed, abundance of money and great encouragements are held out to those who may seduce you from your allegiance. Your enemies cannot put you down unless you yourselves lend them assistance. Your cause must triumph unless you yourselves crush it. You have the fate of Ireland in your hands—upon you, and upon you alone, does it depend. . . .

I am deeply anxious to impress upon those who hear me or may chance to read a report of what I utter—I am most

deeply anxious to impress upon the minds and understandings of every true Irishman that disloyalty to his sovereign would be double treason to his country; it would be perjury, aggravated by folly, and followed by the eternal extinction of the liberties of Ireland. And what prospect could there possibly be of aught besides destruction? You would have no friends—no supporters. We, who now join you in bearing down upon our oppressors—we, who expose the hypocrites that cover their bigotry in the stolen garments of religion—we, who are ready to run every danger, to sustain every calumny and every loss and personal inconvenience in your cause, so long as you conduct that cause within the limits of the constitution—we, in whom you confide would, and *must* be found, if you violate the law, in the ranks of your enemies, and in arms!

For myself, I will tell you honestly, that if ever that fatal day arrive, you will find me arrayed against you. There will not be so heavy a heart, but there will not be a more ready hand to sustain the constitution against every enemy! . . .

I have, I own, been tedious in the advice I have given you for the regulation of your conduct, but think not that I recommend to you to submit to Orange outrage and insult. Let them go to war with you, do you content yourself with going to *law* with them. If they dare to attack the wealthy Catholic—a proceeding they are generally much too prudent to adopt, the wealthy Catholic can protect himself. If they attack the poor we are bound, and willing, to procure protection for him; on his behalf the protection of the law shall be exerted. I am able to promise it, because the Catholic Board has the rich treasury of the Irish heart to draw upon in order to procure the funds necessary to afford this protection. I repeat it, no illegal outrage shall be committed with impunity by the Orange banditti upon the poor or the hitherto unprotected. This is the first duty that we owe to the patient people.

We owe them another. We owe them the home market; we owe them the consumption of Irish manufactures—the consumption of *nothing but Irish manufactures.*

Yes, it is a solemn duty imposed upon the Irish Catholics to give to their own countrymen the priority of their

custom. One would imagine that it ought to require no argument to enforce this duty; but the melancholy fact is, that Ireland is debased and degraded, first, and principally, because Irishmen have given a perverse preference to everything that was *not* Irish. We enrich the bigots of England, and we leave our own manufacturers starving, and then we talk of our patriotism! In fact, the clothing districts in England are the most bigoted portions of it. The no-Popery cry commenced last year in the very center of the cloth manufactory. It commenced with the dealers in cloth at Pontefract in Yorkshire, and I need only appeal to the Leeds newspaper for the absurd virulence with which persecution is advocated in that town.

Why, in that very paper I read about a fortnight ago an account of a fresh rebellion in Ireland—nay, in Dublin! As none of you heard of it, let me inform you that it actually took place. I forget the day, but that is not material. It took place in Exchequer Street. The Nottingham regiment covered itself with glory! They fought the Popish rebels for two hours; the rebels ascended the houses, fired out of the windows, threw brickbats and large stones from the roofs! Two regiments of horse, three regiments of foot, the flying-artillery from Island Bridge, and the regiment of artillery from Chapelizod, all shared in the honor of the day! and, at length, the main body of the rebels retired to the Wicklow Mountains, and the residue of them went to bed in town; fortunately no person was killed or wounded, and tranquillity was restored by a miracle. Do you imagine I jest with you? No; I solemnly assure you that the story is gravely told in the Leeds newspaper. Some of the London journals have copied it, even to the scrap of bad Latin with which Yorkshire dullness has adorned it; and there is not a maker of woolen cloth at Leeds that would not swear to the truth of every sentence and every word of it.

And are these the men for whom you are making fortunes? Are there not, perhaps, hundreds that have been clothed in the "fabric of these dullest of all malignant bigots"? Probably the wretch who fabricated the lie is himself engaged in the woolen trade, and that Irish Catholics are his customers and consumers. Let us teach these drivelers and dotards that they cannot insult us with

impunity. The most sensitive part of an Englishman is his purse; let us apply ourselves to this his organ of sensitiveness, and make him feel in his tenderest part the absurdity of rousing an anti-Anglican spirit amongst us; by this will you punish your enemies; but what is still more delightful, by this will you encourage and stimulate the industry of your own poor countrymen.

Let us leave to the Orangemen the produce of England. The Orangemen are the sworn enemies of Ireland, and naturally enough have ratified their alliance with England. But let us recollect that our own tradesmen are starving; that it is in vain to preach loyalty and obedience to the laws if we leave our people without employment, if we encourage English industry and thereby promote idleness in Ireland. For my own part, I have long made it a scrupulous duty not to wear anything that was not Irish; and if you will sanction so humble an example by your imitation, you will confer wealth and content upon those who, in their turn, will powerfully aid you in the pursuit of your liberties. I shall move, and I am confident you will adopt, a resolution to this effect.

I have also one resolution more to propose. I mean to move—"That the board should prepare a second petition to the legislature to take into consideration the judicial system in Ireland—the administration of the law amongst us." We all know—and by sad experience we feel—how it is administered. It has been more than once said, quaintly and not untruly, that voting for the union did not make a man a good lawyer. We all know that it did not, but it made many men judges; and some it made judges who had never held a brief. But this is not what I complain of at present; it is something more immediately injurious; it is the profligacy that is induced by the present state of the law in the mode of selecting *juries!* I need not remind you of the care with which every Catholic is excluded from the panel—or at least from the jury—when any question interesting to us is to be tried. How carefully every envenomed bigot is congregated to pronounce a verdict of conviction by anticipation. Our petition must state these facts, and we will offer to prove them in their details. For example, we will offer to prove that a man in the class of bank director has been heard to declare in

public company that he wanted no money from government; all he asked was that when they had a Papist to try they should put him on the jury.

COLONIAL SLAVERY, 1831.

No man can more sincerely abhor, detest, and abjure slavery than I do. I hold it in utter detestation, however men may attempt to palliate or excuse it by differences of color, creed, or clime. In all its gradations, and in every form, I am its mortal foe. The speech of an opponent on this question has filled me with indignation. "What," said this party, "would you come in between a man and his freehold!" I started as if something unholy had trampled on my father's grave, and I exclaimed with horror, "A freehold in a human being!" I know nothing of this individual; I give him credit for being a gentleman of humanity; but, if he be so, it only makes the case the stronger; for the circumstance of such a man upholding such a system shows the horrors of that system in itself and its effect in deceiving the minds of those who are connected with it, wherever it exists. We are told that the slave is *not fit* to receive his freedom—that he could not endure freedom without revolting. Why, does he not endure slavery without revolting? With all that he has to bear, he does not revolt now; and will he be more ready to revolt when you take away the lash? Foolish argument!

But I will take them upon their own ground—the ground of *gradual* amelioration and preparation. Well; are not eight years of education sufficient to prepare a man for anything? Seven years are accounted quite sufficient for an apprenticeship to any profession, or for any art or science; and are not eight years enough for the negro? If eight years have passed away without preparation, so would eighty, if we were to allow them so many. There is a time for everything—but it would seem there is no time for the emancipation of the slave. Mr. Buxton most ably and unanswerably stated to the House of Commons the awful decrease in population; that, in fourteen

colonies, in the course of ten years, there had been a decrease in the population of 145,801—that is, in other words, 145,801 human beings had been murdered by this system—their bodies gone to the grave—their spirits before their God. In the eight years that they have had to educate their slaves for liberty, but which have been useless to them—in those eight years, one-twelfth have gone into the grave murdered! Every day, ten victims are thus dispatched! While we are speaking, they are sinking; while we are debating, they are dying! As human, as accountable beings, why should we suffer this any longer? Let every man take his own share in this business. I am resolved, if sent back to Parliament, that I will bear my part. I purpose fully to divide the House on the motion, that every negro child born after the first of January, 1832, shall be free. They say, "Oh, do not emancipate the slaves suddenly; they are not prepared, they will revolt!" Are they afraid of the insurrection of the infants? Or, do you think that the mother will rise up in rebellion as she hugs her little freeman to her breast, and thinks that he will one day become her protector? Or, will she teach him to be her avenger? Oh, no! there can be no such pretense.

I will carry with me to my own country the recollection of this splendid scene. Where is the man that can resist the argument of this day? I go to my native land under its influence; and let me remind you that land has its glory, that no slave ship was ever launched from any of its numerous ports. I will gladly join any party to do good to the poor negro slaves. Let each extend to them the arm of his compassion; let each aim to deliver his fellow-man from distress. I shall go and tell my countrymen that they must be first in this race of humanity.

SOME ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

O'Connell went down to Kingstown, near Dublin, with a party, to visit a queen's ship-of-war, which was then riding in the bay. After having seen it, O'Connell proposed a walk to the top of Killiney Hill. Breaking from the rest of his party, he ascended to the highest point of the hill, in company with

a young and real Irish patriot, whose character was brimful of national enthusiasm. The day was fine, and the view from the summit of the hill burst gloriously upon the sight. The beautiful bay of Dublin, like a vast sheet of crystal, was at their feet. The old city of Dublin stretched away to the west, and to the north was the bold promontory of Howth, jutting forth into the sea. To the south were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, inclosing the lovely vale of Shanganah, rising picturesquely against the horizon. The scene was beautiful, with all the varieties of sunlight and shadow. O'Connell enjoyed it with nearly as much rapture as his youthful and ardent companion, who broke forth: "It is all Ireland!—oh! how beautiful! Thank God we see nothing English here. Everything we see is Irish!" His rapture was interrupted by O'Connell gently laying his hand on his shoulder, and pointing to the ship-of-war at anchor, as he exclaimed: "*A speck of the British power!*" The thought was electric. That speck, significantly pointed out by O'Connell, suggested the whole painful history of his fatherland to the memory of the ardent young Irishman.

A "POINTED" QUOTATION.

Mr. Goulburn, while secretary for Ireland, visited Killarney, when O'Connell (then on circuit) happened to be there. Both stopped at Finn's hotel, and chanced to get bedrooms opening off the same corridor. The early habits of O'Connell made him be up at cock-crow.

Finding the hall door locked, and so hindered from walking outside, he commenced walking up and down the corridor. To pass the time, he repeated aloud some of Moore's poetry, and had just uttered the lines—

> "We tread the land that bore us,
> The green flag flutters o'er us,
> The friends we 've tried are by our side—"

At this moment Goulburn popped his nightcapped head out to see what was the matter. O'Connell instantly pointed his finger at him, and finished the verse—

> "And the foe we hate before us!"

In went Goulburn's head in the greatest hurry.

LIFE IN DEATH.

In a trial about the validity of a will, O'Connell, for the heir-at-law, was pressing on a witness to the will. To more than one question asked of him whether the testator was alive

when he signed the document, his unvarying answer was, "There was life in Mr. So-and-so when he was signing the will." The able and acute counselor, thinking at last that he had got within the wily knave's defenses, cried out at him, "Now, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day answer for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth, when his hand was put to the will?" The trembling witness confessed that so it was.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

Once at a public meeting O'Connell illustrated the system adopted by the peasants to deprive themselves of little, and give even less than that little to the rectors, while they were subject to the tithe nuisance.

"Paddy," says the rector, "you owe me £1 17s. 6d."—"What for, your reverence?"—"Tithes, Paddy."—"Then I suppose you gave the family some value before I was born. Surely you never gave anything to me that I remember. But, please your reverence, I have no money."—"You have a cow, Paddy."—"But if your reverence takes her, what will Norah and the childher do?"—"Well, I 'm sorry, but the cow must be distrained."

Paddy stamps TITHES on the cow's side, and not a soul in the three townlands will buy her. So the disappointed man gets a regiment and a half of redcoats, and they and their officers, all gentlemen by birth and education, march seventeen miles across bogs and fields, and along bad roads, and bring the cow to Carlow. There the auction is to take place. The crowd collect, and the parson rubs his hands. "There will be bidders enough now." The cow is put up at £2—no bidder; £1—no bidder; 10*s.*—no bidder; 5*s.* 6*d.*—18*d.*—not a soul will bid, and the cow goes back to Norah and the childher.

SAVED BY A STRAW.

O'Connell was engaged for a man at the Cork Assizes, but neither he nor the attorney had the slightest hopes of saving him from the gibbet. Sergeant Lefroy occupied the chair of the circuit judge, who was ill at the time, and the counselor rightly conjectured that he would be averse, except in an extreme case, to utter the doom of death. He resolved on an unusual line of proceeding, and tormented the witness for the Crown with a series of annoying questions not bearing in any shape on the subject. Sergeant Goold, the Crown prosecutor, objected to this proceeding, and the judge was obliged to say

he could not allow Mr. O'Connell to proceed any longer in that line of examination.

"Well then, my lord," said he, after some parley, "as you refuse to allow me to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands." He flung down his brief and left the court, saying the while, "The blood of that man, my lord, will be on your head if he is condemned." The far-seeing and accurately judging advocate well knew what he was doing in throwing such responsibility on an inexperienced and humane judge. In about half-an-hour, as he was pacing the flags outside, his attorney, forgetful of his hat, came running to announce success. The judge had charged so favorably that the prisoner was acquitted.

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

At Derrynane he was sitting one morning, surrounded by country people, some asking his advice, some his assistance, others making their grievances known. Amongst the rest was a farmer rather advanced in life, a swaggering sort of fellow, who was desirous to carry his point by impressing the Liberator with the idea of his peculiar honesty and respectability. He was anxious that O'Connell should decide a matter in dispute between him and a neighboring farmer who, he wished to insinuate, was not as good as he ought to be. "For my part, I, at least, can boast that neither I nor mine were ever brought before a judge or sent to jail, however it was with others."

"Stop, stop, my fine fellow," cried the Liberator—"Let me see," pausing a moment. "Let me see; it is now just twenty-five years ago, last August, that I myself saved you from transportation, and had you discharged from the dock."

The man was thunderstruck! he thought such a matter could not be retained in the great man's mind. He shrunk away, murmuring that he should get justice elsewhere, and never appeared before the Liberator afterwards.

ENLIGHTENED BY A COW STEALER.

O'Connell having extricated from his embarrassment a worthy who had killed a neighbor's cow, and was found in suspicious proximity to the beef, was waited on by the rascal to receive thanks for his masterly defense. The fattest cow in the herd having been selected, the counselor was curious to know how the choice fell on that particular animal, as the night when execution took place had been very dark. "Well, counselor, I 'll put you up to it. When you go for to steal a cow mind and take the one that 's farthest from the ditch. The poor thin crathurs always goes to the ditch for shelter, while the fat bastes keeps outside."



T. P. O'CONNER

THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR.

(1848 ——)

Thomas Power O'Connor, one of the most brilliant and strenuous of London journalists, and one of the most genial of men, was born in Athlone, Ireland, in 1848. He was educated at the College of the Immaculate Conception in that city and at Queen's College, Galway, whence he was graduated with distinguished honors.

In 1867 he entered journalism as a junior reporter on Saunders' *News Letter*, a conservative Dublin paper. In 1870 he went to London in search of employment, and it was not long before he was appointed a sub-editor on *The Daily Telegraph*. He was employed in the London office of the *New York Herald* in 1881 and came to this country to lecture for the Irish cause. He spoke in nearly all the large cities during a stay of seven months, and was successful in raising a great sum of money.

He introduced a revolution into London journalism when he founded *The Star*, an evening newspaper, modeled in many ways on American lines and infused with the spirit of American editorship. He successively founded *The Sun* and *The Weekly Sun*, each of which had a successful career, and although no longer under his control, they are all three doing good and useful work to-day.

He introduced the personal element into his newspapers to an extent unknown aforetime in England, but without the element of offensiveness which has been inseparably connected, in the minds of some English people, with certain phases of American journalism. In his newspapers he always had a column with the standing headline "Mainly About People." This was so successful a feature of his daily papers that he now edits a weekly journal with the title "M. A. P.," which consists wholly of interesting information about men and women who are in the public eye.

While thus active in the world of journalism, he has been no less busily occupied in politics. He first entered Parliament as member for Galway in 1880, and he has sat for a division of Liverpool since 1885. He is a pleasing, persuasive, and eloquent speaker, and his talents are always devoted to the service of the country of his birth. He is familiarly known in the world of journalism and in the House of Commons as "Tay Pay," and when he is "up" he never has to speak to empty benches.

But not alone have journalism and politics occupied his busy life —he has written several books also. His 'Lord Beaconsfield,' a biography, written at "white-heat," is a powerful and brilliant, if somewhat one-sided book. But this and 'The Parnell Movement' and 'Gladstone's House of Commons' will be valued by the historian for their vivid and clear impressions. He has also written 'Napoleon' and the 'Phantom Millions.'

In politics he was a follower of Parnell. He was one of the Executive of the Land League in England and Ireland, and in 1883 he became President of the Irish National League of Great Britain.—C. W.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE.

From 'The Great Irish Struggle.'

Before entering on a description of the scenes which took place in the House on the Home Rule bill in 1886, it will be well to give a rapid sketch of the principal engaged in the mighty struggle, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is marked, physically as well as mentally, for a great leader. He is about five feet nine inches high, but looks taller. His build is muscular, and but a short time ago he was able to take a hand at felling a tree with young men. There was a time when he was one of the most skillful horsemen. He is still a great pedestrian, and there scarcely passes a day that he is not to be seen walking.

He walks with his head thrown back, and a step firm and rapid. His countenance is singularly beautiful. He has large, dark eyes, that flash brilliantly even in his age. Deep set and with heavy eyelids, they sometimes give the impression of the eyes of a hooded eagle. He has a large, exquisitely chiseled nose. The mouth also is finely modeled. The head is unusually large. It was in early youth covered with thick, black hair. The brow is lofty and broad, and very expressive. The complexion is white almost as wax, and gives the face a look of wonderful delicacy. The face is the most expressive in the House of Commons. It reflects every emotion as clearly and rapidly as a summer lake its summer sky. When Mr. Gladstone is angry his brow is clouded and his eyes shine. When he is amused his face beams. When he is contemplative his lips curl and his head is tossed. His air is joyous if things go well, and mournful when things go ill; though when the final trial comes and he stands convinced that he must meet absolute and resistless defeat, he looks out with dignified tranquillity.

All the passions of the human soul shine forth by his look and gesture. His voice is powerful, and at the same time can be soft, can rise in menace or sink in entreaty. Allusions have been made to the vast and heterogeneous stores of learning which are in this single man's brain.

He has extraordinary subtlety of mind, so that he is able to present a case in a thousand different lights. And it is this faculty that has sometimes given him the unpleasant and undeserved reputation of sophistry and of duplicity. He speaks as a rule with considerable vehemence and gesticulates freely.

To speak of him as the first orator of the House of Commons is to give a very inadequate estimate of his position. Over and over again in the course of his career he has turned a battle, when he was seemingly just beaten, into a victory; and nobody is ever able to say how things will go until Mr. Gladstone has first spoken. Lord Beaconsfield up to the time of his death presented to the people a contrast and a counter attraction. The late Tory leader was a poor charlatan at bottom, but he was a brilliant and strong-willed man that passed through a romantic and picturesque career. With the death of Lord Beaconsfield passed away the last man who could venture to be brought into rivalry with Mr. Gladstone, and so he stands alone as the last survival of a race of giants. His effect thus upon people outside of Parliament is almost as great as upon those who are inside its walls. There seems to be something so lofty and pure in his purpose that men follow him with something of fanaticism. The restlessness of his energy produces equally earnest work for his followers, and his own exhaustless funds of enthusiasm and sunny optimism make other men passionate strugglers for the right. The hand of Gladstone has changed the map of Europe, and first really gave birth to the Christian nationalities in the East, which are now emerging into freedom and light after ages of dark thraldom under the Mussulman. In addition to these things he is credited with immense parliamentary skill.

He began his advocacy of Home Rule with an extraordinary prestige. The difficulties were felt to be gigantic, dangerous pitfalls to be everywhere around; but men had faith in the star of Gladstone, and he had faith in it himself also. His nerve never fails. Physically he is one of the very bravest of men, for he has never been known to show, under any circumstances, the least sign of physical fear. Whatever might take place in the coming contest, one thing was certain: Mr. Gladstone having once put

his hand to the plow would not turn back until he had guided it to its ultimate destination. . . .

The 8th of April was fixed as the day for Mr. Gladstone to unfold his new Irish policy. Never in the whole course of his great career had he an audience more splendid. Every seat in every gallery was crowded. The competition for places in the House itself had led to scenes unprecedented in the history of that assembly. The Irish members were of course more anxious than any others to secure a good position. The English members were not quite so early as the Irish, but they were not far behind; and long before noon there was not a seat left for any newcomer. Mr. Gladstone's speech began by showing the state of social order in Ireland.

Then he asked the question whether Coercion had succeeded in keeping down crime. He pointed out that exceptional legislation which introduces exceptional provisions into the law ought itself to be in its own nature essentially and absolutely exceptional, and it has become not exceptional but habitual. Then he proceeded to give a reason why Coercion had failed. Having proved that Coercion was no longer applicable to the case of Ireland he went on to ask whether there was no alternative. He went on to say that he did not think the people of England and Scotland would again resort to such ferocious Coercion as he had described, until it had exhausted every other alternative. He then showed that England and Scotland have each a much nearer approach to autonomy under Parliament than Ireland has. He next discussed the possibility of reconciling local self-government with imperial unity, and after that treated, in a masterly way, the nature of the present union of the kingdoms under one Parliament. He discussed in a summary way several of the solutions which had been proposed for the difficulties which the case involved, showing their insufficiency. He then announced his own plan of giving Ireland a local administration and a local Parliament for home affairs, and at the same time gave reasons for rejecting the idea of giving Irish representatives seats in the Houses of the British Parliament, the Irish members to have a vote on imperial affairs. He gave it as his opinion that the fiscal unity of the empire should be maintained, except as

regards moneys raised by local taxation for local purposes.

He then showed that Ireland needed administrative as well as legislative independence. He announced the plan of reserving certain subjects with which the Irish legislature should have no power to deal, such as the succession, regencies, prerogatives, and other matters pertaining to the Crown; the army and navy; foreign and colonial relations; certain already established and chartered rights; and the establishment or endowment of any particular religion; the laws of coinage, trade and navigation —these subjects being reserved for imperial legislation.

He then proposed a plan on which the Irish legislature might be organized; suggested the powers and prerogatives of the Viceroy and of his Privy Council; and announced a plan by which the financial relations of Ireland to the rest of the Empire might be established. He next criticised as wasteful the present expenditure of public money in Ireland, and discussed the Irish exchequer and the future of Irish credit. In discussing the financial part of his scheme for Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone made some very suggestive remarks, and concluded the whole matter by saying:

"I ask you to show to Europe and to America that we too can face political problems which America twenty years ago faced, and which many countries in Europe have been called upon to face and have not feared to deal with. I ask that in our own case we should practice with firm and fearless hand what we have so often preached—the doctrine which we have so often inculcated upon others—namely, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap or impair, but the way to strengthen and consolidate, unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less upon merely written stipulations, more upon those better stipulations which are written on the heart and mind of man.

"I ask that we should apply to Ireland that happy experience which we have gained in England and in Scotland, where the course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory but as practice and as life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build upon is the foundation afforded by the affections, the convic-

tions, and the will of the nation; and it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that we may be enabled to secure at once the social peace, the fame, the power, and the permanence of the Empire."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

From 'Lord Beaconsfield: A Biography.'

Here I leave him for the present. Such then as I have described—in language of severity, I admit, but in the language of strict truth—is the man to whom England intrusts her destinies. It appears to me that I have proved that if ever there were a man unworthy of that lofty position it is Lord Beaconsfield. It appears to me that I have proved beyond a possibility of doubt in any reasonable mind, that throughout his whole career his sole absorbing thought has been himself, and that to carry out his own advancement he has sacrificed every principle which men hold dear.

I have proved, I think, that all through his life he has been fulfilling the candid utterances of his boyhood, and has been playing with every feeling, with every public man, with every party, with every interest of England, with the recklessness of the foreigner to whom all these things were but as worthless cards in the great game of ambition he was playing. I do not judge this man from the standpoint of the Pharisee. I know that life is thorny and man is vain; that the politician is subject to even yet stronger temptations than most other men, and that before these temptations even the purest of mind and the most honest of purpose have frequently fallen.

If, therefore, in the course of Lord Beaconsfield's life I could point to nothing worse than occasional though great errors and misdeeds, I should be ready to pass a more favorable verdict upon him. Some of the most splendid figures in political history are besmirched all over. When I bow down before the mighty genius and the great services of Mirabeau, the pale ghost of Sophie Le Monnier

rises up to denounce him. There comes back to me the memory of the dirty gold received probably for dirty services in the garden of the Tuileries; there comes back his hundred other crimes; but I recall at the same time one thing in the man that, if it cannot destroy, at least chastens our indignation. The great French Tribune, amid the mire of his follies, his excesses, and his crimes, had at least some genuineness in him. He was, with all his faults, capable of sincere conviction, and when animated by that conviction he was as pure, as sincere, and as high of purpose as even the man who had passed from the cradle to the grave without one great sin.

But in Lord Beaconsfield I find no such redeeming feature. That whole character is complete in its selfishness, that whole career is uniform in its dishonesty. Throughout his whole life I do not find even on a single occasion a generous emotion, one self-sacrificing act, a moment of sincere conviction—except that of the almighty perfection of himself. I find him uniform in all his dealings with his fellow-man, and behind every word he utters I can only see the ever-vigilant custodian of his own interests. And it is this perfect uniformity in his character and career that most estranges me. We know that too often in the course of a man's life his original nature is warped. Disappointment, suffering, unresisted temptations, harden many a heart that was once soft, lower many a nature that was once high. But even in their degradation these men carry the relics of their better past. As the completest wreck recalls most vividly the stately ship, the wildest ruin the lofty mansion, the very recklessness of such men's vice is the most eloquent testimony to the elevation of their early strivings.

But Lord Beaconsfield is the same from the beginning; as he is in old age, as he was in middle age, so he was in youth. His maturity without virtues is the natural sequel to his youth without generous illusions. There is throughout the same selfishness—calm, patient, unhasting, unresting. Such a man the myriads of this mighty Empire accept as chief ruler; for such a man millions of pure hearts beat with genuine emotion; to such a man it is given to sway by his single will your fortunes and mine,

and even those of the countless generations yet to come. Which shall a near posterity most wonder at—the audacity of the impostor, or the blindness of the dupe?—the immensity of the worship, or the pettiness of the idol?

"Such is the world. Understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it with thy eyes on higher loadstars."

EUGENE O'CURRY.

(1796—1862.)

EUGENE O'CURRY, the great native scholar who, as Mr. Douglas Hyde says, "possessed a unique and unrivaled knowledge of Irish literature in all its forms," was born in Dunaha, County Clare, in the year 1796. His father was thoroughly acquainted with the Irish language, and had a wonderful knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his country. He possessed, besides, a number of Irish manuscripts. He taught his son Eugene the Irish language, and stored his young mind with the legends and stories of his native country.

On account of this accomplishment, and through an accidental acquaintance with George Smith, the enterprising publisher of 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' he was chosen in 1834, in conjunction with O'Donovan, and under the direction of Dr. George Petrie, to make extracts from Irish manuscripts. His labors were unremitting, and when Government in a fit of economy put a stop to the work, over four hundred quarto volumes had been collected, relating to laws, language, customs, antiquities, etc., of ancient Ireland, a considerable portion of the research and transcription having been accomplished by O'Curry. (See the account of the life and labors of O'Donovan later on in this library.) While thus engaged, he was one day visited by the poet Moore, in connection with which visit is told an anecdote that points its own moral.

"The first volume of Moore's 'History,'" writes O'Curry, "was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend, Dr. Petrie, favored me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that time employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and at the time of his visit happened to have before me on my desk the 'Books of Ballymote' and 'Lecain,' and 'Leabhar Breac,' 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' and many other ancient books for historical research and reference.

"I had never before seen Moore, and, after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the 'Book of Ballymote' and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaedhlic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself, and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie and said: 'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never

knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the 'History of Ireland.'"

We next find O'Curry in the Royal Irish Academy, copying various Irish manuscripts and making catalogues in company with Dr. Todd, for use by the Irish Archeological Society. The Irish manuscripts in the British Museum were also placed in order and catalogued by him. He was appointed professor of Irish history and archeology to the Catholic University on the establishment of that institution. In his later days he transcribed and translated the Irish laws, in conjunction with his learned colleague O'Donovan, for the Brehon Law Commissioners, for which it seems he received a very poor remuneration.

His 'Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History' was published in 1861. It gave an account of the lost books of the earlier period of Irish history, namely, 'The Yellow Book of Slane,' 'The Psalters of Tara and Cashel,' 'The Books of Cluainmic-Nois,' 'The Speckled Book of St. Buithe's Monastery,' 'The Book of Clonfert,' 'The Black Book of St. Molaga.' Although this work contained perhaps profounder knowledge and deeper research in Irish literature than any up to that time published, O'Curry says of it, in his simple, modest way: "I may claim for it at least the poor merit of being the *first* effort ever made to bring within the view of the student of Irish history and archeology an honest, if not a complete, analysis of all the materials of that yet unwritten story, which lies accessible, indeed, in our native language, but the great body of which—the flesh and blood of all the true history of Ireland—remains to this day unexamined and unknown to the world."

He also translated the oldest part of the 'Annals of the Four Masters.' He continued laboring energetically both as a lecturer and as a writer, almost until his death, which took place in Dublin, July 30, 1862. Dr. W. K. Sullivan published in 1873 three volumes of his scattered writings under the title 'Lectures on the Social Life, Manners, and Civilization of the People of Ancient Erinn.'

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA.

From 'The Battle of Magh Leana.'

The dark, impetuous, proud, ardent waters, became as white-streaked, fierce-rolling, languid-fatigued Leibhionna[1] upon which to cast the white-flanked, slippery-thick, straight-swimming salmon, among the dark-prowling, foamy-tracked herds (of sea monsters) from off the brown oars; and upon that fleet sweeping with sharp rapidity, from the sides and borders of the territories, and from the shelter of the lands; and from the calm quiet of the shores,

[1] *Leibhionna.* The word Leibheann is found to mean a stage, platform, or deck in all ancient Irish manuscripts.

they could see nothing of the globe on their border near them, but the high, proud, tempestuous waves of the abyss, and the rough, roaring shore, shaking and quivering; and the very quick, swift, motion of the great wind coming upon them; and long, swelling, gross-springing, great billows, rising from the swelling sides of the (sea) valleys; and the savage, dangerous shower-crested sea, maintaining its strength against the rapid course of the vessel over the expanse, till at last it became exhausted, subdued, dripping and misty, from the conflict of the waves and the fierce winds. The laboring crews derived increased spirits from the bounding of the swift ships over the wide expanse, and the wind happening to come from the rere, directly fair for the brave men, they arose manfully and vigorously, with their work, and lashed the tough new masts to the brown, smooth, ample, commodious bulwarks, without weakness, without spraining; without stitching, without overstraining.

These ardent, expert crews put their hands to the long linens (sails) without shrinking, without mistake, from *Eibil*[1] to *Acht-uaim;* and the swift-going, long, capacious, ships passed from the hand-force of the warriors and over the deep, wet, murmuring pools of the sea, and past the winding, bending, fierce-showery points of the harbors, and over the high-torrented, ever-great mountains of the brine; and over the heavy listless walls of the great waves; and past the dark, misty-dripping hollows of the shores; and past the saucy, thick-flanked, speeding white-crested currents of the streams, and over the spring-tide, contentious, furious, wet, overwhelming torrents of the cold ocean. Until the sea became rocking, like a soft, fragrant, proud-bearing plain, swelling and heaving to the force of the anger and fury of the cold winds; the upper elements quickly perceived the anger and fury of the sea growing and increasing. Woe, indeed, was it to have stood between these two powers, the sea and the great wind, when mutually attacking each other, and contending at the sides of strong ships and stout-built vessels and beautiful Scuds; so that the sea was as showery-tempestuous, growl-

[1] *Eibil.* The Editor has never before met this word; but from its being placed in opposition to *Acht-uaim* (properly *Ucht-fhuaim*), which means the breast or front of the sails, it must signify clew.

ing, wet, fierce, loud, clamorous, dangerous, stages after them, whilst the excitement of the murmuring, dark-deeded wind continued on the face and on the sluices of the ocean from its bottom to its surface.

And tremulous, listless, long-disjointing, quick-shattering, ship-breaking was the effect of the disturbance, and treacherous the shivering of the winds and the rolling billows upon the swift barks; for the tempest did not leave them a plank unshaken; nor a hatch unstarted, nor a rope unsnapped, nor a nail unstrained, nor a bulwark unendangered, nor a bed unshattered; nor a lifting[1] uncast down; nor a mast unshivered; nor a yard untwisted; nor a sail untorn; nor a warrior unhurt; nor a soldier unterrified; excepting the ardor and sailorship of the brave men who attended so the attacks and howlings of the fierce wind. However, now, when the wind had exhausted its valor, and had not received reverence nor honor from the sea, it went forward stupid and crest-fallen, to the uppermost regions of its residence; and the sea was fatigued from its roaring and drunken murmuring, and the wild billows ceased their motions; so that spirit returned to the nobles, and strength to the hosts, and activity to the warriors, and perception to the champions.

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

From 'Manners and Customs of Ancient Erinn.'

All that I have set down here is taken directly from our most ancient manuscripts, or those compiled from them; and they show clearly as the historical tradition of the country that each of the older colonies in Ireland was accompanied by its Druids; so that the suggestion of modern British writers that Druidism came first from Britain, or from Anglesey, into Erinn, is totally unfounded. I now proceed to select from the long list of Druidic references found in our old books, such as may

[1] *Lifting.* "Lifting, the higher part of the stem of a vessel, marked by the seat of the king or admiral, whence commands and orders were given to the rest of the fleet."—Veralius notæ in Historiam Gothrici et Rolfi, p. 94, Upsal, 1664.



THE PROLEKE STONE, DUNDALK

serve to characterize the profession, so far, at least, as the limits of these lectures will allow. Very many other references there are, no doubt, which ought all to be gathered, all to be arranged and compared, if the subject of Irish Druidism, or indeed, of Druidism at all, is to be completely investigated. . . . I only propose to myself to give a few specimens of what was called Druidism by way of example: and I shall commence by citing from the earliest authority. The ancient tract called *Dinnseanchas* (on the Etymology of the names of several remarkable places in Erinn) gives the following singular legendary account of the origin of the names of *Midhe* (now Meath), and of *Uisncch,* in Meath.

Midhe, the son of *Brath*, son of *Detha* (says this legend), was the first that lighted a fire for the sons of the Milesians in Erinn, on the hill of *Uisnech* in Westmeath; and it continued to burn for seven years; and it was from this fire that every chief fire in Erinn used to be lighted. And his successor was entitled to a sack of corn and a pig from every house in Erinn, every year. The Druids of Erinn, however, said that it was an insult to them to have this fire ignited in the country; and all the Druids of Erinn came into one house to take counsel; but *Midhe* had all their tongues cut out, and he buried the tongues in the earth of *Uisnech*, and then sat over them; upon which his mother exclaimed: "It is *Uaisnech* (*i.e.* proudly) you sit up there this night;"—and hence the name of *Uisnech*, and of *Midhe* (or Meath).

This, I believe, is the first reference to a Druidical fire to be found in our old books.

The next remarkable allusion to this subject that is to be found is the account of King *Eochaidh Airemh.*

It was a century before the incarnation that *Eochaidh Airemh* was monarch of Erinn; and his queen was the celebrated *Edain*, a lady remarkable not only for her beauty, but for her learning and accomplishments. One day that *Eochaidh* was in his palace at *Teamair,* according to this ancient story, a stranger of remarkable appearance presented himself before him. "Who is this man who is not known to us, and what is his business?" said the king. "He is not a man of any distinction, but he has come to play a game at chess with you," said the stranger.

"Are you a good chess-player?" said the king. "A trial will tell," said the stranger. "Our chess-board is in the queen's apartment, and we cannot disturb her at present," said the king. "It matters not, for I have a chess-board of no inferior kind here with me," said the stranger. "What do we play for?" said the king. "Whatever the winner demands," said the stranger. (They played then a game, which was won by the stranger.) "What is your demand now?" said the king. "*Edain*, your queen," said the stranger, "but I will not demand her till the end of a year." The king was astonished and confounded; and the stranger without more words speedily disappeared.

On that night twelve months, the story goes on to tell us, the king held a great feast at *Teamair,* surrounding himself and his queen with the great nobles and choicest warriors of his realm, and placing around his palace on the outside a line of experienced and vigilant guards, with strict orders to let no stranger pass them in. And thus secured, as he thought, he awaited with anxiety the coming night, while revelry reigned all round. As the middle of the night advanced, however, the king was horrified to see the former stranger standing in the middle of the floor, apparently unperceived by any one else. Soon he advanced to the queen, and addressed her by the name of Bé Finn, (*fair woman*), in a poem of seven stanzas. . . . At the conclusion of this poem, the stranger put his arm around the queen's body raised her from her royal chair, and walked out with her, unobserved by any one but the king, who felt so overcome by some supernatural influence, that he was unable to offer any opposition, or even to apprise the company of what was going on. When the monarch recovered himself, he knew at once that it was some of the invisible beings who inhabited the hills and lakes of Erinn that played one of their accustomed tricks upon him. When daylight came accordingly, he ordered his chief Druid, *Dallan,* to his presence, and he commanded him to go forth immediately, and never to return until he had discovered the fate of the queen.

The Druid set out, and traversed the country for a whole year, without any success, notwithstanding that he had drawn upon all the ordinary resources of his art. Vexed and disappointed, at the close of the year he reached the

mountain (on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Longford) subsequently named after him *Sliabh Dallain.* Here he cut four wands of yew, and wrote or cut an *Ogam;* and it was revealed to him "through his keys of science and his *ogam,*" that the queen *Edain* was concealed in the palace of the fairy chief, *Midir,* in the hill of *Bri Leith* (a hill lying to the west of Ardagh, in the present county of Longford). The Druid joyfully returned to Tara with the intelligence; and the monarch *Eochaidh* mustered a large force, marched to the fairy mansion of *Bri Leith,* and had the hill dug up until the diggers approached the sacred precincts of the subterranean dwelling; whereupon the wily fairy sent out to the hillside fifty beautiful women, all of the same age, same size, same appearance in form, face, and dress, and all of them so closely resembling the abducted lady *Edain,* that the monarch *Eochaidh* himself, her husband, failed to identify her among them, until at length she made herself known to him by unmistakable tokens,—upon which he returned with her to Tara.

This tale exhibits two curious and characteristic features of Irish Druidism; the first, that the Irish Druid's wand of divination was formed from the yew, and not from the oak, as in other countries; the second, that the Irish Druid called in the aid of actual characters, letters, or symbols,—those, namely, the forms of which have come down to our own times cut in the imperishable monuments of stone, so well known as *Ogam* stones (many of which may be seen in the National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy).

The antiquity of this story of *Eochaidh Airemh* is unquestionable. There is a fragment of it in *Leabhar nah-Uidhré,* in the Royal Academy, a manuscript which was actually written before the year 1106; and it is there quoted from the book of *Dromsnechta,* which was undoubtedly written before or about the year 430.

THE OLD BOOKS OF ERINN.

From 'Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish History.'

Not only were the old Irish nobility, gentry, and people in general, lovers of their native language and literature, and patrons of literary men, but even the great Anglo-Norman nobles themselves who effected a permanent settlement among us appear from the first to have adopted what doubtless must have seemed to them the better manners, customs, language, and literature of the natives; and not only did they munificently patronize their professors, but became themselves proficients in these studies; so that the Geraldines, the Butlers, the Burkes, the Keatings, and others, thought, spoke, and wrote in the Gaedhlic, and stored their libraries with choice and expensive volumes in that language; and they were reproached by their own compatriots with having become "ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores" —"more Irish than the Irish themselves." So great indeed was the value in those days set on literary and historical documents by chiefs and princes, that it has more than once happened that a much-prized MS. was the stipulated ransom of a captive noble, and became the object of a tedious warfare; and this state of things continued to exist for several centuries, even after the whole framework of Irish society was shaken to pieces by the successive invasions of the Danes, the Norsemen, and the Anglo-Normans, followed by the Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite wars and confiscations, and accompanied by the ever-increasing dissensions of the native princes among themselves, disunited as they were ever after the fall of the supreme monarchy at the close of the twelfth century.

With the dispersion of the native chiefs, not a few of the great books that had escaped the wreck of time were altogether lost to us; many followed the exiled fortunes of their owners; and not a few were placed in inaccessible security at home. Indeed it may be said that after the termination of the great wars of the seventeenth century, so few and inaccessible were the examples of the old Gaedhlic literature, that it was almost impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the language in its purity.

With such various causes, active and long-continued, in

operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expressions of the old writers who spoke of "the hosts of the books of Erinn"—may be judged from those which have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and the other causes just enumerated. When we come to inquire concerning the fragments which exist in England and elsewhere, they will be found to be still of very large extent; and if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaedhlic ancestors, as we may fairly do, by what remains of it, we may be justly excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride. . . .

The collection in Trinity College consists of over 140 volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth down to the middle of the last century. There are also in this fine collection beautiful copies of the Gospels, known as the Books of Kells and Durrow, and Dimma's Book, attributable to the sixth and seventh centuries; the Saltair of St. Ricemarch, Bishop of St. David's in the eleventh century, containing also an exquisite copy of the Roman Martyrology; and a very ancient ante-Hieronymian version of the Gospels, the history of which is unknown, but which is evidently an Irish MS. of not later than the ninth century; also the Evangelistarium of St. Moling, Bishop of Ferns in the seventh century, with an ancient box; and the fragment of another copy of the Gospels, of the same period, evidently Irish. In the same library will be found, too, the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals: all, with the exception of two tracts, written on vellum; and, in addition to these invaluable volumes, many historical and family poems of great antiquity, illustrative of the battles, the personal achievements, and the social habits of the warriors, chiefs, and other distinguished personages of our early history. There is also a large number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of war, or love, and of social life in general, are portrayed, often with considerable power of description and great brilliancy of language:

and there are besides several sacred tracts and poems, amongst the most remarkable of which is the Liber Hymnorum, believed to be more than a thousand years old. The Trinity College collection is also rich in Lives of Irish Saints, and in ancient forms of prayer; and it contains, in addition to all these, many curious treatises on medicine, beautifully written on vellum. Lastly, amongst these ancient MSS. are preserved numerous Ossianic poems relating to the Fenian heroes, some of them of very great antiquity.

The next great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. . . . The most valuable of these are original Gaedhlic compositions, but there is also a large amount of translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. A great part of these translations is, indeed, of a religious character, but there are others from various Latin authors of the greatest possible importance to the Gaedhlic student of the present day, as they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many now obsolete or obscure Gaedhlic words and phrases.

Among these later translations into Irish we find an extensive range of subjects in ancient mythology, poetry, and history, and the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans, as well as many copious illustrations of the most remarkable events of the middle ages. So that any one well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world, the knowledge of which is usually attained through the classic languages or those of the middle ages, with which he was not acquainted. I may mention by way of illustration, the Irish versions of the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, the Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne, including the History of Roland the Brave, the History of the Lombards, the almost contemporary translation into Gaedhlic of the Travels of Marco Polo, etc., etc.

Passing over some collections of MSS. in private hands, at home, I may next notice that of the British Museum in London, which is very considerable, and contains much val-

uable matter; that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though consisting of but about sixteen volumes, is enriched by some most precious books, among which is the copy already alluded to of the remains of the Saltair of Cashel, made in the year 1454; and some two or three works of an older date. Next comes the Stowe Collection, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and which is tolerably well described in the Stowe Catalogue by the late Rev. Charles O'Conor. There are also in England some other collections in the hands of private individuals, as that of Mr. Joseph Monck Mason in the neighborhood of London, and that of Sir Thomas Phillips in Worcestershire. The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh contains a few important volumes, some of which are shortly described in the Highland Society's Report on MacPherson's Poems of Oisin, published in 1794.

And passing over to the Continent, in the National or Imperial Library of Paris (which, however, has not yet been thoroughly examined), there will be found a few Gaedhlic volumes; and in Belgium (between which and Ireland such intimate relations existed in past times)—and particularly in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—there is a very important collection, consisting of a part of the treasures formerly in the possession of the Franciscan College of Louvain, for which our justly celebrated friar, Michael O'Clery, collected, by transcript and otherwise, all that he could bring together at home of matters relating to the ancient ecclesiastical history of his country.

The Louvain Collection, formed chiefly, if not wholly, by Fathers Hugh Ward, John Colgan, and Michael O'Clery, between the years 1620 and 1640, appears to have been widely scattered at the French Revolution. For there are in the College of St. Isidore, in Rome, about twenty volumes of Gaedhlic MSS., which we know at one time to have formed part of the Louvain Collection. Among these manuscripts now at Rome are some of the most valuable materials for the study of our language and history—the chief of which is an ancient copy of the *Felire Aengusa*, the Martyrology or Festology of Aengus *Céile Dé* (pron. "Kéli Dé") incorrectly called Aengus the Culdee, who composed the original of this extraordinary work, partly at *Tamhlacht,* now Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, and

partly at *Cluain Eidhnech* in the present Queen's County, in the year 798. The collection contains, besides, the Festology of Cathal M'Guire, a work only known by name to the Irish scholars of the present day; and it includes the autograph of the first volume of the *Annals of the Four Masters*. There is also a copy or fragment of the Liber Hymnorum already spoken of, and which is a work of great importance to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and besides these the collection contains several important pieces relating to Irish history of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY (EVA MARY KELLY).

(1825 ——)

Eva Mary Kelly (Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty) was born at Headfort, County Galway, about 1825. During the early years of *The Nation* she contributed most of her poems over the name of "Eva" to that and to other Irish journals. Mr. A. M. Sullivan has, in his 'New Ireland,' told in a most interesting manner the romance of her life. "Eva Mary Kelly," he writes, "could have been little more than a girl when the contributions bearing her pseudonym began to attract attention. . . . Kevin O'Doherty was at this time a young medical student in Dublin. From admiring 'Eva's' poetry he took to admiring—that is, loving—herself. The outbreak of 1848, however, brought a rude interruption to Kevin's suit. He was writing unmistakably seditious prose, while 'Eva' was assailing the constituted authorities in rebel verse.

"Kevin was arrested and brought to trial. Twice the jury disagreed. The day before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon—a merely nominal sentence—if he would plead guilty. He sent for Eva and told her of the proposition. 'It may seem as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you, perhaps for ever,' said he, 'but I don't like this idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?' 'Do?' answered the poetess; 'why, be a man and face the worst. I'll wait for you, however long the sentence may be.'

"Next day fortune deserted Kevin. The jury found him guilty. The judge assigned him ten years' transportation. 'Eva' was allowed to see him once more in the cell to say adieu. She whispered in his ear, 'Be you faithful. *I'll wait.*' And she did. Years flew by, and the young exile was at length allowed once more to tread Irish soil. Two days after he landed at Kingstown 'Eva' was his bride." After her marriage she accompanied her husband to Australia, where he became a successful physician and politician. Her poems were published in San Francisco in 1877.

TIPPERARY.

Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down with so proud a mien?
'T is there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground—
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye;
But I 'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie;

Oh! no, *macushla storin!* bright, bright, and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has brought it there—
Sure, a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face so fair;
You 've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make them quake,
And they 're welcome to whichsoever it pleases them most to take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before our eyes?
Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and prize?
No! by those who were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant be;
Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are free.

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet Eire belong;
No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them back;
In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

Oh! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand,
And you 'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will spring—
On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

MURMURS OF LOVE.

From the Irish.

The stars are watching, the winds are playing;
They see me kneeling, they see me praying;
They hear me still, through the long night saying
Asthore mahcree, I love you, I love you!

And oh! with no love that is light or cheerful,
But deepening on in its shadow fearful;
Without a joy that is aught but tearful,
'T is thus I love you, I love you.

Whispering still, with those whispers broken,
Speaking on, what can ne'er be spoken,
Were all the voices of earth awoken—
Oh! how I love you, I love you!

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion, and weary sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing—
So well I love you, I love you!

With the low faint murmurs of deep adoring,
And voiceless blessings for ever pouring,
And sighs that fall with a sad imploring,
'T is thus I love you, I love you.

With the burning beating, the inward hushing,
Ever and ever in music gushing,
Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing,
Oh, thus I love you, I love you.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging;
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging—
For oh! I love you, I love you!

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL

(1837—1874.)

John Francis O'Donnell was born in Limerick in 1837. At fourteen he began to write verses in *The Kilkenny Journal*. After working on the provincial Irish press—having been among other things sub-editor of the *Tipperary Examiner*—he drifted to London; and, in 1860, we find him editing an Irish weekly called *The Universal News*. In 1861 he returned for a short time to Dublin to fill a vacancy in *The Nation*. The next year he again returned to London. He had a very versatile pen, writing with great energy and speed, and his work is not therefore of uniform excellence, but he sometimes succeeds in uniting the impetuosity and spirit of an impromptu with a beautiful technique. Among Irish journals he was a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and to *The Irish People* during its short existence. He also wrote for *The Lamp;* a novel entitled 'Agents and Evictions' originally appeared in that journal, and a lengthy poem entitled 'The Christian Martyr.' He wrote for *The Boston Pilot* and *Dublin Review;* and for a while he was editor of *The Tablet*.

Dickens was a helpful admirer of the poet, and a large number of his poems were published in *Chambers' Journal*. In 1871 he published 'Memories of the Irish Franciscans,' a volume of verse. In 1873 he obtained an appointment in the office of the Agent-General for New Zealand, which he held for but a short time, as he died in the May of 1874. His poems were collected in 1891 by the piety of the Southwark Irish Literary Club, with an introduction by Richard Dowling.

PADDY FRET, THE PRIEST'S BOY.

"Sorra a one of me 'll get married," remarked Paddy Fret, as he was furbishing up the priest's stirrups one beautiful Saturday morning, in the little kitchen at the rear of the chapel-house. "Sure, if I don't, you will; and there 'll be a great palin' of bells at the weddin'. We 'll all turn out to see you—the whole of the foolish vargins rowled into wan."

Mrs. Galvin, who was at the moment occupied in turning the white side of a slab of toast to the fire, turned round to her tormentor, no small degree of acerbity wrinkling up her face.

"Mind your work and keep a civil tongue in your impty head," she exclaimed petulantly. "There was many a

fine lump of a boy would marry me in my time, if I only took the throuble to wink a *comether* at him. There was min in them times, not *sprahauns*,[1] like you."

"You 're burnin' the toast, an' goin' to make snuff of Father Maher's break'ast," interrupted Paddy. "At the rate you 're goin' on, you 'll bile the eggs that hard that you 'll kill his riverence, and be thried for murdher. And upon my *soukins*, the hangman will have a nate job with you."

"You 'd slip thro' the rope, you flax-hank," was the answer. "Wait till I put my two eyes on Katty Tyrrell, an', troth, I 'll put your nose out o' joint, or my name isn't Mary Galvin. You goin' coortin' ! The Lord save and guide us! As if any wan would dhrame of taking a switch for a husband—a crathur like you, only fit to beat an ould coat with!"

"Don't lose your timper, Mrs. Galvin," said Paddy, whose inextinguishable love of fun gleamed out of his black eyes, and flashed from his dazzlingly white and regular teeth. "God is good; all the ould fools isn't dead yet, and there 's a chance of your not dying without some unforchinate gandher saying the Rosary in thanks for his redimption."

Mrs. Galvin made no reply. She placed the toast in the rack in silence; but that silence was ominous. Next, she removed the teapot, cozy and all, from the fireside, and placed all on a tray, which she bore off with a sort of conscious yet sullen dignity, to the pretty parlor, where Father Maher, after his hard mountain ride, waited breakfast.

"I 'll never spake to Paddy Fret again, your riverence," she said, when everything had been arranged, and it was her turn to quit the room.

The priest, like the majority of his Irish brethren—God bless them!—had a ready appreciation of a joke. He paused in the task of shelling an egg, and inquired with all possible gravity, "What is the matter now, Mrs. Galvin?"

"Sure, your riverence, my heart is bruk with the goin's on of Paddy Fret. From mornin' till night he 's never done makin' faces at me, an' sayin' as how no wan in Croagh would think of throwin' a stick at me. Ah! then, I can tell you, Father Michael, I squez the heart 's blood out of many

[1] *Sprahaun*, evidently *sprissaun*, a diminutive, expressing contempt.

as fine a man, in my time, as iver bid the divil good night, savin' your riverence."

"You are in the autumn of your beauty yet, Mary," said the priest, "handsome is that handsome does, you know."

"Thank you kindly, Father Maher. But that boy 'll be the death o' me. And then," putting her sharp knuckles on the table's edge, and bending over to her master, in deep confidence, "I know for sartin that he 's runnin' afther half the girls in the parish."

Father Maher looked grave at this disclosure.

"Of course they keep running away from him—don't they, Mary? Why, we 've got an Adonis in the house."

"The Lord forbid I 'd say that of him, sir," remarked Mrs. Galvin, whose acquaintance with Hellenic myths was rather hazy. "Bad as he is, he hasn't come to that yet."

"I am glad to hear you say as much," said the priest, as he poured out a cup of tea, and proceeded to butter the toast. "Never fear, Mary, I 'll have an eye on that fellow."

The door closed, shutting out the housekeeper, and Father Maher's face relaxed into a broad smile. He rested the local paper against the toast-rack, and laughed cautiously from time to time, as he ran down its columns of barren contents. Neither Paddy nor Mrs. Galvin had the faintest idea of the amusement their daily quarrels afforded him, or of the gusto with which he used to describe them at the dinner-tables to which he was occasionally invited.

Having burnished the irons and cleansed the leathers until they shone again, Paddy Fret mounted to his bedroom, over the stable, and proceeded to array himself with unusual care. His toilet completed, he surveyed himself in the cracked triangle of looking-glass imbedded in the mortar of the wall, and the result of the scrutiny satisfied him that there was not a gayer or handsomer young fellow in the whole parish of Croagh. So, in love with himself and part of the world, he stole cautiously down the rickety step-ladder, and gliding like a snake between the over-bowering laurels which flanked the chapel-house, emerged on the high road.

"I 'm afeerd, Paddy, that my father will never listen to a good word for you," said pretty Katty Tyrrell, as the priest's boy took a stool beside her before the blazing peat

fire, burning on the stoveless hearth. "He 's a grave man, wanst he takes a notion into his head."

"All ould min has got notions," said Paddy, "but they dhrop off with their hairs. Lave him to me, and if I don't convart him, call me a souper. Sure, if he wants a son-in-law to be a comfort in his ould age he coudn't meet with a finer boy than meself."

"Mrs. Galvin says," continued Katty, "that it would be a morchial sin to throw me and my two hundherd pounds away on the likes o' you. 'A good-for-nothin' *bosthoon*,'[1] says she, 'that I wouldn't graize the wheel of a barrow with.'"

"She wouldn't graize a great many wheels, at any rate," replied Paddy. "The truth is, Katty dear, the poor woman is out of her sivin sinses, and all for the want of a gintleman to make a lady of her, as I 'm goin' to make wan o' you."

The splendor of the promise bewildered Miss Tyrrell. She could only rest her elbows on her knees, hide her face in her hands, and cry, "Oh, Paddy!"

"Yes, me jewel," continued the subtle suitor, "I 'm poor to-day, perhaps, but there 's noble blood coursin' thro' my veins. Go up to the top of Knock-meil-Down some fine mornin', and look down all around you. There isn't a square fut o' grass in all you see that didn't wanst belong to my ancisthors. In the time of Cahul Mohr wan o' my grandfathers had tin thousand min and a hundhred thousand sheep at his command, not to spake of ships at say and forthresses and palaces on land."

"Arrah, how did you get robbed, Paddy?" said Katty.

"Well, you see, my dear, they were a hard-dhrinkin' lot at the time I 'm spakin' of. The landed property wint into the Incumbered Estates Coort, and was sould for a song; the forthresses were changed into Martello towers, and the army took shippin' for France, but they were wracked somewhere in the South Says, where they all swam ashore and turned New Zealandhers."

Katty was profoundly interested by this historical sketch of the Fret family, which Paddy rolled out without hitch or pause—indispensable elements of veracity in a spoken narrative. She allowed her lover to hold her hand, and fancied she was a princess.

[1] *Bosthoon*, blockhead.

As they sat in this delightful abstraction—the ecstasy known to the moderns as "spooning"—they were startled by the sound of wheels in the farmyard, and Katty, with one swift glance at the window, exclaimed in the wildest anguish, "Oh, Paddy, Paddy, what 'll become o' me? Here 's my father and mother come back from market already."

"Take it aisy, darlint," replied Mr. Fret. "Can't I hide in the bedroom beyant?"

"Not for all the world!" said Katty, in terror. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Thin stick me in the pot and put the lid over me," was Mr. Fret's next happy suggestion.

Katty glanced in agony round the kitchen, and suddenly a great hope filled her to the lips. Over the fireplace was a rude platform—common to Irish farmhouses—on which saddles, harness, empty sacks, old ropes, boots, and sometimes wool, were stored away indiscriminately.

"Up there—up with you," she cried, placing a chair for him to ascend.

Paddy lost no time in mounting, and having stretched himself at full length, his terrified sweetheart piled the litter over him until he was completely hidden from view.

The hiding was scarce effected when Andy Tyrrell, old Mrs. Tyrell, and Mrs. Galvin made their appearance. They each drew stools round the fire, in order to enjoy the blaze, which was most welcome after their inclement ride.

"Are you yit mopin' over that blackguard, Paddy Fret, *ma colleen?*" asked the the priest's housekeeper. "'T is a bad bargain you 'd make o' the same *daltheen*,[1] honey."

Katty, profoundly concerned in the mending of a stocking, pretended not to hear the inquiry.

"She 's gettin' sense, Mary," said Mrs. Tyrrell. "Boys 'll be boys, and girls 'll be girls, till the geese crows like cocks."

"I tould the vagabone at the last fair," remarked the old man, "that if ever I caught him within an ass's roar o' this doore, I 'd put him into the thrashin' machine, and make chaff of his ugly bones. Bad luck to his impidence, the *aulaun*,[2] to come lookin' afther my daughter."

A bottle of whisky was now produced, and Katty busied

[1] *Daltheen*, puppy. [2] *Aulaun*, lout.

herself in providing glasses for the party. Mrs. Galvin at first declined to "touch a dhrop, it bein' too airly," but once persuaded to hallow the seductive fluid with her chaste lips, it was wonderful how soon she got reconciled to potation after potation, till her inquisitive eyes began to twinkle oddly in the firelight.

"What the divil is the matther with the creel?" (the platform above alluded to) asked old Tyrrell. "'T is groanin' as if it had the lumbago."

"The wind, my dear man, 't is the wind," replied Mrs. Galvin.

"Faith, I think 't is enchanted it is," observed the lady of the house. "Look how it keeps rockin' and shakin', as if there was a throubled sowl in it."

"The wind, ma'am—'t is I know what it is, *alanna,* to my cost," said the housekeeper; "'t is only the wind."

Katty's heart went pit-a-pat during this conference. She knew that the "creel" was not the firmest of structures, and she shivered at the bare idea of Paddy making a turn which might send it to pieces.

Again the whisky went round, mollifying the hard lines of Mrs. Galvin's unromantic countenance. Old Tyrrell, meanwhile, kept a steady eye on the "creel," which had relapsed by this time into its normal immobility.

"Have a dhrop, Katty," he said handing his daughter his glass.

The girl, who knew the consequence of disobeying his slightest command, touched the rim of the vessel with her lips, and returned it with a grateful "Thank you, father." At the same time on lifting her eyes to the "creel" she saw Paddy's face peering out at her, and was honored with one of the finest winks that gentleman was capable of.

"Well, here 's long life to all of us, and may we be no worse off this day twelvemonth," said the old man, as he replenished the ladies' glasses, and then set about draining his own. "Give me your hand, Mrs. Galvin. There isn't a finer nor a better woman in—"

The sentence was never finished, for whilst he was speaking the "creel" gave way, and Paddy Fret, followed by the miscellaneous lumber which had concealed him, tumbled into the middle of the astonished party. The wo-

men shrieked and ran, whilst poor Katty, overcome by the terror of the situation, fainted into a chair.

Paddy rose to his feet, unabashed and confident. "Wasn't that a grand fright I gave ye all?" he asked, with superb indifference.

Tyrrell, pale as death, and trembling in every limb, went to a corner, took up a gun, and pointed the muzzle at the intruder's head. "Swear," he hoarsely exclaimed, "you 'll make an honest woman of my daughter before another week, or I 'll blow the roof off your skull."

"I 'll spare you all the throuble," said Paddy. "Send for Father Maher and I 'll marry her this minit, if you like. Will you have Paddy Fret for your husband, Katty?" he asked, taking the hands of the now conscious girl.

The whisky was finished, and on the following Sunday Father Maher united Paddy Fret and Katty Tyrrell, in the little chapel of Croagh. Mrs. Galvin danced bravely at the wedding, and was heard, more than once, to whisper that "only for her 't would never be a match."

TOMBS IN THE CHURCH OF MONTORIO, ON THE JANICULUM.

[Heic jacent O'Nealivs, Baro de Dvngannon, Magni Hugonis Filivs, et O'Donnel, Comes De Tyrconnel, qvi contra hœreticos in Hybernia multos annos certervnt.—MDCVIII.]

All natural things in balance lie,
Adjustment fair of earth and sky,
And their belongings. Thunders bring
The red life from the heart of spring;
Thence summer, and the golden wane
  That comes with harvest, when each field,
Crimsoned with weeds, like fiery rain,
  Flames like a newly forgèd shield.
All things come true, in some dim sense,
Held good by absolute Providence.
Inquire not: Here you sleep at last—
  Sleeping, it may be face to face,
  Right glorious leaders of our race,
Of faith profound, of purpose vast.

Around, above, this glittering dome,
Soars the majestic bulk of Rome;
This marble pave, this double cell
Enshrines you, and contents you well.
Better it were the twain should lie
  On some wild bluff of Donegal,
The sea below in mutiny,
  The terrible Heaven over all.
God wills and willed it shall not be.
Here is no rave of wind or sea.
Peace! incense, and the vesper psalm;
  The sob, the penitential groan;
  The lurid light, the dripping stone—
The earth's eternity of calm.

Sleep on, stern souls, 't were wrong to shake
Your ashes—bid the dead awake,
To bitter welcome. Ireland lies
Under the heels of enemies.
So has she lain since that curst day
  That saw your good ship fly the Land;
Since Ulster's proud and strong array
  Dwindled to fragments, band by band.
And you two wept in leaving her
(Chased through the seas by Chichester),
Still buoyed with hope to find abroad
  Aid to prostrate our ancient foe.
  And to lay wall and rampart low,
And hear the saints in Heaven applaud.

It came not, and in regal Rome
Died the O'Donnell, sick for home,
Not all the pomp the city boasts
Consoled him for his native coasts.
Here Art 's sublimed; but Nature there
  His heart, his passions satisfied;
The forest depth, the delicate air
  Were with his inmost soul allied.
So hoping, doubting went the days,
And tired at heart of time's delays,
He closed his eyes in Christ our Lord.
  No truer man had nobler birth,
  No braver soldier trod the earth,
With pitying or destroying sword.

And thou, O'Neill, Lord of Revolt,
Battle's impetuous thunderbolt,
Cliff-flinger, at whose name of might
The bronzed cheeks of the Pale turned white,
Dost thou lie here? And Ireland bleeds
  Her virgin life through every pore!
Great chief in unexampled deeds,
  We need thy smiting arm once more.
Rest, rest! the glory of thy life
Shines like tradition on the strife
Which Ireland wages hour by hour,
  Patient, yet daring for the best,
  And growing up, as worlds attest,
To freedom, majesty, and power.

A SPINNING SONG.

My love to fight the Saxon goes,
  And bravely shines his sword of steel;
A heron's feather decks his brows,
  And a spur on either heel;
His steed is blacker than the sloe,
  And fleeter than the falling star;
Amid the surging ranks he 'll go
  And shout for joy of war.

Tinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;
  My love would die for Ireland's weal,
To win her back her ancient right,
  And make her foemen reel.
Oh! close I 'll clasp him to my breast
  When homeward from the war he comes;
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
  The valley peal with drums.

Twinkle twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

GUESSES.

I know a maiden; she is dark and fair,
With curvèd brows and eyes of hazel hue,
And mouth, a marvel, delicately rare,
Rich with expression, ever quaint yet new.
O happy fancy! there she, leaning, sits,
One little palm against her temples pressed,
And all her tresses winking like brown elves;
The yellow fretted laurels toss in fits,
The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,
The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of, as the daylight floats
Along the mignonetted window-sills,
And flame-like, overhead, with ruffled throats,
The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?
What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower
That, like an odorous snowflake, opens slow,
Or of the linnet on the topmost briar,
Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,
Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,
And marged with lilies like a bank of fire?

Ah, sweet conception! enviable guest,
Lodged in the pleasant palace of her brain,
Summoned a minute, at her rich behest,
To wander fugitive the world again,
What does she think of? Of the dusty bridge,
Spanning the mallow shadows in the heat,
And porching in its hollow the cool wind;
Or of the poplar on the naked ridge:
Or of the bee that, clogged with nectared feet,
Hums in the gorgeous tulip-bell confined?

At times, her gentle brows are archly knit
With tangled subleties of gracious thought;

At times, the dimples round her mouth are lit
By rosy twilights from some image caught.
What does she think of? Of the open book
Whose penciled leaves are fluttering on her knee;
Or of the broken fountain in the grass;
Or of the dumb and immemorial rook,
Perched like a wingèd darkness on the tree,
And watching the great clouds in silence pass?

I know not; myriad are the phantasies,
That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
And wonderful the radiant entities
Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
O Fancy! through the realm of guesses fly,
Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
(Her soul is second in the mystery):
Trail thy gold meshes thro' the summer sky;
Question her tender breathings as they part,
Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.

WHERE?

A minute gone. She lingered here, and then
Passed, with face backward turned, through yonder door;
The free fold of her garments' damask grain
Fashioned a hieroglyph upon the floor,
Then straightened, as it reached the corridor.

Down the long passages, I heard her feet
Moving—a crepitating music slow—
And next her voice, an echo exquisite,
But modulated in its tender flow—
A harp through which the evening breezes blow.

Upon the table, there were books and flowers,
And Indian trifles; a Mahratta blade
Whose ivory hilt sustained a cirque of towers,
Wedded by the inexplicable braid
On Vishnu's shrine at harvest full moon laid.

The curtains shook; a scarlet glamour crossed
The stained wood and the white walls of the room—
Wavered, retreated, trembled, and was lost
Between the statue's plinth, the console's gloom,
And yon tall urn of yellow blossomed broom.

I see her face look backward at me yet,
Just as she glided by the cypress chair;
Her happy eyes with happy tears are wet,
And, over bust and shoulders cool and fair,
Stream the black coils of her abundant hair.

In what far past—in what abysm of time,
Have I beheld that self-same look before?
There was no difference of hour or clime:
A garment made a figure on a floor,
Which straightened sweeping towards a corridor.

Rare trifles were around me, curtains blew,
And worked their restless phantasms on a ceil;
A sidelong bird across a casement flew,
Upon the table glittered graven steel,
And a low voice thrilled me with soft appeal.

All things were there, as all things are, to-day,
But where? I half remember, as a dream,
Such accidents, in epochs, long grown gray—
Such glory, but with ever-narrowing beam,
From which I 'm severed by some shoreless stream.

Have I forgotten—is this flash of light,
Which makes the brain and pulse together start,
Some ray reflected from the infinite
Worlds, where I mayhap have left a heart—
The Infinite of which I am a part?

Who shall unriddle it? Return, sweet wife,
And with thy presence sanctify this pain;
Cling to my side, O faithful help of life!
Lest, in the hour when night is on the wane,
The destinies divide us two again.

DAVID J. O'DONOGHUE.

(1866 ——)

DAVID J. O'DONOGHUE, biographer and editor, was born July 22, 1866, and was educated at a Catholic School. He began to write for the newspapers in 1886, and has written largely for Dublin journals, particularly *Freeman's Journal*, *The Weekly Freeman*, *The National Press*, and *The Evening Telegraph*. He writes chiefly on Irish literary, artistic, and musical subjects. He is one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, London; Vice-President of the National Literary Society, Dublin; member of the Committee of the Feis Ceoil (annual Irish Musical Festival).

His publications are: 'Ireland in London' (with F. A. Fahy), 1887; 'The Poets of Ireland,' a Biographical Dictionary, 1891–93; revised edition begun 1901; 'The Irish Humorists,' 1892; 'Minor Irish Poets,' 1893; 'Humor of Ireland,' 1894; 'Introduction to Reliques of Barney Maglone,' 1894; 'Irish Poetry of the Nineteenth Century,' 1894; 'List of 1300 Irish Artists,' 1894; 'Fardorougha the Miser (Introduction to),' 1895; 'Writings of James Fintan Lalor,' 1895; 'Life of William Carleton,' 2 vols., 1896; edited 'Works of Samuel Lover,' 6 vols., 1898–1899; also 'The Black Prophet,' by Carleton, 1898; 'Biographical Catalogue of Collections of Irish Music,' 1899; 'Richard Pockrich, an Irish Musical Genius,' 1899; 'Life of Robert Emmet,' 1902. He is also the author of numerous articles in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and a contributor to 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry, in the English Tongue,' 1900.

AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

Readers of Goldsmith will remember the passage in the ninth chapter of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' where the ladies from London with all their accomplishments threw the country-bred ladies entirely into the shade. "They would talk," says Goldsmith, "of nothing but high life and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." In this last phrase, which is intended to be antithetical, Goldsmith expressed some contempt for an invention, which for several years previously had excited much comment and a good deal of amusement among the higher classes of English and Irish society. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was written in 1761, when Richard Pockrich, the inventor of the instrument referred to, had been dead two years. Goldsmith had certainly heard a good deal of this remarkable man, a countryman of his own, and

had not improbably listened to his performances upon the glasses. That he expressed at least a shade of contempt for this invention in his now proverbial phrase is clear. He had not an excessive admiration of Shakespeare, as we know, but he delicately suggests the immense distance which separates the mind of the author of 'Hamlet' and that to which we owe the musical glasses—and implies, in short, that this last was one of the lowest conceivable examples of the exercise of ingenuity. But we may employ in Pockrich's defense the words (or their sense) which John O'Keeffe, the amiable dramatist, is said to have used when he heard that Scott, in 'St. Ronan's Well,' had put into the mouth of one of his characters what he considered to be a contemptuous phrase, "from Shakespeare to O'Keeffe." "From the top to the bottom of the ladder!" remarked O'Keeffe. "Well, he might have placed me a few rungs up!"

Pockrich was by no means a contemptible person. He was one of the many notable Irishmen of his day. His ingenuity was amazing, and was employed in a hundred different schemes and inventions, some of which, though scouted as chimerical by his rather unprogressive age, were eminently worthy of consideration, and are well within the region of the practical. The invention of the musical glasses has proved to be his most famous idea—it is the only one of his many suggestions which his contemporaries did not laugh out of court—but it is not by any means his highest claim to remembrance. The writers of his day recognized and appreciated "the concourse of sweet sounds" produced by Pockrich from ordinary drinking glasses, and lest modern readers should feel inclined to smile at the praise bestowed upon this ingenious contrivance, it need only be mentioned that some of the greatest minds of the time were enraptured with what is now regarded as a mere toy.

There are various contemporary references to the musical glasses which have more than common interest. The letters, especially, of notable people of the period often allude to them. In one of his admirable letters to Mason, Gray the poet says, under date Dec. 8, 1761: "Here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales, and we have concerts every other night." Horace

Walpole also mentions them in a letter: "The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German; he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play a set of drinking glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing." And finally, in an advertisement in the *St. James' Chronicle* of Dec. 3, 1761, there is the following paragraph: "At Mr. Sheridan's lecture on elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the musical glasses for the amusement of genteel company." Benjamin Franklin made a small improvement upon Pockrich's invention and called it by the Italian name of "Armonica" (a word which has been Englished by the addition of the letter H). This is not, of course, the small toy generally known by that name. Brockhill Newburgh, an Irish contemporary, refers to it as the instrument "with which the celebrated Miss Davies not long since so agreeably entertained the town," and adds, "it is no more than an improvement upon Mr. Pockrich's glasses, and it is to this gentleman's original invention we are indebted for one of the most pleasing instruments within the compass of sound." Gluck, the eminent composer, gave public performances in England and abroad upon Pockrich's glasses, and Beethoven, Mozart, and other great musicians wrote music for the improved form devised by Franklin. The latter in a letter, to Beccaria in 1762, refers to Pockrich thus—"You have doubtless heard the sweet tone that is drawn from a drinking glass by passing a wet finger round its brim. One Mr. Puckeridge (*sic*), a gentleman from Ireland, was the first who thought of playing tunes formed of such tones. He collected a number of glasses of different sizes, fixed them near each other on a table, and tuned them by putting into them water more or less, as each note required. The tones were brought out by passing his fingers round the brim." Franklin goes on to inform Beccaria that Dr. Delaval, F.R.S., had attempted an improvement upon Pockrich's invention by greater care in choosing his glasses, and he proceeds to explain his own amended form, the "Armonica," of which he gives a drawing. His idea was simply to fix upon a stand a succession of globes of varying sizes, which were also to be played upon by wet fingers.

It is curious that though Pockrich's musical glasses became the talk of the country, so little was known of himself personally that one would imagine he had never done anything else but perform upon his delightful instrument. Yet he was a man of real parts, with a passion for projects and new plans for the benefit of Ireland and humanity. As we shall show, some of his ideas, though ridiculed by his countrymen, are not at all despicable in the light of present knowledge. He was indeed far in advance of his age. But only two biographical dictionaries, of the hundreds published, notice his name, and both of the notices, necessarily meager, are by the present writer.[1]

Perhaps a fuller sketch of Pockrich and of some of his ideas will not be unwelcome to Irishmen. But to conclude the reference to the musical glasses. John Carteret Pilkington (a worthless son of doubtful parents) gives in his 'Memoirs'—a book so scarce as not to be in any of the Dublin libraries—an interesting account of Pockrich, who had engaged him to sing at his performances through Ireland and England. We learn that the inventor was, when Pilkington knew him, "a tall, middle-aged gentleman, with a bag wig and a sword on," and that he was able to earn £6 a day—then a very large sum—by his entertainments. The memoirs also describe him as "a perfect master of music," who "had performed most of Handel's finest compositions," and his skill in music is thus testified to:—

"He pulled from his sleeve sixteen large pins and from his pocket a small hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and some almost in as far as the head; he then took from his side pocket two pieces of brass wire, and demanded what tune I would have. I told him 'The Back Joke.' 'Then lay your ears to the table,' says he, 'hear and admire.' I did so, and to my infinite amazement he played it with all its variations, so as to sound almost like a dulcimer. Encouraged by the applause I gave to this uncommon instrument, he took a parcel of drinking glasses and tuned them by putting different quantities of water in each; upon these

[1] A couple of dozen lines in 'The Poets of Ireland,' by D. J. O'Donoghue, and the fuller notice by the same writer in 'The Dictionary of National Biography.'

he played a number of the newest tunes in the most elegant taste, giving me delight and satisfaction."

Another contemporary, a poet, and a sometime friend of Pockrich named Brockhill Newburgh, already mentioned, who hailed from County Cavan, and was a gentleman of wealth and position, wrote many poems, among them one upon his countryman, whom he calls "Captain," with the intention of ridiculing his projects. This poem, called 'The Projector,' was to be the *avant courier* of "an heroick poem in twenty-four books," to be published by subscription and to be entited 'The Pockriad,' which would tell exhaustively the inspiring life and adventures of the restless inventor of new plans for the improvement of everybody and everything. This threatened epic, however, did not appear. But the notes to 'The Projector' (which the author says was his first poetical attempt, and was written somewhere about 1745) tell us of some of Pockrich's schemes. Newburgh exempts the musical glasses from ridicule, alluding to them as follows:—"Mr. Pockrich's skill in musick has been made known by his no less surprising than agreeable performance on drinking glasses, an invention entirely his own. And I cannot but wish that drinking glasses, instead of being (as too frequently) the instruments of sottishness and debauchery, were oftener applied to so innocent and entertaining a purpose." He adds an anecdote concerning the power of music which will serve a future commentator upon Congreve's famous line:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

(It should be premised that Pockrich's inventions often led him into debt:)

"It has been already mentioned that Mr. Pockrich, by an invention entirely his own, has converted drinking glasses into one of the most pleasing instruments that happy chance or invention has yet discovered. To judge of the surprising effects of Mr. Pockrich's performance on this instrument, let the reader be acquainted with the following story, which may be depended upon as fact. . . . Mr. Pockrich, in his brewery near Islandbridge, happening to be one day seized by bailiffs, thus addressed them—'Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, but before I do myself the honor

to attend you, give me leave as an humble performer in musick, to entertain you with a tune. 'Sir,' exclaimed one of the bailiffs, 'we came here to execute our warrant, not to hear tunes.' 'Gentlemen,' says the Captain, 'I submit to your authority; but in the *interim*, while you are only taking a dram—Here, Jack' (calling to his servant) 'bring a bottle of the Rosa Solis I lately distilled; I say, gentlemen, before you take a dram, I shall dispatch my tune.' In the meanwhile he flourishes a prelude on the glasses, and afterwards displays his skill through all the pleasing turns and variations of 'The Black Joke.' The monsters, charmed with the magic of his sounds, for some time stand and gaze. At length, recovering their trance (they) thus accost the Captain—'Sir upon your parole of honor to keep the secret, we give you your liberty. 'T is well playing upon the glasses is not more common; if it were, I believe our trade would find little employment.'"

Pockrich published a collection of poems which are often amusing enough but rarely quotable, and that he was an accomplished musician is clear. Newburgh informs us that he would have obtained the post of chapel master at Armagh Cathedral, which he had applied for, but that Archbishop Boulter died before the appointment could be made out. He also speaks with praise of Pockrich's musical compositions, and says that he had fully intended to take out his degree of doctor of music at Trinity College, Dublin, and to give a public performance of the pieces he had composed for the examination, but was prevented.

One more reference to the musical glasses, before dealing with Pockrich's other projects, may be permitted. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell, LL.D., in his very interesting and very patriotic book, published towards the close of the last century, and called 'A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,' gives a short list of eminent natives of Ireland, and especially praises Pockrich, whom he calls Poeckridge, for his cleverness. His name, he says, "ought not to be lost to the lovers of harmony, as he has enriched the art by his invention of the musical glasses, now improved into the Harmonica, an instrument, if not of the greatest force, yet certainly of the sweetest tones in the compass of harmony." Those who have heard the musical glasses skillfully played will readily admit their extraor-

dinary sweetness of tone—such as have not listened to them can hardly imagine their fairy music. The present writer has often heard them played in London to delighted crowds—not one person in which probably had the least idea that an Irishman had procured them the pleasure. But, as already stated, Pockrich was emphatically not a man of one idea. His brain teemed with projects. The private fortune left him by his father, which was considerable—nearly £4,000 ($20,000), a year, according to Pilkington, only £1,000 ($5,000), if we are to believe Newburgh—was lavishly spent in carrying out his schemes. He practically reduced himself to poverty by the projects upon which he embarked. Like *L'Etourdi*, of Molière, he was often obliged, while dazzling his friends with talk of millions of money, to borrow the merest trifle.

The leading facts of his life may be told in a few words. He was born in the county of Monaghan in or about 1690. Although obviously of English descent on the paternal side, his family had long been settled in the North —at Derrylusk, County Monaghan, where they held extensive property. The family, which originally came from Surrey, became extinct about 1820. Pockrich's father raised and commanded an independent company during the Williamite wars, fought through "the late happy revolution," and was dangerously wounded at the siege of Athlone. In 1715 Richard Pockrich, his son, who had settled in Dublin, established a brewery and distillery at Islandbridge, but failed to make it pay. It is alluded to by Newburgh in the lines:—

> "In brewer's grains you gold can find—
> To all such treasure I am blind."

When, later in life, he competed for the Royal Dublin Society's premium for the best barrel of ale, and failed to obtain it, his contemporaries suggested that he consoled himself by philosophically and courageously drinking his own brew. One of his pet projects was to reclaim the bogs of Ireland, to drain them thoroughly and cultivate the land, and to plant vineyards on such parts as seemed suitable. He strongly advocated the culture of the vine in Ireland, and was laughed at for his pains. Yet an Italian visitor to Ireland not long since informed the Press that some parts of Ireland are eminently suitable for vine

culture. Pockrich wrote pamphlets in support of his theories, and tried to interest Parliament and the public in them without success. He spent a large sum of money in raising geese on several thousand acres of barren mountainous land in the heart of Wicklow, and declared that if properly encouraged he could supply the whole of the markets of Ireland, Great Britain, and France. Newburgh dismisses his project of reclaiming the bogs in these lines:—

"You think Peru lies in a bog,
I nought see there but heath and fog.
. . . . .
Let sons of Ease enjoy the shade,
The heaven their indolence has made—
Thy cares ne'er droop ; o'er public good
Thy hopes, thy fears, thy schemes still brood ;
Methinks, thy labors to beguile,
The barren plains of Allen smile ;
Where shook the trembling bog, behold
The verdant lawns new scenes unfold ;
Or where the wandering shepherd strayed
Expands the gay enameled mead.
. . . . .
These spongy fens, now firm, produce
The grain or grape's enlivening juice."

There can be little doubt that Pockrich had some extravagant beliefs, for he was something of an astrologer, and talked of building an observatory on one of the Wicklow hills for astrological purposes. To these several ideas of his Newburgh devotes the following lines:—

"From humbler sounds that soothe our ears,
You seek the music of the spheres ;
When, far from ken of human sight,
You seek some mountain's aery height,
Wrapt in the clouds, you there survey
A boundless tract of land and sea—
Or with a leveled tube from far
Descry a bog in every star,
Or else, to human cares descending,
You read those fates you still are mending.
. . . . . .
His numerous flocks the Bard next sees—
Not flocks of sheep, but flocks of geese :
As geese by cackling saved a state,[1]

[1]The cackling of the Roman geese, which alarmed the citizens when the Capitol was attacked.

So grazing geese may mend thy fate.
See ! the vast mountains and the rocks
Now covered o'er with cackling flocks ;
Nor less in number than those bands
That once o'erspread the Grecian sands." [1]

He had excellent musical ideas, however, and saw, long before any one else, the potentialities of the drum. He planned an orchestra of drums, twenty in number, varying in size and tone, from the smallest trebles to the bass tones, which were to be placed in a circle, and to be played by one person, who was to stand in the center and strike the drums as required. Newburgh mentions the project in the lines:—

"In thunder next you strike mine ear,
When from the drum's tumultuous sound,
You deal your martial thumps around.
In softer strains my ears delight,
Nor choose a drum but when I fight."

After spending both money and time upon the invention, he turned to another project—this time a humanitarian one. He proposed to build unsinkable ships of metal for the maritime powers, and to supply each man-of-war with five hundred tin boats which, he contended, would float under any or all circumstances, and would prove invaluable in cases of shipwreck or collision. Newburgh, however, was one of the unconvinced and says:—

"My friend, who dreads the boisterous main,
Inglorious seeks the rural plain."

He was equally skeptical as to the sanity of another of Pockrich's plans, which was to provide every one with a pair of wings for flying. Our inventor firmly held that the day would come—and soon, if he obtained the necessary capital—when men and women would never dream of walking; when as Newburgh says, "it might be as common for men to call for their wings as now for their boots," and (in Moore's words)—

"When pleasure began to grow dull in the East,
Could order their wings and be off to the West."

[1] Alluding to Xerxes' invasion of Greece with three million of gees , as recorded by Herodotus.

Newburgh's references to this (at the time) amazing suggestion is contained in the lines—

> "You wing your daring flight,
> And range the azure fields of light;
> My dastard soul, of humbler birth,
> Grovels contented here on earth."

Pockrich's unfortunate marriage in 1745[1] with a widow, whom he had been given to understand possessed much money, but who proved, apart from a small jointure of £200 ($1,000) a year, to be heavily in debt, was naturally made much fun of by the considerate wits of his day. The couplet—

> "From flights sublime in liquid air,
> Descending, you address the Fair,"

is that which opens Newburgh's allusion to the event which proved anything but "happy" for Pockrich. His wife eventually ran away with Theophilus Cibber, the theatrical celebrity, but the boat which carried them to Scotland was shipwrecked, and the elopers were lost with everybody else on board. This was in 1758, just a year before Pockrich's own tragic death. In 1745 he had endeavored to get into the Irish Parliament as a Member for Monaghan, but had failed. He contested Dublin in 1749, but, the political papers and humorous ballads addressed by him to the electors notwithstanding, again failed. That he had strong opinions upon financial matters seems clear from Newburgh's lines—

> "Hear him in Senates next dispense
> The nerves and force of eloquence!
> Or, god-like, raise the uplifted thunder
> 'Gainst pensioned knaves who nations plunder."

Pockrich believed fully in prophecy and in all kinds of charms, and was induced to put himself forward as a candidate for parliamentary honors by the following "facts," which, says Newburgh, were "not more frequently than solemnly related by Mr. Pockrich himself. He tells us, sitting one morning in an apartment in his brewery near Islandbridge, the doors of his house at that time being bolted and double-locked, he observed a very old woman

[1] I have recovered the record of his marriage, 23d April, 1745, with Margaret, widow of Francis White, Esq.

talking to his servant, the contents of which conversation were as follows:—The old woman inquires whether Captain Pockrich lived there. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replies, 'I am sorry to see a gentleman that once lived so well obliged to take up with so poor an habitation,' the house being at that time extremely ruinous and not inhabited for some years before. 'But, old as I am,' added the hag, 'I shall live to see the day when Mr. Pockrich shall enjoy the estate of his ancestors, be returned (as his father was before him) knight of the shire, and possess the first honors of his country.' Having said so much, she suddenly disappeared, the doors of the house still continuing double-locked and bolted.

"Some little time after, Mr. Pockrich, in a house he frequented, happens to meet with a man born deaf and dumb. The seer (for which he appears to have been) fixes his eyes for some time upon Mr. Pockrich, with a more than ordinary attention. Then, with a piece of chalk, delineates upon the wainscot the outlines of a magnificent fabric. Proceeding, he draws a coach with six horses and a numerous equipage, every now and then looking upon Mr. Pockrich, then pointing to the draft, as it were thereby appropriating these marks of grandeur to the person he had in his eye."

But the project of Pockrich which excited most comment was his plan for the transfusion of blood. He declared that he could, by connecting a sick person with a healthy one by a pipe or tube, so revive the former in improving his blood that death would be almost unknown. Hence the lines in 'Projector':

> "Pockrich shall live to see old Death
> Resign his pestilential breath."

Whereat the wags made merry, and it is alleged that many of the rectors, vicars, and incumbents of the country became seriously alarmed about the burial fees which made so large a part of their income, and joined with the heirs apparent and others who held reversions and remainders in petitioning Parliament against the impious plan. To mollify them, as the story goes, Pockrich agreed to accept a Government measure enabling them to realize after the relative or other person upon whom they had a claim should have reached the age of 999 years, when also burial

fees would be recoverable from Methusalahs. This sop, however, was not too well received by Cerberus.

Further discussion of our inventor's projects seems unnecessary. Among them was one for turning the Archbishop of Tuam's Palace at Mount Eccles "near Dublin into a Cake-House, and for that purpose treated with his Grace, to whom he made several presents of young pidgeons." He wanted to make an Irish Vauxhall of Mount Eccles, but the scheme never came to fruition. He did not hesitate to express his belief that "if he lived a few years he did not doubt to see every scheme, prediction, and prophecy of his brought to bear and fulfilled." Newburgh informs us that he was "in conversation a pleasant, jocular, and agreeable companion, and but seldom discovered any marks of an unsound mind." There is no question that Pockrich had his eccentricities—he was admittedly an old beau in dress, and endeavored, when well on in age, to pass as a young man. Just to add one more to the many proofs that there is nothing new under the sun—not even in toilette recipes, Newburgh's explanation of Pockrich's unwrinkled appearance may be quoted. It was due to the latter's recipe, which is taken from one of the notes to 'The Projector':—

> "Take common brown paper, steep it in vinegar, then apply it to the forehead, the skin about the eyes, or any other wrinkled part; let it lie on some time, every half hour renewing the application. The wrinkles not only disappear, but the cheeks glow with a vermeil that excels the power of paint. Mr. Pockrich has practiced his experiment for some years past with great success."

Evidently Pockrich was a man of unlimited resource. He had, among his many other peculiarities, a liking for religious disquisition. About 1745, when one Thomas Cynick, a new apostle (a native of Reading in Berkshire, and born in 1721), came to Dublin to convert the inhabitants to his own religious views, Pockrich was one of his early followers, a fact duly recorded by Newburgh:—

> "Oh! what convulsive pangs and throes
> Tend the new birth of battered beaus!
> From the raised tub, he hears the rant,
> The new, the moving, godly cant,
> The new, the pious consolation,
> That faith alone works out salvation."

After a few months in Dublin, the new reformer, Cynick, disappeared, after, as Newburgh suggests, fleecing his flock.

Pockrich's death was a sad and unexpected one. In the year 1759, being then upon one of his musical tours through England, he happened to be lodging at Hamlin's Coffee House, Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, London, when a disastrous fire—supposed to have originated in his own room, perhaps owing to some new experiment—broke out one night and destroyed several houses. The unfortunate musician was among those who perished in the flames. The *Gentleman's Magazine,* in its account of the affair, refers to him as "Mr. Pokeridge (*sic.*) who had invented a new kind of music upon glasses."

The *Lady's Magazine* for 1794 (p. 178), quoting from a 'Life of Dr. Franklin,' says:—"The tone produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger had been generally known. A Mr. Puckeridge, an Irishman, by placing on a table a number of glasses of different sizes, and tuning them by partly filling them with water, endeavored to form an instrument capable of playing tunes. He was prevented by an untimely end from bringing his invention to any degree of perfection. After his death some improvements were made upon his plan. The sweetness of the tone induced Dr. Franklin to make a variety of experiments, and he at length formed that elegant instrument, which he has called the *Armonica.*"

MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE (NANNIE LAMBERT).

MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE is the youngest child of the late Charles Lambert, Esq., Castle Ellen, Athenry, County Galway, and wife of Dr. Power O'Donoghue, Mus.B., F.S.A., etc. She is an excellent type of the bright, humorous, liberal-minded Irishwoman, of untiring energy and great natural ability. Her professional work as a journalist was begun on the *Lady's Pictorial* in 1881, and she is one of the hardest working and most prolific journalists of the day. She is a contributor to most of the leading English, and to some American and Colonial, periodicals. Mrs. O'Donoghue has written several successful novels, and works on horsemanship for ladies, which latter are accepted as standard authorities upon the subject. She illustrates her own books, speaks several languages, is a good pianist, vocalist, and harpist, has owned and trained several famous horses, and was a regular and fearless follower of the hounds until she met with a serious accident in the hunting-field a few years ago. She is a member of the Institute of Journalists.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile;
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies, and afternoon calls;
Sunning himself at "homes" and bazaars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done;
One who unblushingly glories to speak,
Things which should call up a blush to his cheek;
One who whilst railing at actions unjust
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun;
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no stain;
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold;
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide,
Trust in his character felt far and wide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

(1809—1861.)

The names of John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry are inseparably and enduringly connected with the history of Celtic scholarship. We have already told something of O'Curry's life and work.

John O'Donovan was born in the county of Kilkenny on July 9, 1809. He was educated in Dublin and became a proficient scholar in Latin, Greek, and Irish.

For some years he was employed in the Historical Department of the Ordnance Survey, reducing manuscripts to order and adding to his scanty income by writing articles on antiquarian subjects for the magazines.

In 1836 he was engaged in examining and cataloguing the Irish manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin. The principal publications of the Irish Archeological Society were edited by O'Donovan, the most important among them being 'The Battle of Magh Rath,' published in 1842; 'The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy-Fiarach,' 1843; and 'The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many,' 1844. In 1845 appeared his valuable 'Grammar of the Irish Language,' on which he was engaged at intervals for a number of years, Professor O'Curry and Dr. Todd assisting him in the compilation. In 1847 Mr. O'Donovan was called to the Irish bar. In the same year his 'Book of Rights' was published. This was a translation of the Irish Doomsday Book, which contained details connected with the government of Ireland in the tenth century. His greatest work, the editing and translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' next occupied his attention. The first portion of the work appeared in 1848, the remainder in 1851.

Dr. Douglas Hyde in his 'Literary History of Ireland' says it is "the greatest work that any modern Irish scholar ever accomplished. In it the Irish text with accurate English translation, and an enormous quantity of notes, topographical, genealogical, and historical, are given, and the whole is contained in seven great quarto volumes—a work of which any age or country might be proud. So long as Irish history exists, 'The Annals of the Four Masters' will be read in O'Donovan's translation, and the name of O'Donovan be inseparably connected with that of the O'Clerys." In acknowledgment of his great services to literature the Royal Irish Academy awarded Mr. O'Donovan the Cunningham Medal, which was the highest honor in its gift. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Trinity College, Dublin, and he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin. In conjunction with Professor O'Curry he was now employed on a translation of the 'Seanchus Mor (Ancient Laws of Ireland).'

This was commenced in 1853 and occupied several years. Dr. Douglas Hyde tells us that "before they died—which they did, unhappily, not long after they had begun this work—O'Donovan had transcribed 2,491 pages of text, of which he had accomplished a

preliminary translation in twelve manuscript volumes, while his fellow laborer, O'Curry, had transcribed 2,906 pages more, and had accomplished a tentative translation of them which filled thirteen volumes. Four large volumes of these laws have been already published, and two more have been these very many years in preparation, but have not as yet seen the light."

His latest work was a translation of the curious topographical poems written by John O'Dubhagain and Gillana-naomh O'Huidrin, in which the chief families and territories of Ireland in the fourteenth century were enumerated. To this work were prefixed several learned treatises on ancient Irish names, male and female Christian names, English names assumed by the native Irish, and the ancient names of tribes and territories in Ireland. This valuable work was published in 1862, with an index by Dr. Reeves. 'The Martyrology of Donegal,' translated from the Irish by Dr. O'Donovan and edited by Drs. Todd and Reeves, appeared in 1864.

In November, 1861, Dr. O'Donovan was prostrated by an attack of rheumatic fever, of which he died Dec. 9 of the same year.

FINNACHTA AND THE CLERICS.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

It was this Finnachta[1] that remitted the Borumha[2] to Moling after it had been levied during the reigns of forty kings previously, namely, from Tuathal Teachtmar to Finnachta. Moling came (as an ambassador) from all Leinster to request a remission of the Borumha from Finnachta. Moling asked of Finnachta to forgive the Borumha for a day and a night. This to Moling was the same as to forgive it forever, for there is not in time but day and night.

But Finnachta thought it was one (natural) day and night. Moling came forth before him, and said: "Thou hast given a respite respecting it for ever and yesterday." Moling promised heaven to Finnachta. But Finnachta conceived that Moling had deceived him, and he said to his people, "Go," said he, "in pursuit of this holy man, who has gone away from me, and say unto him that I have not given respite for the Borumha to him but for one day and for one night, for methinks the holy man has deceived me, for there is but one day and one night in the whole world." But when Moling knew that they were coming in pursuit of him, he ran actively and hastily till he reached his house, and the people of the king did not come up with him at all.

[1] *Finnachta*, King of Ireland, A.D. 678, reigned seven years.
[2] *Borumha*, the tax paid by Leinster to the King of Teamhair (Tara).

Others say that Moling brought a poem with him to Finnachta . . . (and this poem is written in the book called the Borumha). However, the Borumha was forgiven to Moling from that till judgment; and though Finnachta was sorry for it, he was not able to levy it, for it was for the sake of heaven he had remitted it. Et hoc est verius. (And this is true.)

In the fifteenth year from the year in which Finnachta had forgiven the Borumha, Adamnan came to Finnachta after Moling, and he sent a cleric of his people to Finnachta that he might come to converse with him. Finnachta was then playing chess.

"Come to converse with Adamnan," said the cleric. "I will not till this game is finished," said Finnachta.

The cleric returned to Adamnan and told him the answer of Finnachta. "Go thou to him, and say to him that I shall sing fifty psalms during that time, and that there is a psalm among that fifty in which I shall pray the Lord that a son or grandson of his, or a man of his name, may never assume the sovereignty of Erin."

The cleric accordingly went and told that to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice, but played at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnan, oh Finnachta," said the cleric. "I will not go," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished."

The cleric told this to Adamnan. "Say unto him," said Adamnan, "that I will sing fifty psalms, during that time, and that there is a psalm among the fifty in which I will ask and beseech the Lord to shorten his life for him."

The cleric told this to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice of it, but played away at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnan," said the cleric. "I will not," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished."

The cleric told to Adamnan the answer of Finnachta. "Go to him," said Adamnan, "and tell him that I will sing the third fifty psalms, and that there is a psalm in that fifty in which I will beseech the Lord that he may not obtain the kingdom of heaven."

The cleric came to Finnachta and told him this. When Finnachta heard this, he suddenly put away the chess from him, and he came to Adamnan. "What has brought thee

to me now, and why didst thou not come at the other messages?"

"What induced me to come," said Finnachta, "was the threats which thou didst hold forth to me, viz., that no son or grandson of mine should ever reign, and that no man of my name should ever assume the sovereignty of Erin, or that I should have shortness of life. I deemed these light; but when thou didst promise me to take away heaven from me, I then came suddenly, because I cannot endure this."

"Is it true," said Adamnan, "that the Borumha was remitted by thee for a day and a night to Moling?" "It is true," said Finnachta. "Thou hast been deceived," said Adamnan, "for this is the same as to remit it for ever." . . . After this Finnachta placed his head in the bosom of Adamnan, and he did penance in his presence, and Adamnan forgave him for the remission of the Borumha.

HOW FINNACHTA BECAME RICH.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

At first this Finnachta was poor and indigent. He had a house and a wife, but he had no property but one ox and one cow. On one occasion the King of Fera-Ros happened to wander and stray in the neighborhood of Finnachta's hut. There never was before a worse night than this for storm and snow and darkness, and the king and his wife, with their numerous people, were not able to reach the house which they desired to reach, in consequence of the intensity of the cold and the darkness; and their intention was to remain under the shelter of the trees.

But Finnachta heard them express these intentions; for they were not far from his hut at the time, and he came to meet them on the way, and said to them they had better come to his hut—such as it was—than to travel on that dark, stormy, cold night. And the king and his people said, "It is true it were better," said they, "and we are glad, indeed, that thou hast told us so." They afterwards came to his house, and the size of the house was greater than its

wealth. Finnachta, moreover, struck the ox on the head, and struck the cow on the head, and the king's own people actively and quickly prepared them on spit and in caldron, and they ate thereof till they were satiated.

They slept well afterwards till the morning came. The King of Fera-Ros said to his own wife, "Knowest thou not, O woman, that this house was at first poor, and that it is now poorer, the owner having killed his only cow and his only ox for us?" "This is indeed true," said the wife, "and it behoves us now to enrich it; whatever much or little thou wilt give to the man, I will give the same amount to his wife." "Good is what thou sayest," said the king. The king then gave a large herd of cows, and many pigs and sheep, with their herdsmen, to Finnachta; and the king's wife gave the same amount to the wife of Finnachta. They also gave them fine clothes, and good horses, and whatever they stood in need of in the world.

THE BATTLE OF ALMHAIN.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

[The site of this battle (fought in 722) is a celebrated hill about five miles to the north of the town of Kildare, now called Allen. The cause of the battle was the tribute which King Finnachta had remitted to Moling, who was Bishop of Ferns, A.D. 691 to 697. The Leinster men had not paid it, and King Ferghal collected a great army of the men of Meath, 21,000 strong, and met the Leinster men, who were only 9,000. The strange occurrences of the battle were as follows:—]

Long indeed was this muster of forces being carried on, for each man of Leth-Chiusm, which means the north half of Ireland, to whom the order came used to say: "If Donnbo[1] come on the hosting I will."

Now Donnbo was a widow's son of the Fera-Ros,[2] and he never went away from his mother's house for one day or one night, and there was not one in all Ireland of fairer

[1] *Donnbo.* No account of this personage is to be found in any other authority, and this legend in the old vellum book of Nehemias Mac Egan must be from a romantic tale now unknown.

[2] *Fera-Ros*, a tribe inhabiting the district round the present town of Carrickmacross.

countenance, or of better figure, form, or symmetry than he; there was not in all Ireland one more pleasant or entertaining, or one in the world who could repeat more amusing and royal stories than he; he was the best to harness horses, to set spears, to plait hair, and he was a man of royal intelligence in his countenance: of whom was said—

> "Fairer than sons was Donnbo,
> Sweeter his poems than all that mouths rehearse,
> Pleasanter than the youths of Innis-Fail,
> The brilliancy of his example took the multitude."

His mother did not permit Donnbo to go with Ferghal, until Mael-mic-Failbhe[1] was pledged for his return alive . . . safe to his own house from the province of Leinster.

King Ferghal proceeded upon his way. Guides went before him, but the guidance they afforded him was not good, through the narrowness of each road, and the ruggedness of each pass, until they reached Cluain-Dobhail,[2] at Almhain. And Aedhan the Leper of Cluain-Dobhail was there before them. The hosts ill-treated him; they killed his only cow, and roasted it on spits before his face, and they unroofed his house and burned it; and the Leper said that the vengeance which God would wreak on the Ui-Neill on his account would be an eternal vengeance; and the Leper came forward to the tent of Ferghal, where the kings of Leth-Chiusm were before him. The Leper complained of the injuries done him in their presence; but the heart of none of them was moved towards him, except the heart of Cubretan,[3] son of the king of Fera-Ros; and for this Cubretan had no reason to be sorry, for of all the kings who were in the tent, none escaped from the battle except Cubretan alone. Then Ferghal said to Donnbo, "Show amusement for us, O Donnbo, for thou are the best minstrel in Ireland at pipes, and trumpets, and harps, at the poems, and legends, and royal tales of Erin, for on to-morrow morning we shall give battle to the Leinster men."

"No," said Donnbo, "I am not able to amuse thee to-night, and I am not about to exhibit any one of these feats to-night; but wherever thou shalt be to-morrow, if I be

[1] *Mael-mic-Failbhe*, tenth abbot of Hy, a successor of Columbkill.
[2] *Cluain-Dobhail*. This name is now forgotten.
[3] *Cubretan* signifies dog or hero of Britain.

alive, I shall show amusement to thee. But let the royal clown Ua Maighleine [1] amuse thee this night."

The clown was afterwards brought to them, and he commenced narrating battles and valiant deeds. . . . On the following morning the battalions of both sides met. . . . The valorous deeds of the heroes of Leinster and Leth-Chiusm are very much spoken of. It is said that Saint Brigit was seen over the Leinster men; Colum Cille was seen over the Ui-Neill. The battle was gained by Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster. Ferghal himself was killed, and Aedh Menu (a prince of Leinster) slew Donnbo. . . . The clown was taken prisoner, and he was asked to give "a clown's shout," and he did so. Loud and melodious was that shout, so that the shout of Ua Maighleine has remained with the clowns of Erin from that day forth. . . . The clown's head was struck off. The reverberation of the clown's shout remained in the air for three days and three nights. From which comes the saying, "The shout of Ua Maighleine chasing the men in the bog."

It was at Condail [2] of the Kings the Leinster men were that night drinking wine and mead merrily and in high spirits after gaining the battle; and each of them was describing his prowess, and they were jolly and right merry. Then Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster, said:—

"I would give a chariot of [the value of] four cumhals, and my steed and battle dress, to the hero who would go to the field of slaughter, and would bring us a token from it."

"I will go," said Baethgalach, a hero of Munster. He puts on his dress of battle and combat, and arrived at the spot where the body of King Ferghal was, and he heard a noise in the air over his head, and he said on hearing it:

"All praise be to thee, O king of the seven heavens! Ye are amusing your lord to-night, namely, King Ferghal; though ye have all fallen here, both poets, pipers, trumpeters, and harpers, let not hatred or ability prevent you to-night from playing for Ferghal."

The young warrior then heard the most delightful and entrancing piping and music in the bunch of rushes next him, a Fenian melody sweeter than any music. The young warrior went towards it.

[1] *Ua Maighleine.* He is not mentioned in any other known annals.

[2] *Condail*, now Old Connell, in County Kildare, about five miles east of the Hill of Allen.

"Do not come near me," said a head to him.

"I ask who art thou?" said the young warrior.

"I am the head of Donnbo," said the head; "and I made a compact last night that I would amuse the king to-night, and do not annoy me."

"Which is the body of Ferghal here?" said the young warrior.

"Thou mayest observe it yonder," said the head.

"Shall I take thee away," said the young warrior; "thou art the dearest to me."

"Bring me," said the head; "but may the grace of God be on thy head if thou bring me to my body again." [1]

"I will, indeed," said the young warrior.

And the young warrior returned with the head to Condail the same night, and he found the Leinster men drinking there on his arrival.

"Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said Murchadh.

"I have," replied the young warrior, "the head of Donnbo."

"Place it on yonder post," said Murchadh, and the whole host knew it to be the head of Donnbo, and they all said:—

"Pity that this fate awaited thee, O Donnbo! fair was thy countenance; amuse us to-night as thou didst thy lord last night."

His face was turned, and he raised a most piteous strain in their presence, so that they were all wailing and lamenting! The same warrior conveyed the head to its body, as he had promised, and he fixed it on the neck (to which it instantly adhered), and Donnbo started into life. In a word Donnbo reached the house of his mother. The three wonders [2] of this battle were: The coming of Donnbo home to his house alive in consequence of the pledged word of the abbot of Hy, and the shout of the clown which remained reverberating three days and three nights in the air, and nine thousand prevailing over twenty-one thousand.

[1] "If thou art minded to bring me at all, find my body and bring my head and body together."

[2] Three wonders are usually introduced into Irish romantic stories.

CHARLES O'FLAHERTY.

(1794—1828.)

CHARLES O'FLAHERTY, who is chiefly remembered as the author of the famous song 'The Humors of Donnybrook Fair,' was born in 1794, in Dublin, where his father was a pawnbroker. He was apprenticed to a bookseller; eventually, however, he turned to journalism. He was on the staff of the Dublin *Morning Post*, and afterward edited *The Wexford Evening Post*. He died in May, 1828. He published 'Poems,' 'Poems and Songs,' and 'Trifles in Poetry,' in which the song referred to, often attributed to Lysaght, is to be found.

THE HUMORS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Oh! 't was Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg,
That could properly handle a twig.
He went to the Fair,
And kicked up a dust there,
In dancing the Donnybrook Jig,
With his twig.
Oh! my blessing to Dermot McFigg!

When he came to the midst of the Fair,
He was *all in a paugh*[1] for fresh air,
For the Fair very soon
Was as full as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
Oh! rare.
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

The souls they came crowding in fast,
To dance while the leather would last,
For the Thomas Street brogue
Was there much in vogue,
And oft with a brogue the joke passed,
Quite fast,
While the Cash and the Whisky did last!

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went;
Peeped in here and there,
As he walked thro' the Fair,

[1] *Paugh*, a fit.

And took a small taste in each tent,
As he went.
Och! on Whisky and Love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a Meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate
So gay and so neat;
Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
The pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig!

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate;
"Arrah! Katty," says he,
"My own Cushlamachree,
Sure the world for Beauty you beat,
Complete,
So we 'll just take a dance while we wait!"

The Piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
Until an arch wag
Cut a hole in his bag,
And at once put an end to the tune
Too soon.
Oh! the music flew up to the moon!

To the Fiddler says Dermot McFigg,
"If you 'll please to play 'Sheela na gig,'
We 'll shake a loose toe
While you humor the bow.
To be sure you must warm the wig
Of McFigg,
While he 's dancing a neat Irish jig!"

But says Katty, the darling, says she,
"If you 'll only just listen to me,
It 's myself that will show
Billy can't be your foe,
Tho' he fought for his Cousin, that 's me,"
Says she,
"For sure Billy 's related to me!

"For my own cousin-german, Ann Wilde,
Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,

And Biddy's step-son,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's whey in sweet Dundrum town.
'T was her uncle's half-brother
That married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown,
To go down,
When the marriage was held in Miltown!"

"By the Powers, then," says Dermot, "'t is plain,
Like a son of that rapscallion Cain,
My best friend I 've kilt,
Tho' no blood it is spilt,
And the devil a harm did I mean,
That 's plain,
But by me he 'll be ne'er kilt again!"

Then the Meal-man forgave him the blow,
That laid him a-sprawling so low,
And being quite gay,
Asked them both to the play,
But Katty, being bashful, said "No,"
"No!" "No!"
Yet he treated them all to the show!

RODERIC O'FLAHERTY.

(1628—1718.)

Roderic O'Flaherty was born at Park, near Galway, in the year 1628 ; his father was principal proprietor of the barony of Moycullen. In 1630 after the death of his father he was declared a king's ward—*i.e.* a ward in Chancery. Before he became of age King Charles I. had been beheaded, the Cromwellian wars had spread into Connaught, and he had retired to Sligo for shelter from the storm. There he met Duald MacFirbis, with whom he studied the Irish language and literature.

After the Restoration he returned to Galway to find the lands of his family in the possession of one Martin, or "Nimble Dick Martin," as he was called. After long years he succeeded in ejecting the usurper and regaining possession. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance of John Lynch, author of 'Cambrensis Eversus,' who induced him to undertake his great work 'Ogygia.' This was completed about 1665, but it did not appear in print till 1684, when it was issued in the original Latin. It was afterward translated into English by J. Hely and published in Dublin in 1693. Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate of Scotland, strove to make light of its authority, and O'Flaherty published in 1695 his 'Ogygia Vindicæ.' In his later years he was in miserable condition, though proud-spirited and fond of his studies. The last of the ancient race of Irish historians and chronologers, he died in 1718.

In addition to his 'Ogygia' and 'Ogygia Vindicæ,' O'Flaherty wrote 'A Chronographical Description of West or H-Iar Connaught, Ogygia Christianæ,' which it is feared is lost, and several smaller pieces, the very names of which have perished.

Although the writings of O'Flaherty are full of interesting and curious lore, they are so mixed up with imaginative stories, and he was so little of a discriminating antiquarian, that they cannot be accepted as having any actual historical value.

For example, it is doubtless true that when he wrote red deer were numerous in Ireland ; and it may be true that the phantom island of Hy-Brasil, marked on many old charts as near the west coast of Ireland, was in his time "often visible" ; but it is a great deal more likely that the view of "the shadowy Isle" is to be classed with "the fantastical ships in the harbor of Galway sailing against the wind," which was doubtless a mirage, if we may judge from his own description.

His circumstantial story of "an Irish crocodile, that lived at the bottom of Lough Mask," does not inspire the reader with confidence in his scientific accuracy, or prepare one to accept the mixture of history and legend which he calls the 'Ogygia.' He tells us that Ireland has been called the ancient Ogygia by Plutarch, "because," says he, "they begin their histories from most profound memory of antiquity."

The 'Ogygia,' so called because this was supposed, on the afore-



THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

named authority, to be the ancient name of Ireland, is a most extraordinary *pasticcio*, compiled from Persian, Grecian, Roman and Mosaic history. O'Flaherty commences the Milesian history 1015 years before the Christian era, and writes a poem called a chronographical poem, in which he says, "From the creation of the world my Ogygian poem shall commence." He brings the poem to a conclusion thus: "God, the author of the universe, at whose pleasure Ogygia will stand or fall, will unravel the secrets of futurity," ending his story in the reign of Charles II., in the year 1684.

THE LIA FAIL; OR, JACOB'S STONE.

From Part I. of 'Ogygia.'

There is at this day, in the royal throne at Westminster, a stone called in English Jacob's Stone, from the patriarch Jacob (I know not why so termed). On this monument the kings of Ireland formerly, in a solemn manner, took the omens of their investiture. There is an old tradition, confirmed by many ancient historians, that it was called fatal for this reason, because the princes of the blood royal, in the times of paganism, standing on it, would usually try who should reign; if it would make a noise under the person who sat on it, it was an infallible sign of his accession to the crown; but if it proved silent it precluded him from any hopes.

Since the incarnation of our blessed Lord it has produced no such oracle. Authors have made mention of a vocal stone which was in a statue of an Egyptian king, afterwards broken by Cambyses to the middle of the breast. And you can see in Eusebius of the delusive oracles of the globe that were suppressed and silenced since the birth of Christ. And by Suidas, in 'Augustus,' and Nicephorus Calistus, in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' another power is ascribed to this fatal stone, in the following distich, which Hector Boethius quotes:—

> "Else fates belied, or where this stone is found,
> A prince of Scotic race shall there be crowned."[1]

The time that it came from Ireland into the possession of the Scots of Britain cannot be ascertained; but I may

[1] Tradition says that in the year 513 Fergus, a prince of the royal line, having obtained the Scottish throne, procured the use of this stone for his coronation at Dunstaffnage.

be allowed to conjecture it was in the reign of King Kineth (A. D. 850), who conquered and subjected to the empire of the Scots the Pictish nation, and deposited that stone in the abbey at Scone, in the country of the Picts, where he transferred the palace; and it was very proably transmitted by Aid Finlaith, the son-in-law of Kineth, who was afterwards King of Ireland, as an auspicious omen.

Edward I., king of England, marching through Scotland in 1296 with a victorious army, translated it to London. The augury of this stone was exploded and disused for the space of three hundred years until King James VI. of Scotland, the 25th of July, 1603, was anointed King of Great Britain, France and Ireland on it; and after him his son, in the year 1625; and his grandson (now reigning), the 23d of April, 1661, were crowned on it. There is no other manner of inauguration with some of the northern nations, than unanimously to constitute the kings elect, lifted upon a stone, with all possible acclamations and demonstrations of joy, as Saxo Grammaticus and others relate.

THE IDOLATRY OF THE IRISH.

From Part II. of 'Ogygia.'

The most celebrated of the ancient oracles with us, beside the fatal stone now in the throne at Westminster, was Cromcruach; and Clochoir (that is a golden stone) from which Clogher, a bishop's see, has taken its name, in Orgialla, where an idol made of a golden stone used to give responses. "This stone," says Cathald Maguire, canon of Armagh, "is preserved at Clogher, at the right side of the church, which the Gentiles covered with gold, because in that they worshiped the principal idol of the northern parts called Hermann Kelstach."

The idol Cromcruach, to whom King Tigernas, with all his people, devoted his life, was the prince of all the idols of the country, and had his station, till the subversion of idolatry in Ireland by St. Patrick, in the plains of Moyleuct, which the kings and nobility of the kingdom adored with the highest veneration, and with peculiar rites and

sacrifices; "because a foolish, ignorant, and superstitious people who worshiped him imagined he gave answers," as Jocelyn says, concerning the fall and destruction of this god.

The author of the seventh life of St. Patrick thus says in Colgan: "It was an idol embossed with gold and silver, and had ranged on either side of it twelve brazen statues of less distinction. For thus the delusive Lucifer devised it, and suggested to his blind and infatuated worshipers, that he might receive the same adorations and honor on earth which should be poured forth to the Son of God and his apostles. But this usurping miscreant, not by any means an object of compassion, was subdued by the servant of the living God; and was publicly disrobed and divested of these honors which he had contaminated by usurpation, and at length tumbled to the earth with confusion from his elevated station. For when Patrick saw at a distance the idol standing near the river Guthard, and as he was approaching, threatened to strike him with the staff of Jesus, which he had in his hand, the statue began to fall down to the right, towards the west; it had its face turned to Temoria, and had the impression of the staff in its left side, though the staff did not touch it, nor did it even leave the hand of the man of God.

"The other twelve smaller statues were swallowed up in the earth to their necks, and their heads are to be seen yet as a lasting memorial of this prodigy, just over ground. He then commanded the devil, that leaving the statue he should appear visibly to them in his own shape, and called King Laogar, his nobility and subjects, to show them what a monster they adored. In this conflict of the holy man with the father of deceit a button happened to fall out of his coat, which, when he found in heath, they took care to have the heath pulled up, in which place, to this very day, that ground is free from heath, and is seen quite bare, producing nothing in the midst of the heath:" so far from Colgan.

In commemoration of this memorable annihilation of idolatry, I believe the last Sunday in summer is, by a solemn custom, dedicated through Ireland, which they commonly call Donmach Cromduibh, that is, the Sunday of Black Crom; I suppose on account of the horrid and

deformed appearance of this horrible specter; others, with more propriety, call it St. Patrick's Sunday, in regard to this conquest over Satan. . . .

I find no vestiges of Jove, or of any other god, whom other nations worshiped, among our pagan ancestors. The names of three days of the week are called after the Moon, Mars, and Saturn, and (? but) I am of opinion that the cycles of the weeks have been introduced with the use of the Latin language, which was imported thither with the gospel. The two daughters of Laogar, king of Ireland, very great favorites with the Magi, while they lived with their foster-father, not far from Cruachan, the palace of Connaught, entered into a conversation with St. Patrick about God, according to the ideas they had imbibed of their own gods, not having mentioned one of their country deities. St. Patrick happened to be chanting his matins with three of his bishops and a great number of the clergy very early on a morning, at a fountain called Clabach, to the east of Cruachan, when the two princesses, at sunrise, came forth to wash their faces and view themselves in that fountain as in a mirror. Look back, you that are clothed in purple and pampered with the refined delicacies of luxuries quite unknown to the simplicity of ancient times, and behold the retired, unattended, but innocent walk of the royal ladies, in order to make use of this crystal fountain as a toilet to deck themselves. . . .

When the princesses saw these venerable gentlemen, clothed in white surplices, and holding books in their hands, astonished at their unusual dress and attitudes, they looked upon them to be the people Sidhe. The Irish call these Sidhe, aerial spirits or phantoms, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside. Saint Patrick, taking an opportunity of addressing the young ladies, introduced some divine topic which was concerning the existence of one God only.

When the elder sister in reply thus unembarrassed inquired: "Who is your God? and where doth he dwell? does he live in heaven, or under, or on the earth? or is his habitation in mountains, or in valleys, or in the sea, or in rivers? whether has he sons remarkable for their beauty, and are his daughters handsome and more beautiful than

the daughters of this world? are many employed about the education of his son? is he opulent, and does his kingdom abound with a plenty of wealth and riches? in what mode of worship does he delight? whether is he decked in the bloom of youth, or is he bending under the weight of years? has he a life limited to a certain period, or is he immortal?" In which interrogations there was not a word of resemblance or comparison between the pagan gods Saturn, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Pallas, Juno, and the unknown divinity. Nor did she allude in her discourse to that Cromcruach, the principal god of our heathen deities, or to any of their attributes.

From whence we may infer that the divinities of the Irish were local ones, that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places. For as the pagan system of theology taught, "as souls were divided with mortals at their birth, so fatal genii presided over them, and that the eternal cause has distributed various guardians through all nations," and that these topical genii never went to other countries.

The flamens or priests of our heathen worship were Druids, whom the Latins commonly call Magi, because they understood magic. Druis, in Irish *Draoi,* is derived from the Greek words *drys, dryos,* that is an oak, or from the Celtic word *deru,* which imports the same, because they solemnized their superstitious rites in oak groves, or perhaps from the vocal oak groves of which we have spoken above. . . . They were held in the greatest esteem formerly in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. Some assert there was a college of Druids in Gaul before the year of the world 2187.

Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, has written a long treatise on them, from whom we have extracted what follows: "The Druids superintend divine worship, they order both public and private sacrifices, they explain articles of religion, they give a decisive opinion in all controversies, they appoint rewards and penalties; to be interdicted from attending their religious duties is the severest punishment. This is the mode of excommunication: they are enrolled in the number of the impious and abandoned, all desert them and shun their company and conversation, nor is equity or justice administered to them when they want it, neither is

any honor conferred on them. There is one who is invested with unlimited authority; he is elected by the suffrages of the Druids. Sometimes they have bloody engagements concerning the sovereignty. Their order was first invented in Britain, as it is supposed, and from thence transmitted into Gaul, and now those who wish to attain a perfect knowledge of their rules and customs go thither to study. The Druids are never engaged in military affairs, neither do they pay taxes as other subjects; they do not think it lawful to commit the principles of their system to writing, and they generally use the Greek language in other matters. They advance this particularly as a tenet of their doctrine, that souls do not perish, but after their separation from bodies pass into and animate other bodies, and by this belief they imagine they are inspired with and excited to virtuous and noble actions through a contempt of death. They dispute on many things concerning the heavenly bodies and their revolutions; of the form of the earth, of the nature of things, of the attributes and power of the gods, and they instruct the youth in these matters." The island Mona, divided by a narrow sea from Britain, and quite different from that Mona which is also called Menavia and Mann, situate between the northern parts of Britain and Ireland, was the ancient seat of the Druids in Britain. Now it is commonly called Anglesey, as if the island of the English, the capital of which is Beaumorris.

The Druids strenuously opposed the gospel in Ireland, and we are told they predicted the arrival St. Patrick in Ireland to the total destruction of their sect.

JAMES RODERICK O'FLANAGAN.

(1814 ——)

James Roderick O'Flanagan was born in Fermoy, Sept. 1, 1814, and was educated there. After a lengthened tour on the Continent he published his first work, 'Impressions at Home and Abroad,' 1837. In the following year he began practicing as a barrister. In 1845 Mr. O'Flanagan began contributing a series of articles to *The Dublin University Magazine* on 'Irish Rivers.' For several years he was a constant writer in various leading Irish periodicals, and was editor of *The Irish National Magazine*. In 1861 'The History of Dundalk' appeared, written in conjunction with the late John D'Alton. 'The Bar Life of O'Connell,' published in 1866, was well received by the public ; the author wrote from personal knowledge of his subject, and his narrative thus possesses a strong and living interest.

A sporting novel, 'Brian O'Ryan,' was his next work, followed by his most valuable contribution to Irish literature, 'The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland' (1870). These volumes embrace a period extending from the reign of Henry III. to the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. O'Flanagan's later work, 'The Irish Bar' (1878–9), is written in a bright, lively style, and shows no falling off either in the author's memory or in his powers of graphic description. 'The Munster Circuit' (1880) was favorably reviewed in *The Times ;* he also prepared a work entitled 'Anecdotes and Sketches of Prelates and Priests of Every Denomination.'

TRIED BY HIS PEERS.

From 'The Irish Bar.'

In the year 1738 a wild young nobleman, Lord Santry, with other young men of good family but disreputable conduct, were drinking at a rural tavern in the village of Palmerston, a few miles from Dublin. It was a fair day, and many persons were in and out of this tavern. Lord Santry had reached that stage of inebriety when good-humor ceases and a disposition to grow quarrelsome prevails. He had taken the "cross drop," and his companions, being indisposed to tolerate his ill-humor, dropped off one by one. Lord Santry then expended his wrath upon a man named Humphreys, and, as it was the custom for gentlemen at this time to wear rapiers, he proceeded to unsheath his rapier; but it stuck fast in the scabbard, and, happily for Humphreys, his lordship failed in his efforts to

draw. In a violent rage at this circumstance, Lord Santry left the room, and proceeded along a passage leading to the kitchen. While here he unfortunately met a man named Laughlin Murphy, who was usually employed as pot-boy and messenger. Finding Murphy in his way, Lord Santry gave him a push, and swore that "he would kill him if he spoke a word." Murphy made some reply, on hearing which the excited peer kept to his rash oath, for tugging at his sword, he unsheathed it and plunged it into Murphy's body. The wounded man instantly exclaimed, "I 'm killed!" No attempt seems to have been made to take the drunken peer into custody. He gave a four-pound piece of gold to the landlord of the tavern as recompense for the wound he inflicted on Murphy, and went away. The victim of his intemperance lingered from the 9th August to the 25th of September, 1738, when he died in Dublin, in a small lane called Hammond's Lane.

The law officers at that time were Robert Jocelyn, Attorney-General, and John Bowes, Solicitor-General. They took prompt steps to bring the offender to the bar of justice. He was arrested and indicted for murder. A true bill being found by the Grand Jury of the County of Dublin, a writ of *certiorari* was applied for and granted, removing the trial from the Court of King's Bench to the House of Lords, in order that the prisoner should be tried by his Peers.

There was a great bustle and flocking of individuals to the Parliament House on College Green on the morning of the 27th April, 1739, the day fixed for the trial of Lord Santry. Soldiers in uniform, civilians in their best attire, the battle-axe guards in their full equipments, all thronged the avenues to the Parliament House. There was a strong body of the city constables present, and, as the trial was fixed to take place at an early hour, the city was astir from daybreak. Troops lined the streets as early as seven o'clock, and at half-past seven the noble prisoner, only twenty-nine years of age, was conveyed in a coach, in the custody of the High Sheriff of Dublin, to the court wherein he was to be tried. The House of Commons, affording more space than the House of Lords, was fitted up for this solemn investigation. The Peers were not so prompt in going forth as the citizens. The Lord High

Steward was the Chancellor Lord Wyndham, and he held a levee in his mansion in St. Stephen's Green on that morning, at which the judges in their ermine, the King-of-Arms in his robes, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Sergeant-at-Arms attended. These high dignitaries escorted the Lord High Steward in his progress to preside at the trial. On this occasion, the *Black* Rod was changed for a *white* one, and the Sergeant-at-Arms bore a mace.

The chronicles of the time give a full account of the solemn procession. They tell us of the state observed—how twelve gentlemen led the way, marching bareheaded, two and two; then followed the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace and the seal-bearer with the purse, also uncovered; then his Grace the Lord High Steward, in gorgeous robes, and his train-bearers, with Ulster King of Arms on his right, and the Usher of the Black Rod bearing the white wand of the Lord High Steward on his left. Then followed the chief and puisne judges, in scarlet and ermine. The gorgeous if cumbrous coaches, chiefly drawn by six horses, conveyed their "potent, grave, and reverend signors" to the Parliament House. They were met by four Sergeants with maces, and, on entering the High Court of Parliament, found the Peers already assembled. A chair of state, raised higher than those of other Peers, and surmounted by a rich canopy, was prepared for the Lord High Steward. Lord Wyndham bowed right and left as he proceeded to his place. The purse was laid on a small table beside him, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the mace, took his place near the table.

The proceedings were opened by the Clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench opening the Court, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery bearing the Commission from his Majesty, empowering the Lord High Steward to preside. These officials made their bows, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, having called aloud, "Oyez!" three times, the Clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench read the Commission: the Lords standing uncovered while it was reading. After an amount of bowing and reverences which it is unnecessary to relate, the Peers took their seats according to their respective rank. The indictment being read, the Clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner to plead, which he did by "Not guilty." He was then asked how he would be tried,

to which he answered, "By God and my Peers." Then the Lord High Steward gave him in charge of the Peers, and Robert Jocelyn, the Attorney-General, stated the case for the prosecution as I have already mentioned. The defense was "that the death of Murphy was not caused by the stab, but by a disease of long standing." But the masterly speech of the Solicitor-General (Bowes) fully answered this by showing that it was solely owing to the blow inflicted by the prisoner the deceased owed his death, and the disease under which it was alleged Murphy labored would not have caused his death had not the sword of the prisoner entered Murphy's body. One of the spiritual Peers, Dr. Randle, Bishop of Derry, in a letter to a friend thus refers to the trial:—

"Poor Lord Santry was tried on Friday by his Peers. I never beheld a sight so awful and majestic and dreadfully beautiful in my life; and nothing was ever performed with such solemnity, silence, and dignity before in any country. The finest room in Europe filled with the nobility and gentry of the whole kingdom, and both sexes; the High Steward, every one of the judges, the Lords, the triers, and the noble prisoner—young and handsome, most decent in his behavior, and with a becoming fortitude in his speaking—could not but compose the most affecting scene. All were so attentive that silence was not once proclaimed. The King's Counsel did admirably, but Bowes (the Solicitor-General) had an opportunity to show himself to the highest advantage. I always thought him an admirable speaker, but never imagined him half so great a man as I do at present, though I always loved and esteemed him. He did not use one severe word against the unhappy Lord, nor omitted one severe observation that truth could dictate. I never heard, never read so perfect a piece of eloquence. Its beauty rose from true simplicity and unaffected ornament; from the strength and light of his reason, the fairness, and candor, and good nature of his heart; from the order and disposition of what he said, the elegance and fullness of his expressions, the shortness and propriety of his reflections, the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his elocution. They were all wonderful indeed, and even those who were concerned and grieved were charmed with his most masterly performance. But

if they did well, I think the counsel for the prisoner acted detestably. They only prompted him to ask a few treacherous questions, and spake not one word in his favor, though I have the vanity almost to think I could have offered a point of law that would have bid fair to save him.

"When the twenty-three Peers returned to give their opinion, their countenances astonished the whole House; and all knew, from the horror of their eyes and the paleness of their looks, how they were agitated within before they answered the dread question, 'Guilty, upon my honor;' and he was so, most certainly, according to law; nor could they, perhaps, have brought in their dreadful verdict otherwise. The Bishop blamed the surgeon who attended the deceased. Instead of sending him to an hospital, he kept the wounded man in a miserable room, damp, and his bed a mere litter of straw, without the commonest necessaries for comfort. According to the Bishop's notion, the surgeon caused the man's death, and this probably was the point he thought could be urged, and a very fair one if it was. I remember the late George Bennett, Crown prosecutor on the Munster circuit, used sometimes to raise a laugh at a medical witness in a case of death by his interrogation, 'Well, doctor, you attended the deceased?' 'Yes.' '*And he died accordingly.*'"

There was a strong hope of a reprieve for Lord Santry. The Bishop says, "It is the King's office and delightful prerogative to show mercy. May he do so now! What a constitution do we live under, when the blood of the meanest of the King's subjects shall be required from one of the highest. The prisoner behaves, since his condemnation, in a manner which makes people speak of him with double pity. Even the poor in the streets weep for him. His former character, it is confessed, was bad; this will make him a new man, this will purge his heart from every folly—a successful though dreadful medicine—if he survives it."

The powerful interest put forth in his case was successful. The Viceroy, Duke of Devonshire, and all the Peers who were connected with the Santry family, used their entreaties, and obtained first a reprieve, and finally a pardon.

But the pardon was not easily obtained. It is generally attributed to a threat of Lord Santry's uncle, Sir Comp-

ton Domville, proprietor of Templeogue, near Dublin. The river Dodder was then the chief supply of water for the use of the citizens, as the Vartry is now; and, when there was a refusal to spare the prisoner's life, it is said, his uncle expressed his determination to divert the stream of the Dodder from the city, unless Lord Santry's life was spared: that to avoid this calamity, the prisoner was allowed to escape, which he did, into Italy, where he died.

The next trial of a Peer took place only a few years later. It was also an indictment for murder. Nicholas, fifth Viscount Netterville, was arraigned before the Lords of Ireland for the murder of one Michael Walsh, in the county of Meath. The trial took place in 1743, when Lord Jocelyn (Lord Chancellor) presided as Lord High Steward. The counsel for the Crown were the Prime Serjeant Anthony Malone Bowes, the Attorney-General, and St. George Caulfield, Solicitor-General. As spiritual Peers were not entitled to interfere in criminal trials, leave was given them to remain away. The same ceremonies as those observed in the case of Lord Santry were used, but the case fell to the ground. Two principal witnesses had died since making their depositions, and their depositions could not be read in evidence. So when the Lord High Steward put the question, "Whether Nicholas, Lord Viscount Netterville, is guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" each peer being called *seriatim*, beginning with the last created Baron, declared, upon his honor—standing in his place uncovered—and laying his right hand on his breast, that "Lord Netterville is not guilty."

Thereupon the Lord High Steward broke his white wand, and adjourned the House.

HARRY DEANE GRADY.

From 'The Irish Bar.'

Among the most eminent Irish Nisi Prius lawyers of the earlier portion of the present century, was Harry Deane Grady. He was a native of the county of Limerick, and was fitted by nature as well as by profession for the Bar.

In stature he was short and stout, with a face indicative of shrewd wit and caustic humor. His voice was loud, and he possessed a robust sort of phraseology which smacked more of the *fortiter in modis* than the *suaviter in re.* He had been elected one of the members for Limerick in the Irish House of Commons, and soon became one of the Government's stanch supporters. When remonstrated with on going against the wishes of his constituents who were opposed to the Union, he very resolutely declared his ideas to be strongly in favor of that project, and hinted the Government had made it worth his while to vote for that measure.

"What!" cried his indignant remonstrator, "do you mean to sell your country?"

"Thank God," cried this pure patriot, "that I have a country to sell."

He was very coarse in his expressions, and when reminded that he owed his position to his constituents, he said, "I care nothing for my constituents, I get nothing good from them. Begad, if I only shake hands with them they give me the itch."

His bullying, bustling, browbeating manner was of great use in Nisi Prius cases, when rough work was to be done, and no one at the Bar could perform any sort of bullying better than Harry Deane Grady. His great delight was to encounter a really intelligent, but assumedly, obtuse Irish witness, when a trial of skill would take place, the astute counsel endeavoring to extract much in favor of his client, and the witness resolved to reveal but little. Grady would give the witness his own way at first, pretend to credit his statement, nay, encourage him with such words as "exactly," "just so," and thus leading the witness to suppose he had gained the victory, and triumphed over "the counselor," but all this time Grady was ingeniously weaving a net in which to ensnare his victim, and having obtained the requisite admissions, suddenly changed his tactics, and obliged the baffled witness to admit his story was a pure invention.

Grady exercised much influence in Court, by what he termed "his jury eye." His right eye was constantly used in winking at the jury when he wished them to note some particular answer from an adverse witness. Appearing

in Court one morning in rather depressed spirits, which, for one of his usual joyous temperment was very unusual, a sympathizing friend said,—

"Harry, are you unwell? You are not as lively as usual."

"How can I be, my dear fellow?" he answered.

"What 's the matter with you?"

"My *jury eye is out of order,*" was the reply.

But Harry Deane Grady's rough manner was not always successful. O'Connell could be rough when occasion required, but no one could be smoother, or use the blarney with more tact, when it was the fitter instrument to insure success. The following anecdote illustrates the difference between these two eminent barristers, in a very complete manner.

Shortly after joining the Munster Circuit, O'Connell was traveling with Harry Deane Grady. They shared in the expense of a chaise, and were posting from Cork to Dublin. Their route lay over the Kilworth mountains, then much frequented by highway robbers. While changing horses in Fermoy, a few miles at the south side of the Kilworth mountains, both gentlemen made the disagreeable discovery that though they had pistols, they had no powder, and their balls, therefore, were useless. While discussing the chance of getting any supply in the town—then a mere collection of huts—very unlike the bustling, prosperous, great military station it is at this moment, when the garrison is commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, where his Excellency the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is renting Carysville, close to the town, at £800 ($4,000) for a few months to enjoy the amusement of salmon fishing; where lords and ladies are thick as blackberries; and at present the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Cloyne and all the dignitaries of the diocese are assembled for the celebration of the High Mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Pius IX.

While Grady and O'Connell were regretting not having looked to their weapons before leaving Cork, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the martial sound of dragoons, with their long swords, saddles, and bridles attracted their attention.

"Hallo," cried O'Connell, "we 're in luck. Here is the escort of the judges, and we may be able to get a supply from them."

"That 's very likely," said Grady, as the corporal and four privates came from the stable, where they had left their chargers, and tramped as troopers do tramp into the hotel.

"I 'll go at once, and see what I can get," said Harry as he passed into the hall. He walked up to the corporal, and in his blunt way, said, "Soldier, will you sell me some powder?"

The corporal stood on his dignity. He eyed his interrogator very superciliously, as he replied, "I do not sell powder, sir."

"Then perhaps you 'd tell me where I could get some. Or you might buy it for me!"

"I am here on duty, and, besides, I do not know this place, sir," replied the dragoon.

Grady, somewhat crestfallen, returned to his companion, who overheard what passed through the open door.

"The dragoon is a sulky fellow," he said, "he would neither sell or buy for me!"

"Harry," replied Dan O'Connell, "you offended him by calling him a soldier, when he is a corporal. I 'll try my hand." O'Connell then went to the hall, and observed to the dragoon, who was looking rather ruefully at the downpour of rain then falling,—

"This is a heavy rain, sergeant. 'T is too bad, the judges do not get the yeomen or militia to escort them, without requiring the service of the regular troops."

"True enough, sir. It is harrassing duty such weather as this, but duty must be done."

"I hear a bad account of the road before me—these Kilworth mountains are said to harbor robbers. My pistols are useless, for, unfortunately I left Cork without procuring a supply of powder; could you procure me some and you 'd oblige me?"

"I shall be most happy to let you have what I hope may suffice for you, sir," replied the corporal, opening his cartouch-box. O'Connell produced his pistols, and the bore exactly corresponded with the cartridges of the dragoon.

"Take half-a-dozen cartridges, sir," said the man, "and I 'm glad to be able to oblige you."

"A glass of spirits and water will do you no harm this wet day," said O'Connell, and the dragoon drank his health, ere he resumed the saddle.

"Dan," cried Grady when O'Connell displayed his plentiful store of ammunition, "you 'll do—blarney for ever."

The course Harry Deane Grady had taken in supporting the Union caused him to be much censured by several influential persons in Limerick, who were opposed to that measure. They were resolved to express their disapproval, and having convened a meeting of the Limerick electors, deputed three to wait upon the place-hunting member. They consisted of a Protestant Bishop, suspected of democratic leanings, Dr. Cheyne, an eminent physician, and General Burgoyne, who had served in China. Harry listened very patiently, while they denounced his conduct in very severe terms, accusing him of injuring his country, deserting his duty, and betraying his constituents. These very serious charges were met by Harry with a bold denial.

"I did none of these crimes, my lord and gentlemen," he said. "I was opposed to the Union at first, but as soon as it was rightly explained to me,[1] I saw it was the greatest boon this country could receive, and I am satisfied my constituents will approve of my vote when I bring the case to their full knowledge."

"No, indeed!" was the response; "they all declare you have betrayed them."

"Nonsense, gentlemen—rank nonsense," cried the indomitable place-man; "you come between me and my constituents, and induce them to condemn me, on the *ipse dixit* of a republican parson, a quack doctor, and a battered old mandarin."

As the deputation felt Harry was getting personal, they bowed and withdrew.

When it suited his purpose to abuse, he spared no one. During a trial at the Limerick Assizes, his first cousin was a witness for the party opposed to his clients, and

[1] He was appointed a Commissioner of Revenue, with £1,200 ($6,000) a year.

Harry cross-examined him in a most unsparing and savage way. He did not rest there. When addressing the jury, in alluding to the evidence of this witness, he said, "This case is supported by evidence as disgraceful as ever came before a judge or jury; the plaintiff, not content with the most outrageous statement, supports it by placing this wretched creature on the table, for whom I can find no fitter appellation than his miserable jackall."

The gentleman thus publicly vituperated was of very haughty demeanor, and we can well imagine his feelings on being thus held up to public view by his own first cousin.

During the day, after leaving court, he saw Harry in one of the principal streets of Limerick, approaching with outstretched hand. When within a short distance,—

"My dear John," cried Harry, "I 'm heartily glad to see you."

"I wonder, sir," replied his cousin coldly, "you dare address me, after the gross insult you inflicted upon me this morning." He was about passing, when the cool counsel said,—

"Oh never mind that, John; that 's my trade, you know. I 'll dine with you to-day."

"If you go to my house, I 'll take care not to dine at home," was the reply.

"All the better," responded Harry; "in that case, I shall have Mary (his cousin's wife) all to myself."

Harry Deane Grady's daughters were very lovely, and most accomplished girls, and made brilliant marriages. Indeed, so many Peers were attracted by their fascinations to his residence at Dublin, it was called "The House of Lords." One daughter became Lady Muskerry, another Lady Masserene, another Lady Roche. He had a beautiful place near Stillorgan, and lived to an old age.

GEORGE OGLE.

(1742—1814)

GEORGE OGLE was born in Wexford, Oct. 14, 1742. His father was a scholar a clever translator of the classics, and a poet. George represented the county of Wexford in the Irish Parliament for twenty-eight years; in 1788 he became M.P. for Dublin, and was one of those who held out against the Union. He died on Aug. 10, 1814; there is a statue to him in St. Patrick's Cathedral by John Smyth.

Molly Astore,' Moore tells us in his Poems of Ireland,' was addressed to the Miss Moore whom the author afterward married. The song had an immense success, increased by the beauty of the Irish air to which it was sung—the same as Sheridan's 'Had I a Heart for Falsehood Framed' and Moore's 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.'

MAILLIGH MO STOIR.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, mo cailín og,*
'Si Mailligh mo stoir.[1]

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields—
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

[1] *Gramachree, ma colleen oge, Molly asthore*—"The love of my heart, my dear young girl is Molly, my treasure."

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
  Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
  Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I asked on earth—
  Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

O had I all the flocks that graze
  On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
  That yon green pasture fill—
With her I love I 'd gladly share
  My kine and fleecy store.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
  Sat courting on a bough;
I envied them their happiness,
  To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me was shown,
  But now, alas! 't is o'er.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
  Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
  'T will beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
  Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, mo cailín og,*
  'Si Mailligh mo stoir.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,—
  Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove
  On the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
  Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
  Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er—
Gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Woe is me, perhaps she 's gone
For ever and for ever!

BANISH SORROW.

Banish sorrow, grief 's a folly,
Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow;
Hence dull care and melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.
Bacchus empties all his treasure;
Comus gives us mirth and song;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 't is but a season;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let 's the present moment seize on;
Who knows what the next may bring?
All our days by mirth we measure;
Other wisdom we despise;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
To be happy 's to be wise.

Why should therefore care perplex us?
Why should we not merry be?
While we 're here, there 's nought to vex us,
Drinking sets from cares all free;
Let 's have drinking without measure;
Let 's have mirth while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
There 's no drinking in the grave.



STANDISH O'GRADY

STANDISH O'GRADY.

(1846——)

STANDISH O'GRADY was born in 1846 at Castletown, Berehaven, and was educated at Tipperary and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1868. He was called to the bar and practiced law for a time, but later devoted himself to literature. He is owner and editor of the *All-Ireland Review*, a literary weekly published in Ireland. His 'History of Ireland: Mythical Period' appeared in 1878; 'Toryism and the Tory Democracy' (London, 1886); 'The Crisis in Ireland' (Dublin, 1882); 'History of Ireland, Heroic Period' (2 volumes, Dublin, 1878–1880); perhaps his greatest work, now long out of print, a book which W. B. Yeats has stated "started us all; it started others too. Burne-Jones said to somebody, I forget who now, that it made an epoch in his life; and I remember hearing William Morris praise it also"—'Philosophical and Critical History of Ireland,' Volume I., all published (London, 1881); 'Cuculain,' a prose epic (London, 1882); 'Finn and his Companions' (London, 1892); 'Ulrick the Ready' (London, 1896); 'Red Hugh's Captivity' (London, 1889); 'The Bog of Stars' (London and Dublin, 1895); 'The Story of Ireland' (London, 1894); 'Loss of Du-Corrig' (London, 1894); 'Early Bardic Literature of Ireland' (Dublin, 1882); 'The Chain of Gold' (London, 1895); 'Pacata Hibernia,' by Thomas Stafford, edited by O'Grady, 2 volumes (London, 1896); 'In the Wake of King James' (London, 1897); 'The Coming of Cuculain' (London, 1894); 'All Ireland,' a volume of essays on Irish economic questions (Dublin, 1898); 'The Flight of the Eagle' (London, 1897) and 'In the Gates of the North' (Dublin, 1902).

Mr. O'Grady has been the lonely pioneer of many ideas in Ireland. The causes he has advocated have become successful, but he is never found among the rejoicing victors. He is always afar in some new field, advocating some unpopular cause, while he leaves to others the shouts of the crowd. His 'Bardic History of Ireland,' published when he was a young man, revealed to younger Irishmen for the first time with real dignity and literary power the great heroic world of the ancient Gael; and since that time one distinguished writer after another has gone into the same world and has popularized it, but none of them have quite the same morning wonder and freshness in their work as the pioneer.

Mr. O'Grady has been in many things the seer in Irish politics, and the union of class and class which seems possible now was urged by him with extraordinary eloquence at a time when to shoot on the one side, and to hang on the other, seemed almost the only possible policies of action. At present while everybody is urging on the creation of peasant proprietors, he is advocating some bewilder-

ing economic heresies which assuredly will take many years to become orthodox: but even in this later work, which many of his friends regret because it has withdrawn him too much from literature into journalism, there are sudden illuminations springing, like Ruskin's, from a perception of the eternal laws of human nature, which can never be for very long neglected by society without a bitter awakening and disappointment in the end.

Whilst these incursions into politics and economics, expressed in too hasty journalism, have lessened to some extent the quality of his work in pure literature, he will undoubtedly in any future history of the literature of Ireland occupy a notable place. For in spite of the lack of wide recognition, he has done work which is unequaled by that of any other Irish writer for its mingling of heroic fire and gentleness with a generosity of spirit which is much more evident in the bardic stories than in Irish life to-day. The 'Bardic History of Ireland,' and especially that portion of it which was published as 'The Epic of Cuculain,' will never be superseded by more learned renderings of the epical traditions clustering around the exploits of the Red Branch.

We have yet much to learn of the past, and there is an ample field for the poet, dramatist, and historian; but because nature never gifts two writers with the same qualities, it is vain to hope that any later writer will recreate for us the Champion of the Red Branch as O'Grady has done, or make the warrior seem almost a divine type, or remove from battle the lust of blood, as he has, until these conflicts of warriors seem not a warring upon flesh and blood, but the everlasting battle where the Clan Cailitan are the dark powers and Cuculain the spirit of redeeming light. We feel in the unendurable pathos of the story as O'Grady tells it, that Cuculain was in a dark age to the Celt what a greater spirit has been to humanity. He was the incarnation of their ideal, and if we analyze the lavish tenderness of the old bards to their hero, a tenderness which O'Grady has perfectly retained, it will be found at its root to have a purely spiritual quality akin to that we feel to Him who took the burden of the sins of the world upon Him, and came without the scepter and crown of divinity to a people who dwelt in darkness and who knew Him not.

It is this symbolism, which is, I think, the product of an unconsciously spiritual imagination, and not the result of a conscious art, that makes O'Grady apart from and above the English writers who have written of the legendary past. They are too much concerned with the adventures of the body, but with O'Grady every action of his hero, even when advancing to the battle, seems to be an adventure of the soul, and we are stirred as if we followed some noble conquest of darkness rather than the triumphs of man over man. Tennyson indeed has made his Arthur a symbol, but has done it so consciously that we wish for an actual person to speak, and the too evident allegory a little wearies us. O'Grady's Cuculain, more nobly conceived, and in a more epical spirit, as I think, is always a distinct human being, a demigod perhaps, but with a distinct personality, and with something too which, while never offending us with modernity, seems to show that the new

religion, which overturned the pagan world, has through O'Grady thrown back a reflected light on the greatest hero of pre-Christian days. O'Grady's finest achievement has been to rescue for us the great pagan virtues and to bring them with a living force into modern Ireland.

For these tales of the far past are not to be forgotten. They have been preserved for a hundred generations in the heart of the people because they had in them a core of eternal truth. Truth is not a thing of to-day or to-morrow. Beauty, heroism, and spirituality do not change like fashion, being the reflection of an unchanging spirit. The face of faces which looks at us through so many shifting shadows has never altered the form of its perfection since the face of man, made after its image, first looked back on its original :

> "For these red lips with all their mournful pride,
> Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam
> And Usna's children died."

These dreams, antiquities, traditions, once actual, living, and historical, have passed from the world of sense into the world of the soul in O'Grady's rendering of them, and time has taken away nothing from their power, nor made them more remote from sympathy, but has rather purified them by removing them from earth to heaven ; from things which the eye can see and the ear can hear, they have become what the heart ponders over ; and we have in O'Grady's tales of Cuculain the spiritual and heroic residue, the primitive grossness left out, the strength retained.

O'Grady is the direct representative to-day of the bards who delighted in the heroic life, while in W. B. Yeats is incarnated the spirit of those who sought for beauty and followed Niam across the mystic waters to the World of Immortal Youth. The latter writer with a greater art has not the epical spirit which informs O'Grady's best work, or the incomparable fire and energy which makes the sounding sentences of the epic of Cuculain rear themselves like giants from the page. Through this energy of conception O'Grady is frequently led into hasty writing and exaggerated metaphors, but, at its best, his style is beautiful in its simplicity. One of the best examples of this simplicity and directness is the episode of the Seven Ancients told in that charming little book 'Finn and his Companions.' No one who has ever read this can forget the story with its wonderful close, the noble tears of Finn, and the noble unconscious wonder of the old men. "Youth, they thought, hath many sorrows which old age cannot comprehend."

While it is by his renderings of the ancient stories that O'Grady will be rightly remembered, his books dealing with the Elizabethan period of Irish history should not be overlooked. The period hardly lends itself so well to his somewhat giantesque imagination as the older tales, but in one book, 'The Flight of the Eagle,' he has written the history of the captivity of Red Hugh with a singular intensity. His narrative, following history closely, is always vivid and is illuminated, like everything he writes, with flashes of poetic

beauty. One memorable chapter called 'Through the mountain gates of Ulster,' which is a passionate and romantic rhapsody over the famous legendary mountain Slieve Gullion, shows how, after all, it is the ancient world which inspires him; and because a mountain associated with that ancient world in tradition looms up before him, he must break away from his narrative to show that for him at least the ancient world and its divinities have not died. "Not yet lost, is their power to quicken, to exalt, to purify. Still they live and reign, and shall reign." O'Grady is a writer whose power over the imagination of his countrymen must grow. His best books are out of print, and he has been singularly unfortunate in most of his publishing, but nothing so fine in literature, with all its faults, as his best work can be allowed to die, and it is probably the next generation who will appreciate to the full the work of the man who above all others in Ireland has the true instinct of the heroic in life and in literature. "A. E."

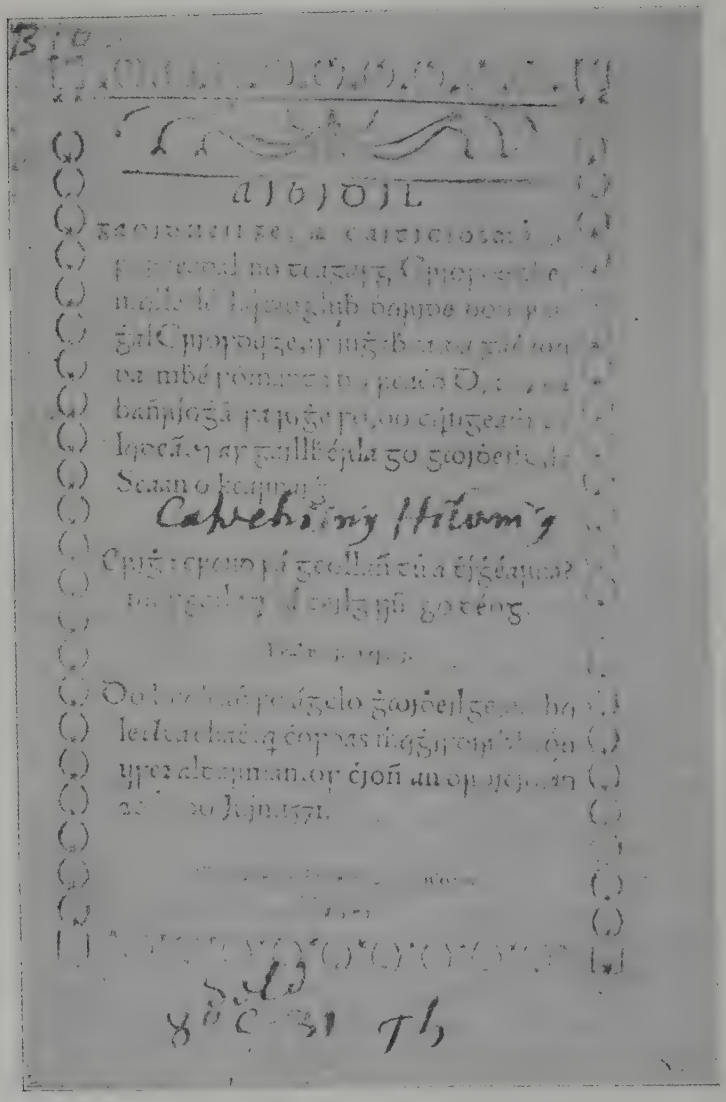
'PACATA HIBERNIA.'[1]

From the Preface.

'Pacata Hibernia' is one of the most interesting and important monuments of Anglo-Irish history; being the work of a man who himself participated in the events which he describes; and from his own point of view describes those events with great frankness. Yet its full historical value can only be appreciated by one who has also studied the State Papers, and reads it in the light which that study yields. The 'Pacata' embraces altogether only a period of less than three years, and is concerned only with events occurring in a single province—that of Munster. And yet, when rightly read, it will be found to throw much light upon all those convulsions, tumults, and rebellions with which Irish history in this century so teems.

It commences with the joint entrance of Lord Mountjoy upon the Viceroyalty of Ireland and Sir George Carew upon the Presidency of Munster in 1600, and ends with the suppression in 1603 of the Munster insurrection, which was excited by the landing of the Spaniards at Kinsale. But its atmosphere, unlike that of any modern book treating of the times, is the atmosphere of the age; in every sentence we breathe the air of the sixteenth century; we are in the presence of actualities, face to face with real and actual men, can almost hear them speak, and feel

[1] 'Pacata Hibernia,' vol. ii., edited by Standish O'Grady.



THE TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK THAT APPEARED IN IRELAND IN GAELIC

around us the play of the passions and the working of ideas and purposes so characteristic of that age, so foreign to our own. Such an experience must bring enlightenment. 'Pacata Hibernia,' once well read, is certain to produce a lasting effect upon the mind of the reader. The book deals with the stormy conclusion of a stormy century, the lurid sunset of one of the wildest epochs in our history.

Whence arose those cruel throes and unexampled convulsions, that agony of bloodshed, of wars and massacres, and ruthless devastation, extending with hardly a break over a lapse of time which embraced three generations of men? In 1172 the high king of all Ireland, the petty kings and the Church accepted Henry II. as their lord. Thenceforward for some two centuries the kings of England governed Ireland, so far as the feudal system, modified here by Irish manners and customs, permitted a country to be governed by its acknowledged ruler. This state of things, owing to a variety of causes, chiefly the terrible confusions wrought in Ireland by the two Bruces, Robert and Edward, was interrupted in the fourteenth century, and the authority of the kings of England as lords of Ireland reduced to the narrow dimensions of what is known as the Pale. Outside that small straggling and ever-shifting area the whole country was governed by independent Norman-Irish nobles and by Irish chieftains, who in their own language called themselves kings, and who in fact were kings.

So when the Tudor dynasty succeeded the Plantagenet, the kings of England, though titular lords of Ireland, were so only in name. In fact, at the commencement of the sixteenth century the Crown had hardly any power in Ireland. The country was governed by eight or ten lords, under whom were from sixty to eighty minor lords; dependent to some extent on the great ones, but practically independent within their own domains. Ireland was a nation of nations—the seat of nearly a hundred distinct governments. Even in the Pale the Crown only maintained itself by committing the Government to the head of one of the great families; usually the representative of the House of Kildare.

This was a state of things which could not last. So the Crown almost inevitably came into collision with the dynasts. The history of the century is the history of the wars

between the Crown and the great lords—always *Rex* or *Regina* versus *regulum* or *regulos*—though the great issue was complicated by many minor issues, and religion, too, and patriotism possibly helped to embroil the situation. The House of Kildare precipitated the controversy by seeking to wrest from Henry VIII. the government of the Pale, the only portion of Ireland which he even pretended to govern. In the collision that great house fell as ruinously as the House of Douglas fell before the King of Scotland, fell with a crash never to rise, and the noise of its great and quite unexpected downfalling shook Ireland. The chieftains perceived that a new power had arisen in Ireland; a power too to which they were aware, traditionally, that their allegiance was due. Rejoicing, they hastened to welcome it. In solemn parliament assembled they proclaimed their Lord Henry no longer Dominus Hiberniæ, but Rex, converting his shadowy lordship into an actual sovereignty. They swore themselves the King's men, accepted State titles at his hands, undertook to pay royal rents to keep his peace and follow his war, "rising-out" with foot and horse to all his occasions.

From the consequences of that solemn act neither they nor their successors, however they may have repented it, were ever able to shake themselves free. Thenceforward Ireland looked to the Crown as the lawful center of order and authority and the fountain of honor. As for the chieftains, they still remained virtually kings, each man governing his own people, and with a gallows on his lawn to enforce observance of his will.

Now, obviously, this state of things, so highly obnoxious to the genius of the century, could only be temporary and transitional. In one way or another it was necessary that this host of petty kings should be converted into ruled subjects, and, no other center of authority showing itself, all those converging forces which were compelling the race towards unity, internal peace, and all those institutions, good and bad, which we collectively sum up under the term "civilization," rallied round the power which the chieftains themselves had so solemnly acknowledged. A masterful king like Henry, endowed with a certain degree of common sense and a certain manly sympathy with men, might have guided the country bloodlessly through the

great social and political revolution which was now inevitable, and the outcome of which could have been no other, in any event, than a chieftainry converted into a *noblesse.*

From Henry's death we seem to see the State not steered or sailed, but drifting, laboring through seas of blood, not guided to its destination by a human understanding, but blindly reeling thither, driven by purblind elemental influences which, for want of a better name, we may call the genius of the age. From wars and rumors of wars thenceforward the island was never free—fratricidal wars, and such wars! murderous, devastative, sparing neither the poor unarmed peasant, nor the bald head of the ancient, nor the bald head of the infant, nor the woman heavy with child. The Shane O'Neill wars and the Desmond wars are somewhat familiar to all readers, but to what extent the State embroiled itself with the chieftains and the chieftains resisted the State will be realized when I mention the fact that, in the time of which our text treats, there was no chieftain or considerable lord in the island who had not been at some time in his career out in action of rebellion. For the chieftains often gave as much as they got, and many of them had beaten the State and wrung their own terms from the government by sword and fire, and often times the Government shrank from the challenge and permitted the stripped and indignant chieftain to have his own way. Whence, as may be imagined, consequences ensued. Consider too the significance of such an entry as the following in our annals:—

"Ulick, Earl of Clanricarde, Captain of the High Burkes, terrible at war this year with his brother Shane of the Clover, but both at peace with the Government."

Of the many insurrections and wars which the conduct of this great controversy made inevitable, the most formidable and successful by far was that which was raised in 1593 by Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and the great lords of the North. Tyrone worsted many times the Queen's armies in the North; notably in the battle of the Blackwater. His ally, the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell, repeated those victories in the West. In short, the State was found quite unable to suppress Tyrone and the confederated lords who supported him. Fitz William, Lord Russell,

Lord Burrowes, and the Earl of Essex, successive Viceroys, all failed. Then the Queen appointed Mountjoy as Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, the President of Munster having been recently slain in battle by the southern insurgents, nominated Sir George Carew to the Presidency of Munster, the province being at the time in full rebellion. It is at this point that the writer of 'Pacata Hibernia' begins his very singular tale.

Who wrote the book? Thomas Stafford, who is responsible for the publication, only gave himself forth as Editor. The MS., he tells us, was found amongst Carew's papers after his death, with an intimation that it had been drawn up under Carew's direction, and with the aid of documents supplied by him. Internal evidence proves that it was not the work of mere scribes and secretaries working under Carew's supervision. 'Pacata Hibernia' was plainly written by one man, a man who was through the Munster wars with Carew, who was very close to his person, and entertained for him a great and sincere personal admiration. It is the outcome of a single mind; the uniformity of the style, the simplicity and unity of the point of view prove that. It is also the work of a soldier, not of a civilian; of one to whom war was a trade, and who always treats of it with a soldier's downrightness and grim hard emphasis. Veracious too it is to an unusual degree, though we must always make allowances for the man's point of view. Also, it was written shortly after the events, and long before its first publication in 1636. The battle-smoke clings still to the pages—the wrath of the soldier fresh from scenes of blood burns there still. He still hates his foes; applauds anything and everything done for their destruction; cannot see or even suspect that there was any good thing in any of them. A Lieutenant Thomas Stafford served under Carew, and is mentioned once only, at the storming of Dunboy. He was almost certainly the writer of 'Pacata Hibernia.' If so, what an amazing suppression of self. Consequently, the book has that interest and value which always belongs to the writings of a man who was himself an actor in the events which he describes. Those events, too, led up to and include the battle of Kinsale; one of the grand turning-points in Anglo-Irish history. Indeed, it might well be reckoned amongst "the

decisive battles" of the world's history. Had its event fallen out differently all Ireland would have joined the Spaniards; for there was not in the island another Queen's army, nor the means of raising one; and it was certainly the purpose of Spain to "entertain" the Irish nation, at the time extremely warlike and full of veteran soldiers, for the invasion of England, where a great Catholic party was ready to co-operate, and that, too, with the Queen on her death-bed. Spain could not have governed Ireland; but Spain could very easily have formed into a great army for foreign service the multitude of first-rate soldiers with whom the island teemed.

And yet 'Pacata Hibernia' is by no means so valuable from the conventionally historic point of view, as for the light, often a most unwelcome light, which in a hundred ways it sheds upon the manners of the Irish nobility, chieftainry, gentry, and people of Ireland at this time, and upon the methods, policy, and personnel of Queen Elizabeth's Irish officials and military commanders, of whom Carew may be regarded as quite the *ne plus ultra* in certain directions. When one passes from the pure and ardent outpourings of the "Four Masters," in whose pages every Irish magnate, and even every conspicuous Englishman serving in the country, figures with something of the port of an ancient hero, to that Irish world or section of it which has been illuminated for us by Stafford's prosy but veracious pen, we are conscious of a sore sense of disappointment—nay, of dismay and even shame. The same tale of almost subterhuman baseness and wickedness is revealed by the contemporary State Papers; of a brutal soldiery, more like chartered stout-thieves and robbers than soldiers, murderers more than warriors; of wily Machiavellian statesmen, most false and perfidious, all, or almost all, familiar with the dagger and the bowl as short cuts to their ends; of a native aristocracy, almost every man of whom had his price, frankly posting up that price in the secret market kept by the State for that vile traffic; men whom no oaths could bind, or any public or religious principle control; Earls, Barons, great territorial chieftains, belted knights, and high gentlemen offering for money or land to betray their cause and their comrades. Slowly but surely the monstrous criminality of the men of this age,

evidenced by testimonies gradually accumulating as one pores over the contemporary monuments—usually letters written by their own noble—ignoble hands—rises before the mind of the amazed reader For money or land there appear to have been few things to which even the greatest of them would not stoop; stoop lower even than the basest men of our own time. From reputation after reputation the perusal of these documents, now brought to light out of the dark archives of the State, strips away all the glamour and glitter, revealing not men greater than ourselves, but —at least as judged by modern standards of private honor and public principle—a great deal worse. Examples sufficient will be forthcoming in this work of Stafford's; yet Stafford does not tell the worst. He does not tell, for example—apparently he did not know it—how Carew and the Lord Deputy of Ireland dispatched James Blake into Spain, with instructions to poison his friend and associate, the brave and chivalrous Hugh Roe.

QUEEN MEAVE AND HER HOSTS.

From 'In the Gates of the North.'

Queen Meave summoned to her to Rath-Cruhane all her captains and counselors and tributary kings. They came at once according as they had been commanded by the word of her mouth. When they were assembled, Meave, from her high throne canopied with shining bronze, addressed them. She was a woman of great stature; beautiful and of pure complexion, her eyes large and full and blue-gray in color, her hair dense and long and of a lustrous yellow. A tiara of solid gold encircled her head, and a torque of gold her white neck. Her mantle of scarlet silk, very fine, was gathered over her ample bosom in the ard-regal brooch of the high sovereignty of Connaught. In her right hand she bore a long spear with a broad blade of shining bronze. Her shield bearer stood behind the throne. On her right hand stood her husband; on her left Fergus Mac Roy, captain of her guards. Her voice, as she spoke, was full, clear, and musical, and rang through the vast hall.

"It is known to you all," she said, "that there is not in Banba, nor yet in the whole world, so far report speaks truly, a woman more excellent than myself. I am the best, and the most powerful, and the most famous, and the best-born. My father was the High King of all Ireland, and he had six daughters, myself, and Derbine, and Ethney, Ella, Clohra, and Mugain, a famous brood, and of these I was ever reckoned the best, both by myself and by others. Wherefore my father and the men of Ireland gave me the greatest dowry of all, for a less I would not accept, knowing well what manner of woman I was. I disdained also to mate with a man who was not the best, and that man was Aileel Mor, High King of all Connaught, for he was the richest, and the most warlike, and the most bountiful of all the Kings of Eiriu. Yet even of him I would accept no bridal gift, but I caused him to accept great gifts from myself, so that he became my man. And when I abandoned my father's house, far-shining Tara, I came westwards, driving before me my innumerable herds and flocks, and my trains of cars and pack horses laden with jewels and household stuff, and having in my service three hundred youths, all captains and the sons of kings, each of them having one hundred men of war under him, so that the force with which I set forth from Tara was thirty thousand men.

"Before me, as I rode through the plains of Meath, there went nine shining chariots abreast, all red-yew and burning bronze, drawn by splendid horses under yokes of silver with silver bells ringing upon them as they went. Upon my right hand went nine and nine on my left, following one after the other, and nine behind, all abreast, closed the square in the midst of which I rode, lest I should be annoyed by the too near clamor of the host, or my raiment take any mud or dust. And in that manner I came to the great ford of the Shannon, and met my man, and entered Connaught and took the supreme government of the Province."

"Thou hast spoken mere truth," exclaimed the kings and captains and great men. "This we all know, for some of us have seen it, and the rest know it from the report of our fathers."

"So that now," she went on, "the fame of my glory has

gone abroad into all lands as the best of all women, for of her, the Half-Red Meave of Leinster, I make little account, because her complexion and the color of her hair are not pleasing to the men of Ireland, and in other respects, too, she is not to be named beside me."

And they said: "Truly, O Meave, the woman is naught."

"I am the best, and I am served by the best warriors, with whom there are none in all Erin to be compared, whether for valor or for loyalty. And though my husband be now somewhat stricken with years, yet the flush of a divine origin makes full my veins, for I am near akin to the high gods of Fail, and time has not touched me, for my beauty is unimpaired, and still as of yore I go joyfully to the red feasts of Ned, and waste the ranks of opposing battalions and break the battle upon my foes, for I have ever scorned the works of women, and my delight was always in government and in war, so that of the six mighty sons whom I have borne to Aileel, there is none my equal, whether to rule over men, or to order the things which relate to war. And now in all Ireland there is but one province which is not obedient to me, for all the kings of Meath and Leinster and Munster are either tributary to me, or have accepted my gifts and become my men, so that all without exception, save only the Ultonians, keep my peace and follow my war, and the whole world accounts me happy, and the happiest."

"Surely, O Meave," they said, "thou art happy, and the happiest."

"Not so," she said, "for ever I have wanted some one thing, lacking which I came short of supreme felicity, and now and for a long time past the thought of that one hard-hearted and stubborn province which will not obey me or yield me reverence like the rest, has been very disquieting to my mind. There only divisions and disruptions are not known which might avail me for its overthrow, for all the kings and captains and great men hold the province firm under the authority of one man, Concobar Mac Nessa, son of Factna the Righteous, Captain of the Red Branch, and High King of all Ulla. As when a founder casts many pieces of metal into the furnace and they come forth one strong and shining bar, so is this province under the Red Branch and under Concobar. Truly the Ultonians have

never regarded me, and of late I have sustained at their hands a most grievous indignity. For recently having heard that one of their kings, Dara, king of South Coolney, was the possessor of a bull, jet-black, and of incomparable size and beauty, I sent to him Fergus Mac Roy, captain of my guard, for the bull; and at first Dara consented, for he could not, he said, refuse anything to a woman, much less to a woman like myself; but afterwards, when one of my young men boastingly said that it was well the bull had been surrendered so freely, for that otherwise he would have been taken away by force, the churl repented; he drew up his bridges, barred his gates, and manned his ramparts, conducting himself, he and his people, in a very churlish and unworthy fashion.

"Now, it is not customary with me to submit tamely to any indignity. Therefore I propose to lead my army into Ulster, and at the same time take to myself that jewel and overthrow and destroy the Red Branch on the same road, and reduce the whole province into subjection to myself. One woman only, according to the traditions of bards and historians, has hitherto exercised the supreme sovereignty of Ireland—Macha, the Red-Haired, namely, the strong daughter of Æd Roe. I, too, I have sworn it, will rule Ireland in all her coasts, so that the white-bordered blue-green mantle of the boundless Lir only shall be the limit of my dominion, and I shall surpass in glory and renown, as in other attributes, even that illustrious heroine. Then only may I be truly happy and attain to supreme felicity.

"And now I have summoned you, my kings, and captains and chief counselors, to debate before me whether I had better lead against the Ultonians my own unconquerable host, even the army of Connaught, or draw to me also the risings-out and warlike array that are obedient to my commands, and will follow me rejoicing to the war."

Thereupon some were of opinion that as there was nothing greater than glory and honor, the Olnemacta alone should invade the Red Branch and wrest from them the dominion of the North, for that no glory would result from the conquest of one province by four. Others, a few, exclaimed against this opinion as folly, and declared that their great Queen, after having subdued the rest of Ireland by much warlike toil, should now enjoy her profit of

the same and lead into the North the rising-out of the Four Provinces, and that as for glory and honor, they were ever wont to follow victory and power as effulgence and splendor and wide-ranging day followed the sun in his journeying. Then the Queen signified to Fergus Mac Roy that he should declare his opinion. When Fergus sent forth his great voice no other sound was audible. At first his voice was low, his words slow and deliberate, and his aspect grave and awful, but anon his voice rolled forth from his throat and mighty chest like brattling thunder, and his words became a torrent of sounding speech. His face was great and massive and his air majestic. Warrior eyes blue and bright blazed there under strong-ridged brows. He wore the crommeal only. His bratta was large and ample, dark green, bordered with gold; his yellow hair fell upon his wide shoulders. On his breast he wore a wheel-brooch of findrinny, bronze such as no artifice had poured forth for a thousand years. His lena beneath the dark green mantle was of fine wool, white as the foam of the sea, and girt at the waist with a broad belt of corded bronze. His shoes were plated with red bronze, and his battle-cap barred with the same. All his attire was plain but magnificent. He was the greatest and comeliest man in the province; in his heart there was no guile. He never looked askance, but ever turned his massive front and great eyes full on the man or woman whom he addressed. In his left hand he held a round shield without device, in his right a huge spear, polished in the haft, glittering in the ample blade. Such to outward view was Fergus Mac Roy, son of the Red Rossa, ex-King of all Ulla. He stepped forward three paces into the assembly and spoke.

"It is known to me," he said, "while it is not known to you, what manner of men are the Red Branch of the Ultonians. But it is very well known to you, and to some of you to your sorrow, what manner of man I am and what the three thousand champions whom I command—ex-Ultonians all. And who better than I can declare to you the battle prowess and the nigh invincible might of the matchless warriors of the North? for I was once Captain of the Red Branch and high King of all the Ultonians till the rhymers and historians and cunning lawyers drove me from my high seat, for I could not endure their stale and

bygone wisdom, nor understand it, and I was succeeded by Concobar Mac Nessa, who is their king to-day. Then I rebelled against Concobar, for I was very wroth on account of the slaying of the sons of Usna while they were under my protection; and of the Red Branch I drew after me seven times three thousand, and amongst them that torch of war and chivalry, Cormac Conlingas, and Cormac Duvlingas, equal in fight to a battalion, and that bursting cloud of disruption and devastation called the Chaffer of the Ultonians, Duvac Dael Ulla, and what those men are you can see with your eyes, for they are before you, as I myself am. Being such and so mightily reinforced and sustained, I went into rebellion, yet you behold me now an exile with these mighty men, all that is left of my host, my ever-dear and faithful comrades whom the green plains of Ulla now conceal. O my sorrow, for I cannot forget them, so kind and loving, matchless in war, yet contrary to every expectation, overthrown in battle after battle, thirteen in all. And I say this, and it is my last word, if you the Olnemacta only march against Concobar and the Red Branch, you shall not have me and my exiles for helpers, for we shall go southwards seeking new settlements across the great river and make swordland of North Munster."

That speech and that menace made the weaker opinion the stronger, and it was resolved by the High Queen and her Saba that night that messengers should be sent on all sides to summon the men of Ireland for the invasion.

Now, from Irrus to Garman—from the borders of the Crave Rue to the Island Height of Nemed, there was a stirring and commotion as when the summer wind shakes the forest with its leaves. Then out of every rath green-sided and fossed, and from every strong stone-built cathair and many a lake-surrounded crannogue and far-shining liss or dun in the reedy marshes, and many a forestine stronghold, and many a cliff-surmounting fortress whence men beheld the sun sink red into the sea, came forth the warlike children of Milith with their weapons and bravery, their horses and scythed chariots, obedient to the voice of their mistress, the man-ruling Queen of the Olnemacta:—came the children of Heber from the south, and of Heremon from the great central plains; the Ossorians from their pleasant country between the Suir and the boiling

Barrow; watched over for ever, east and west, by Black Stairs and Slievenaman, the Clan Dega, the descendants of Donn of the Sand Mounds, and of Colpa, the swordsman, where between green banks the Boyne pours into the Iction Sea; also, wherever they had lands, the remnant of the ancient Firbolgs; came the Ithians of the southwest, the Ernai and all the noble Lagenians, sons of Cathair More, the mighty and red-speared Cathair, and the Gaulish kings who had made swordland in their midst. By tens and twenties and hundreds they came forth, bright rivulets of valor and bravery coalescing into one mighty stream on the great road which ran westward from Tara, rolling on to Rath-Cruhane, where Meave and the host of Connaught awaited them. On the high water-tower sat Queen Meave with Fergus beside her, and she taught him concerning every nation and tribe and clan, and concerning their captains and mighty men, distinguishing all by their banners and fluttering mantles—blue, green, purple, brown, scarlet, or crimson, and according to the blendings and diversities of the same, or by their weapons and mode of bearing them, or the shape and color of their chariots, distinguishing them far away, for she was keen of sight as the eagle, and her heart swelled with pride as she saw them, how they came in their multitudes between the green woods and over the hills and droums and the grassy billows of the land. And she related to Fergus her many wars and the battles which she had broken upon the men of Erin, nation by nation, till she had subdued them.

"My march into the North," she said, "leading this mighty host, will be the rushing of a spring tide and the evacuation of territories."

THE BURTHEN OF OSSIAN.

From 'A History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical.'

OSSIAN.

O son of Calpurn of the Crosses, hateful to me is the sound of thy bells and the howling of thy lean clerics. There is no joy in your straight cells, there are no women among you, no cheerful music.

Oh, for one hour with the Fians whom I knew. I swear to thee, O lean cleric, that better was one day with Finn and his heroes than a thousand years of the kingdom of heaven.

Alas, alas, sad and weary are my days confined here with the clerics in their narrow cells, without food, without wine, far from Finn and the Fians, hearing the noise of prayers, unceasing, and doleful psalms, and the melancholy ringing of the bells.

PATRICK.

O wretched old man and blasphemous, how shall I prevail against thy stubbornness and stupidity? Ye the Fians worshiped empty demons of the air and the hills. We adore the Almighty God who made the heavens and the earth, and his Son, the son of Mary, who loved the poor and lowly and sacrificed himself for his brethren.

OSSIAN.

I never heard of any man having made the heavens and the earth, nor do I now believe thee, O lying Talkend. Tell me not of Mary's son. Was he like to my Oscur, who was ever good to the poor and lowly, and who would have rejoiced to die in the breach of danger protecting Finn and the Fians? Surely hadst thou seen his fight with Taclmac Trén thou wouldst not continue praising the son of Mary.

If that youth whom thou praisest were in Erin it is amongst the ranks of the Fians he would be found.

What is the good of your much praying without hospitality and generosity? In the Dûn of the King of Heaven, too, ye will be the same as ye are here. No eyes that behold you will brighten nor any heart be gladdened at the sound of your voices.

Life is a burthen to you, not a pleasure. Surely if the Kingdom of Heaven is made of men like you, a wretched nation are the servants of the King of Grace.

O Finn, my generous and noble sire, O Oscur, my peerless and beautiful son. Alas, Diarmid, my brown darling, and swift-bounding Coelté, who outstripped the tempest. O Conān the foulmouthed, how welcome now would be to me thy gibes and bitter speech.

Alas, O my comrades, whither have you departed? I

traversed all Erin and found you not. I lifted up my voice and heard no reply. Over the mountains no more is heard the noise of the chase, nor the tramp of your invincible host upon the plains.

Surely he lies this man of bells and books, saying that on the cold floor of hell ye lie enchained whipped by demons. Demon nor God could conquer you. Where dwelt thy God, O lying priest, when we were in Erin? Surely had we known we should have conquered and bound him, surely we would have burned his Dûn with fire. O that my son Oscur and he were hand to hand on Knock-na-Fian. Then might I see Oscur on the earth, I would call thy God a strong man.

PATRICK.

It is not in fighting that my God delights but in causing the trees to grow, and in adorning the plains with grass and flowers. He loves not the proud warrior nor the hunter, but the lowly and the good. The feast and the banqueting hall he abhors.

OSSIAN.

It was not in making flowers and grass my heroes took any joy, but in hewing the bones of champions in the cheerful combat of warriors, and the loud-speaking chase, in practicing hospitality, and speaking the truth, O prince of a lying and niggardly race.

You have practiced magic against the Fians. At the sound of your bells they grew pale. At the howling of your clerics they became like ghosts melting into the air. When we marched against our enemies every step we took could be heard through the firmament. Now all is silent! They have melted into the air. I too linger for a while a shadow. I shall soon depart.

I took no farewell of Finn nor any of the Fians, they perished far away from me. Out of the west, out of the sea, riding on a fairy steed, came a lady seeking a champion. Brighter than gold was her hair, like lime her white body, and her voice was sweeter than the angled harp.

I set her before me on the steed. The sea divided before us and arched above us. We descended into the depths. A fawn blew past me whom two hounds pursued; a fair

girl ran by with an apple of gold, a youth with drawn sword pressed behind. I knew not their import.

Two hundred years I lived in Tir-na-n-ög in the Land of the Ever Young, the Isles of the Blest, but far away I heard the hateful clanging of thy bells, the thought of my comrades came over me like a flood, and I returned to fade away beneath thy spells, O son of Calpurn.

How stood the planets when power was given that we should grow pale before your advent? Withered trees, are ye blasted by the red wind? Your hair, the glory of manhood, is shaven away, your eyes are leaden with much study, your flesh wasted with fasting and self-torture; your countenances sad; I hear no gleeful laughter, I see no eyes bright and glad, and ever the dismal bells ringing and mournful psalmody sounds.

Not such, not such was our life, O cleric, not such the pleasures of my King and of the Fians. The music that the son of Cool loved was that which filled the heart with joy, and gave light to the countenance, the song of the black-bird of Letter Lee, and the melody of the Dord Fian, the sound of the wind in Droum Derg, the thunders of Assaroe, the cry of the hounds let loose from Glen Rah with their faces outward from the Suir, the Tonn Rury lashing the shore, the wash of water against the sides of ships, the cry of Bran at Cnoc-an-aur, the murmur of streams at Slieve Mish, and, oh, the black-bird of Derrycarn, I never heard, by my soul, sound sweeter than that. Were I only beneath his nest!

We did not weep and make mournful music. When we let our hounds loose at Locha Lein and the chase resounded through Slieve Crot, there was no doleful sound, nor when we mustered for battle and the pure cold wind whistled in the flying banners of the Fianna Eireen, nor yet in our gentle intercourse with women—Alas! O Diarmid—nor in the banqueting-hall with lights, feasting, and drinking; while we hearkened to the chanting of noble tales and to the sound of the tiompan and the harp.

How then hast thou conquered, O son of Calpurn?

PATRICK.

O thou silly old man, of whom I can get no good, if thou dost not cease praising the Fians, those pleasures innumerable that are in heaven thou shalt never enjoy.

OSSIAN.

Now, by thy hand, O Patrick, come, tell me, will the King of Grace be enraged if I bring my dog into his Dûn, or will he direct his servants to expel him?

PATRICK.

Thou stupid old man, he will not suffer thee to bring any quadruped into heaven of the angels and degrees. But I prithee, O eloquent Ossian, relate to me fully the battle of Cnoc-an-Aur, and this night surely thou wilt not complain of hunger.

THE KNIGHTING OF CUCULAIN.

From 'The Coming of Cuculain.'

One night in the month of the fires of Bel, Cathvah, the Druid and star-gazer, was observing the heavens through his astrological instruments. Beside him was Cuculain, just then completing his sixteenth year. Since the exile of Fergus MacRoy, Cuculain had attached himself most to the Ard-Druid, and delighted to be along with him in his studies and observations. Suddenly the old man put aside his instruments and meditated a long time in silence.

"Setanta," said he at length, "art thou yet sixteen years of age?"

"No, father," replied the boy.

"It will then be difficult to persuade the king to knight thee and enroll thee among his knights," said Cathvah. "Yet this must be done to-morrow, for it has been revealed to me that he whom Concobar MacNessa shall present with arms to-morrow, will be renowned to the most distant ages, and to the ends of the earth. Thou shalt be presented with arms to-morrow, and after that thou mayest retire for a season among thy comrades, nor go out among the warriors until thy strength is mature."

The next day Cathvah procured the king's consent to the knighting of Cuculain. Now on the same morning, one of his grooms came to Concobar MacNessa and said: "O chief of the Red Branch, thou knowest how no horse has eaten barley, or ever occupied the stall where stood the divine steed which, with another of mortal breed, in the days of

Kimbay Macfiontann, was accustomed to bear forth to the battle the great war-queen, Macha Monga-Rue; but ever since that stall has been empty, and no mortal steed hath profaned the stall in which the deathless Lia Macha was wont to stand. Yet, O Concobar, as I passed into the great stables on the east side of the courtyard, wherein are the steeds of thy own ambus, and in which is that spot since held sacred, I saw in the empty stall a mare, gray almost to whiteness, and of a size and beauty such I have never seen, who turned to look upon me as I entered the stable, having very gentle eyes, but such as terrified me, so that I let fall the vessel in which I was bearing curds for the steed of Konaul Clareena; and she approached me, and laid her head upon my shoulder, making a strange noise."

Now as the groom was thus speaking, Cowshra Mead Macha, a younger son of Concobar, came before the king, and said: "Thou knowest, O my father, that house in which is preserved the chariot of Kimbay Macfiontann, wherein he and she, whose name I bear, the great queen that protects our nation, rode forth to the wars in the ancient days, and how it has been preserved ever since, and that it is under my care to keep bright and clean. Now this day at sunrise I approached the house, as is my custom, and approaching, I heard dire voices, clamorous and terrible, that came from within, and noises like the noise of battle, and shouts as of warriors in the agony of the conflict, that raise their voices with short intense cries as they ply their weapons, avoiding or inflicting death. Then I went back terrified, but there met me Minrowar, son of Gerkin, for he came but last night from Moharne, in the east, and we went to look at his own steeds; but together we opened the gate of the chariot-house, and the bronze of the chariot burned like glowing fire, and the voices cried out in acclaim, when we stood in the doorway, and the light streamed into the dark chamber. Doubtless, a great warrior will appear amongst the Red Branch, for men say that not for a hundred years have these voices been heard, and I know not for whom Macha sends these portents, if it be not for the son of Sualtam, though he is not yet of an age to bear arms."

Thus was Concobar prepared for the knighting of Cuculain.

Then in the presence of his court, and his warriors, and the youths who were the comrades and companions of Cuculain, Concobar presented the young hero with his weapons of war, after he had taken the vows of the Red Branch, and having also bound himself by certain gaesa.[1] But Cuculain looked narrowly upon the weapons, and he struck the spears together and clashed the sword upon the shield, and he brake the spears in pieces, and the sword, and made chasms in the shield.

"These are not good weapons, O my King," said the boy.

Then the king presented him with others that were larger and stronger, and these too the boy brake into little pieces.

"These are still worse, O son of Nessa," said the boy, "and it is not seemly, O chief of the Red Branch, that on the day that I receive my arms I should be made a laughing-stock before the Clanna Rury, being yet but a boy."

But Concobar Mac Nessa exulted exceedingly when he beheld the amazing strength and the waywardness of the boy, and beneath delicate brows his eyes glittered like gleaming swords as he glanced rapidly round on the crowd of martial men that surrounded him; but amongst them all he seemed himself a bright torch of valor and war, more pure and clear than polished steel. But he beckoned to one of his knights, who hastened away and returned, bringing Concobar's own shield and spears and the sword out of the Tayta Brac, where they were kept, an equipment in reserve. And Cuculain shook them and bent them, and clashed them together, but they held firm.

"These are good arms, O son of Nessa," said Cuculain.

Then there were led forward a pair of noble steeds and a war-car, and the king conferred them on Cuculain. Then Cuculain sprang into the chariot, and standing with legs apart, he stamped from side to side, and shook and shook, and jolted the car until the axle brake and the car itself was broken in pieces.

"This is not a good chariot, O my King," said the boy.

Then there were led forward three chariots, and all of these he brake in succession.

[1] *Gaesa*, curious vows taken by ancient warriors. Hardly anything definite is known of them.

"These are not good chariots, O chief of the Red Branch," said Cuculain. "No brave warrior would enter the battle or fight from such rotten foothold."

Then the king called to his son Cowshra Mead Macha and bade him take Laeg, and harness to the war-chariot of which he had the care, the wondrous gray steed, and that one which had been given him by Kelkar, the son of Uther, and to give Laeg a charioteering equipment, to be charioteer of Cuculain. For now it was apparent to all the nobles and to the king that a lion of war had appeared amongst them, and that it was for him Macha had sent these omens.

Then Cuculain's heart leaped in his breast when he heard the thunder of the great war-cry and the mad whinnying of the horses that smelt the battle afar. Soon he beheld them with his eyes, and the charioteer with the golden fillet of his office, erect in the car, struggling to subdue their fury. A gray, long-maned steed, whale-bellied, broad-chested, behind one yoke; a black, ugly-maned steed behind the other.

Like a hawk swooping along the face of a cliff when the wind is high, or like the rush of the March wind over the plain, or like the fleetness of the stag roused from his lair by the hounds and covering his first field, was the rush of those steeds when they had broken through the restraint of the charioteer, as though they galloped over fiery flags, so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion, and all the time the great car brayed and shrieked as the wheels of solid and glittering bronze went round, for there were demons that had their abode in that car.

The charioteer restrained the steeds before the assembly, but nay-the-less a deep pur, like the pur of a tiger, proceeded from the axle. Then the whole assembly lifted up their voices and shouted for Cuculain, and he himself, Cuculain the son of Sualtam, sprang into his chariot, all armed, with a cry as of a warrior springing into his chariot in the battle, and he stood erect and brandished his spears, and the war-sprites of the Gaeil shouted along with them, the Bocanahs and Bananahs and the Genitii Glindi, the wild people of the glens, and the demons of the air, roared around him, when first the great warrior of the Gaeil, his battle-arms in his hands, stood equipped for war in his chariot before all the warriors of his tribe, the kings of the Clanna Rury, and the people of Emain Macha.

LOUGH BRAY.

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
  Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul,
This vision change shall never wring from thee
  Nor wasteful years effacing as they roll.
O steel-blue lake, high cradled in the hills!
  O sad waves, filled with little sobs and cries!
White glistening shingle, hiss of mountain rills,
  And granite-hearted walls blotting the skies,
Shine, sob, gleam, gloom for ever! Oh, in me
  Be what you are in Nature—a recess—
To-sadness dedicate and mystery,
  Withdrawn, afar, in the soul's wilderness.
Still let my thoughts, leaving the worldly roar
Like pilgrims, wander on thy haunted shore.

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

I.

I give my heart to thee, O mother-land—
I, if none else, recall the sacred womb.
I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
Bent over on thy myriad progeny
Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land!
I give my heart to thee, O mother-land.

II.

I give my heart to thee, O father-land,
Fast-anchored on thine own eternal soul,
Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies.
O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
Me rule as ever; let me feel thy might;
Let me go forth with thee now and for aye.
I give my heart to thee, O father-land.

III.

I give my heart to thee, heroic land—
To thee or in thy morning when the Sun
Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid noon—
Or in thy depth of night, fierce-thoughted one—
Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
Or, stone-still, silent, waiting for the dawn,
I give my heart to thee, heroic land.

IV.

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
Far-soaring sister of the starry throng.
O fleet of wing, what journeyings are thine,
What goal, what god attracts thee? What unseen
Glory reflected makes thy face a flame?
Leave me not; where thou goest, let me go.
I give my heart to thee, ideal land.

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

(1830 ——)

This eminent scholar is often confounded with his namesake and first cousin, Standish O'Grady. Mr. Hayes O'Grady is a native of County Clare, and is the son of Admiral Hayes O'Grady, who died in 1864. He was born about 1830, and was intended for the profession of naval engineer, which indeed he followed for some time. He was educated at Rugby School in England, and Trinity College, Dublin, and relinquished all thought of engineering about 1854, when, under the name of "S. Hayes," he edited and translated for the Ossian Society the famous story of Diarmiud and Grainue. He also edited and translated into verse 'The Adventures of Donogh Mac Contrare,' in 1853. He had imbibed an early love for the Irish language, to which he now devoted all his time, and which ultimately resulted in the publication of his important and massive 'Silva Gadhelica' 2 vols., 1892. This work and his learned catalogues of the Irish MSS. in the British Museum have occupied him for the last thirty years of his life.

THE CURSING OF TARA.

From 'Silva Gadhelica.'

Dermot's tribute, and discipline, and law prevailed in Ireland generally: his stewards and his managers, also his regular soldiers in their billets, were throughout Ireland up and down. At this particular time the King's stewards and sergeants accompanied him into Connacht; also the King's herald that used to precede them and to make proclamation to any such house at which in quest of guestly entertainment they arrived. And thus it was that the crier heralded them, viz. to the effect that the town's gate, or the castle's, into which they had to pass must be demolished before them so that Dermot's spear should pass in athwartwise; a thing which (for the King's fear) there was none dared but to perform before them. But Diabolus—he it was that possessed (lit. "jumped into") the crier to urge the following evil thing upon him, to the end evil greater yet should come of it.

For they came once to Aedh Guaire's house in the land of Hy-Many in Connacht, whose castle must needs be breached before them and the King's spear. Then anger took Aedh; he slew "the lad of the spear" (the crier

namely) and anon, to escape Dermot, fled into the land of Muskerry and under protection of bishop Senach, for the bishop's mother and Aedh Guaire's were two sisters. Subsequently Senach the bishop brought him to Ruadhan of Lorrha and committed him to his safeguard, for two sisters that Ruadhan had, Cael and Ruadhait, it was they that had reared bishop Senach. By Ruadhan Aedh Guaire was bestowed among the Britons however, for by reason of Dermot he might not be anywhere in Ireland. But such was Dermot's influence and power over others that because of him Aedh ultimately could not be either in Scotland or with the Britons: so that he returned to Ireland to Ruadhan, who had him hidden under ground. Where Ruadhan was then was the spot in which *poll Ruadhain* (*i.e.* "Ruadhan's Pit") is to-day.

It was told to the King that Aedh Guaire was come to Ireland again, and that Ruadhan had him concealed in the earth. Then Dermot repaired to Ruadhan, and dispatched his charioteer to recover Aedh Guaire from him forcibly. The young man entered into the sanctuary, but on the instant was deprived of his eyes. The King being now wroth at this, he came to Ruadhan and inquired of him (for he knew that Ruadhan would not tell a lie) where was Guaire. Ruadhan made answer: "Verily I know not where he is, if he be not under thee even where thou art. The King departed out of the sanctuary then, nor any more heeded that which the cleric had said; but in his mind afterwards he recalled to memory Ruadhan's utterance, and recognized that in the ground under him where he had stood Aedh Guaire was. He deputed a man of his people (Donnan was his name) to go down to Aedh, over whose head the same fell, to dig away the earth; but his arms were reft of their power presently. Thereupon he came to Ruadhan and made obeisance to him: the man also that previously was blinded made obeisance, and thenceforth they abode with Ruadhan: which two it is that to-day are reputed saints at Pollruane. By the King Aedh was brought in bonds to Tara, where in recompense of all his contrivance Dermot would have had him hanged.

Ruadhan in the meantime had sought out Brendan of Birr for the purpose of taking him with him to retrieve his protégé, and the pair went on to Tara. There they de-

manded of the King to have him whose safety Ruadhan had guaranteed: but Dermot answered that to him who should have infringed royal law the Church had no right to extend immunity, for that in so doing a violation of right both human and divine was inherent.

The clerics chanted psalms of commination now, and rang their bells against the King. That night, and in the one instant, died in Tara twelve sons of chiefs that were twelve in pupilage to the King; whose respective guardians came to the clergy and with persistence exhorted them to resuscitate the youths. The saints prayed and the lads were recalled to life.

For a full year after this they anathematized Dermot and plied him with miracles, he giving them back prodigy for prodigy. But in the long run they prevailed nothing over him until to the house steward, by way of procuring him to tell the King that now at last the clergy partook of a refection, they made promise of Heaven. The house-steward went to Dermot and told him that the clergy ate a meal, so that in this wise (for it was not true) they in the matter of fasting won an advantage over him. That night Dermot saw in a dream: that in Tara was a great tree, the top of which reached to the clouds of heaven and its shade over all Ireland. Fifty foreigners he saw (and among them two leading strangers) that felled the tree, but all that which they chopped from it was continually made good again forthwith; they put him from the tree and laid it prostrate, so that it was the falling tree's crash that awoke him. "Even so," Dermot said: "I am the tree; the foreigners that chop it are the clergy cutting short my life, and by them also am I fallen."

On the morrow the King rose and went to the place where the clergy were: "Ill have ye done," he said, "to undo my Kingdom for that I maintained the righteous cause. At all events," he went on, "be thy diocese the first one that is ruined in Ireland, and, Ruadhan, may thy monks desert thee!"

The saint retorted: "May thy Kingdom droop speedily!" Dermot said: "thy see shall be empty, and swine shall root up thy church yards." "Tara shall be desolate," Ruadhan said, "and therein shall no dwelling be forever." Dermot said: "may shameful blemish affect thy person," and

straightway one of Ruadhan's eyes burst. Ruadhan said: "be thy body mangled by enemies, and thy limbs disintegrated so that they be not found in the one place." Dermot said: "may there be a wild boar come that he grub up the hill on which thou shalt be buried, and that thy relics be scattered; also at nones continually be there in thy churchyard howling of wild hounds (*i. e.* wolves), and the alarm cry every evening; neither be they its own monks that shall dwell in it." Ruadhan said: "the knee that was not lifted in reverence before me, be not the same sepulchered with thy body." Then upon the royal hearth Ruadhan imprecated the blackness of darkness: that nevermore in Tara should smoke issue from roof-trees.

Just then it was that Dermot looked at the ridge beam. "That beam is hostile to thee; that roof-tree it is that shall yet be hurled upon thy face as thou lookest up at it, after that by them from over sea thou shalt have been stricken down." "Cleric, take all thy will;" the King cried. Then their prisoner is enlarged for them, and both parties make peace; whereupon Dermot said this:—

"Alas for him that to the clergy of the churches showeth fight; woe to him that would contend, with giving cut for cut; through this—through my dissension and Ruadhan's—Tara shall be desolate and clean swept."

He went on: "evil is that which ye have worked, clerics—my Kingdom's ruination; for in the latter times Ireland shall not be better off than at this present she will have been. But in any wise may it be so that bad chiefs, their heirs-apparent, and their men of war shall quarter themselves in your churches then; and be it their own (*i.e.* the inhabitants) selves that in your houses shall pull off such people's brogues for them, ye being the while powerless to rid yourselves of them."

CAEILTE'S LAMENT.

From 'Silva Gadhelica.'

Cold the winter is, the wind is risen, the high-couraged unquelled stag is on foot: bitter cold to-night the whole mountain is, yet for all that the ungovernable stag is bell-

ing. The deer of Slievecarn of the gatherings commits not his side to the ground; no less than he the stag of frigid Echtge's summit catches the chorus of the wolves. I, Caeilte, with brown Dermot and with keen light-footed Oscar: we too in the nipping night's waning end would listen to the music of the pack. But well the red deer sleeps that with his hide to the bulging rock lies stretched—hidden as though beneath the country's surface—all in the latter end of chilly night. To-day I am an aged ancient, and but a few scant men I know; once on a time though in the cold and ice-bound morning I used to vibrate a sharp javelin hardily. To Heaven's King I offer thanks, to Mary Virgin's Son as well; often and often I imposed silence on (*i.c.* daunted) a whole host whose plight to-night is very cold (*i. e.* they are all dead now).[1]

[1] This is taken from *Agallamh na Senórach*, or Dialogue of the Ancients, preserved in the Book of Lismore, a fifteenth century vellum containing some of other poems attributed to Gailte.—[D. H.



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN

JOHN O'HAGAN.

(1822—1890.)

JOHN O'HAGAN was born in Newry, March 19, 1822. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and he was barely of age when Davis, Duffy, and Dillon started *The Nation* newspaper, to the earlier numbers of which he contributed 'Ourselves Alone,' 'Dear Land,' and other notable lyrics, over the signature "Sliabh Cuilinn" (Slieve Cullan, the mountain known as the Great Sugarloaf). He became one of the most influential and trusted members of the Young Ireland party, and after a distinguished career at the bar he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone the first judicial head of the Irish Land Commission.

He was a man of great literary and general erudition, and his personal character and charm won for him altogether exceptional respect and regard. Before his thirtieth year a study of Carlyle's writings appeared in *The Dublin Review*, and made a deep impression on Carlyle himself, as appears from a memorandum published in Froude's 'Life.' He died Nov. 13, 1890. His last literary work was an admirable translation of the 'Chanson de Roland.'

OURSELVES ALONE.

The work that should to-day be wrought,
  Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
  Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
  They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
  And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
  In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
  And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion 's past—
  The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
  Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Aye! bitter hate or cold neglect,
  Or lukewarm love at best,
Is all we 've found, or can expect,
  We aliens of the West.

No friend, beyond our own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons ALONE.

Remember when our lot was worse—
Sunk, trampled to the dust—
'T was long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust.
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

Oh! let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart for ever!
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavor;
It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan—
If ills at *others'* hands ye bear,
The cure is in YOUR OWN.

The foolish word "impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain!
No power can bar a people's will,
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone—
We 'll be a glorious nation yet,
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If stanch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is green beneath,
My native waters blue,
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you,
Dear land,
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
  Your noble lakes and streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride
  Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long dark thrall,
  Your martyrs, brave and true,
And dash apart the tears that start;
  We must not *weep* for you,
    Dear land,
  We must not *weep* for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
  They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
  Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
  Were sent to pine and rue,
But still they turned, with hearts that burned
  In hopeless love to you,
    Dear land,
  In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
  Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
  Her independent shore.
Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
  Some gallant patriots few,
Till all my aim on earth became
  To strike one blow for you,
    Dear land,
  To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
  Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
  To follow them be mine;
The breast that zeal and hatred steel
  No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
  Were sweet endured for you,
    Dear land,
  Were sweet endured for you.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

(1747—1833.)

JOHN O'KEEFFE was born in Dublin, June 24, 1747. He was educated by Father Austin, and became a good classical and French scholar. He was at first intended for an artist and studied under Mr. West of the Dublin Royal Academy, but his study of the antique soon gave place to a love of modern comedy and the acting of private theatricals. In the summer of 1762 he went to London for two years, frequenting the playhouses and greatly admiring Garrick. In 1764 he returned to Dublin and shortly after began his career as a player and a dramatic writer.

He was engaged by Mossop, the Dublin manager, and continued acting for a dozen years, first in tragedy and afterward in comedy. In 1767 his farce of 'The She-gallant,' afterward called 'The Positive Man,' was produced by Mossop with success. Some years later he married, and in 1777 removed with his young family to London. Before this time he had written a kind of sequel to Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which he named 'Tony Lumpkin in Town,' and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, of the Haymarket Theater. In 1778 the play was produced there with considerable success.

O'Keeffe returned to Dublin in the spring of 1779, finished his comic opera of 'The Son-in-Law,' and sent it to Colman. It was produced at the Haymarket in August, 1779, and took the town by storm. It was as successful in Dublin. O'Keeffe soon after moved again to London, and devoted himself entirely to writing plays and farces, which flowed from his pen in quick succession ; in 1798 he published a collection containing over fifty pieces.

His 'Dead Alive' appeared in June, 1781, and was closely followed by 'The Agreeable Surprise,' the last written by his own hand, for he shortly after lost his sight and had to employ an amanuensis. In November, 1781, 'The Banditti, a Comic Opera,' was given at Covent Garden, and turned out a failure. In March, 1782, 'The She-gallant,' under the title of 'The Positive Man,' was played at the same house, and in November of the same year 'The Banditti' was successfully revived under the title of 'The Castle of Andalusia.' In the same month 'The Lord Mayor's Day' saw the light, and in February, 1783, 'The Maid is the Mistress' was performed.

Plays followed each other in quick succession, O'Keeffe continuing to write for the stage until 1799. In 1792 he published 'Wild Oats,' which is considered one of his best plays. During the remaining years of his life several poems, fables, etc., of his appeared in different magazines, and in 1826 he published 'Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe,' in two volumes. In this year he was given an annual pension of one hundred guineas from the King's private purse. After more than forty years of blindness, borne cheerfully and uncomplainingly, he died at Southampton, Feb. 4, 1833. 'O'Keeffe's Legacy to his Daughters,' a volume of poems and recollections, was published in the next year.

A BUDGET OF STORIES.

From 'The Recollections of John O'Keeffe.'

NO SNAKES IN IRELAND.

So perfectly unknown, even by *name,* are all venomous reptiles throughout our blessed Erin, that in one of Woodward's pantomimes at Crow Street Theater, amongst the tricks was introduced an enormous serpent, which, in the business of the scene, was to move round the stage. This was effected by grooves, and the machinery gave the carpenters and scenemen a great deal of labor and vexation, for the serpent often stuck by the way. Three or four of these men practicing, but with little success, the best manner of making it glide about, one of them at length vociferated, "I wish the devil would eat this *fish* once out of this house! we have trouble enough with it, and all to get our good master, Mr. Woodward, plenty of hisses; and he will give us plenty of 'boobies,' and 'blundering idiots,' and 'stupid fools!' The devil burn or drown this great fish, I say."

AULD IRELAND.

In my early times, all the great outlets from Dublin had, inside the hedges, parallel footpaths with the road; and the stiles, where the hedges divided the fields, were models for stiles all over the civilized world: they were formed thus: three steps, a small flat, and then a perpendicular narrow stone, about a foot high, which you stepped over on the other flat, and then three more steps on the other side, so that the milkmaid might poise her pail upon her head, and cross over the stile without fear of spilling her milk; and the old weary Boccaugh (beggarman), and the poor woman bringing fruits and vegetables to market, might sit down and rest themselves. All through Ireland, whenever they see a good-looking cow, they say, "A fine cow, God bless it!"—except to the human, this is the only animal to which they say "God bless it." In my time there was not one wagon all over Ireland, and no cart above four foot long; the only carriage for goods, etc., was the little car and the one horse: there were no gypsies —no poor-rates—no pawn-brokers; the word village was

not known; but every group of cabins had a piper and a schoolmaster; and before every cabin door, in fine weather, there was the Norah, or Kathleen, at her spinning-wheel (no woman ever worked out of doors, or in the fields). The yearly payment for the figure on the coach, the noddy, and the sedan, in Dublin, was applied to the purchase of spinning-wheels; which, on a certain day, were set out in a large square, before the Foundling Hospital, at the top of St. James's Street, and distributed gratis to the females who came to ask for them. This was one cheering look forward towards the staple manufacture of Ireland—its linen. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday, was to have three or four waistcoats on him; and of a country woman, a large square silk handkerchief of Irish manufacture pinned on the top of her head, and the corners hanging down her shoulders. The countryman's boots were pieces of an old felt hat, tied about his ankles. The milk-maid always sung her melodious Irish tunes while milking: if she stopped, the cow's mode was to kick the pail about. The different families dug the potato, and cut the turf, and brought them home mutually for each other; lending in turn, themselves, their horse, and their car, so that the want of money was not felt: the great object was the half-penny on a Sunday evening for the piper, who was the orchestra for their jig. The peasant himself built his mud tenement, and then clapped its *straw hat* upon it, and this was the only slate, tile, and thatch. Cricket was not known; the game was football, and hurling; the latter striking the ball with a wooden bat, the ball as large as a man's head, but so soft it could not hurt, being leather stuffed with straw.

"My Lord's" or "the Squire's," was called the big House, and had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman: the latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember, his dress a white-jacket, blue silk sash round his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a ribbon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air like a Mercury: he never minded roads, but took the short cut, and, by the help of his pole, absolutely seemed to fly over hedge, ditch, and small river.

His use was to carry a message, letter, or dispatch; or, on a journey, to run before and prepare the inn or baiting-place, for his family or master, who came the regular road in coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six; his qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

It was the general rule of every man, in the character of a gentleman, never to gallop or even trot hard upon a road, except emergency required haste.

QUARRELSOME IRISHMEN.

A certain tavern at the corner of Temple Lane and Essex Street, being so near the theater, was a convivial and frequent resort, as well for performers as persons who had been at the play. Ben Lord, the landlord, had a most happy and inviting flourish in drawing a cork. It was our mode to ask each other, "Do you sup at Commons to-night?" "Oh, no! I sup at the house of *Lord's.*" I was there one night with Dawson the actor, and some others; amongst the company was a Mr. Brady, once a school-fellow of mine at Father Austin's, but at this time a considerable merchant; a trifling altercation took place between him and Dawson, and some words of taunt and retort, when Brady made use of the expression, "You 're *beneath* me." This was a cut at the profession, and might have been spared, particularly as many of the performers were present. Dawson instantly took a leap, jumped upon the table, and, with an exulting smile of triumphant superiority, shuffled a horn-pipe step among the bottles and glasses, and exclaimed, "Now, I 'm *above* you, Brady; Brady, now I 'm above you."

This comic and sudden practical truism stopped the approaching quarrel, and turned the whole room, Brady and all, into social mirth and good fellowship, which was kept up until the watchman's "Past two o'clock" warned us to separate, and go home to pillow.

Another instance of an alert laugh turning bully frown out of doors, occurred in a coffee-house near the Exchange at Cork, where I was sitting quietly taking my dish of coffee. Hero Jackson and John MacMahon, at that time quite a youth, were walking up and down the room, arm in arm, —the one above six feet high, and athletic as Alcides—the other thin and delicate, indeed remarkably slim and slen-

der. Words arose, I know not how, between Jackson and one of the company, and continued for some time with great acrimony on both sides; at length the hero, making a full stop, and looking with determined aspect at the other gentleman, said in a firm, decisive tone, at the same time turning upon young MacMahon, and grasping him with his right hand by the middle of the waistcoat, "Sir, if you repeat such language to me again, I 'll *rattan* you out of the room." The word *rattan,* and the action which accompanied it (for Jackson had no stick of any kind in his hand), produced a loud and universal laugh, in which the gentleman himself, who was thus addressed, could not help joining heartily.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

The plan of Thomas Sheridan's dictionary was to bring the spelling of English words nearer to the established modes of pronunciation; yet still to keep in view the several languages from which each word is derived. In a letter of his to Mr. Heaphy, which I saw, he had to speak of the Parliament winter in Dublin, and spelt the word *parlement.* I heard Sheridan recite on Smock Alley stage, and show, by illustration, that in a verse of eight syllables, the sense might be changed five times by removing the accent from one syllable to another thus:—

"*None* but the brave deserve the fair!
None *but* the brave deserve the fair,
None but the *brave* deserve the fair,
None but the brave *deserve* the fair,
None but the brave deserve the *fair.*"

Thomas Sheridan wrote a piece called 'The Brave Irishman' (the plot from the French), in which he worked up a very high character for Isaac Sparkes; it had a powerful effect, and was played very often. There were many signs of Sparkes in this same Captain O'Blunder. One day he was walking under one of these, when a chairman looking first at him with great admiration, and then up at the sign, vociferated, "Oh, there you are, above and below!"

O'KEEFFE ON HIS BLINDNESS.

On my return to town I applied to Baron Wenzel the oculist about my sight; and sent him his demand of

twenty-five guineas: he was to have twenty-five more had he succeeded, but asked his additional fee of two guineas as physician: this my brother, who took him the money, would not pay.

My most excellent and truly zealous friend, Mr. Brande, of Soho Square, thinking that electricity might help my sight, brought me to John Hunter for his opinion; he did not object to the trial being made, but gave no hopes of success; and some time after, I seated myself in the chair at Mr. Brande's house, and held in my hand the electrical chain. At his hospitable table I have at different times met Macklin, Counselor Mac Nally, my good friend Mr. O'Bryen, Captain (and Counselor, for he was both) Robinson (who, being a Dublin man, sung very good Irish songs), Dr. Kennedy, of Great Queen Street, and many other literary characters.

I went also to Mr. Percival Pott, who had then the first name as surgeon, but he instantly pronounced that neither medical aid nor art could help me, and since that I tried none. The first cause of this injury to my sight was from a cold I got by a fall off the south wall of the Liffey, Dublin, in a dark December, by going out to sup at Ringsend, when the play was over; thus drenched, I sat up with my party for some hours in my wet clothes, and in about a fortnight the effects appeared in a violent inflammation of my eyelids. I then tried many remedies, each crossing the other, which increased the malady, and my persisting to use the pen myself impaired my sight beyond all hope.

Although, from the opinion of the first medical people, my complete recovery of sight was quite hopeless, yet I never had an ambition to be pitied; and, indeed, effort to be envied, rather than pitied, often proves a successful stimulus to the greatest actions of human life. It is true, that since the decay of my sight I never made a boast that I could see as well as other people; yet to avoid exciting compassion, my show of better vision than I really possessed was, about thirty years back, often attended with most ridiculous and whimsical effects, at which, on reflection no one laughed more heartily than myself.

Being with my brother at Margate, in Austin's reading-room, at a great table covered with newspapers, magazines, and such like, I wished Daniel to give me some news by the

help of his optics, and having just sight enough to see the white papers on the green cloth, I hastily caught up a newspaper that lay spread on my right hand, and with my left stretched it out to my brother, saying, "Read that for me." A loud and surly voice the same instant came to my right ear from lips not two feet from me. "What the devil, sir, do you mean by snatching the newspaper out of my hands; I haven't done with it." I was too confounded to attempt an apology, but rising, walked off; leaving my brother to calm him by explaining the state of my sight which led me into the mistake of my only seeing the newspaper, and not the gentleman who was reading it; his anger instantly changed to politeness.

When I lived at Acton I sometimes walked to Oxford Street to buy my working tools—a quire of paper, some pens, a bottle of ink, or any other stationery I might want. Being one day on the foot-path, pushing on before my servant, who always attended me in my walks to town, a figure came up full against me with a stamping kind of rough noise: I stopped, and looking up far above his head, said, 'I think the road might do for you and not come upon the foot-path." An angry voice from a face level with my own, replied, "But I believe I have as good a right to walk on the foot-path as you—who the plague are you! indeed!" I endeavored to explain by saying, what was fact, "I beg pardon, but I thought you were on horseback;"—an unlucky error caused by my having been greatly annoyed and endangered the day before, by a man riding on the foot-path close upon me. This mistake did not wind up so agreeably as the first, for he stumped on muttering.

And yet I used to make my way, and safely and nimbly too, by my servant John walking rapidly before me, through the most crowded streets of London. His method was, if a handle of a barrow came across him, to move it aside; if anything on a person's head, whether hamper, trunk, furniture, etc., to put up his hand and turn it away, still keeping on without saying a word, or turning his own head about, and I posting after him through a *gantlet* of people of all kinds who stopped to abuse and call him fifty names, such as, "Impudent scoundrel! rascal!" etc., all which my *walking* harbinger never seemed to hear or notice, and on we clearly went. This was from apple-

women, fish-women, porters with knots on their heads, etc.; thus, in the throng of a London street, he cleared a lane for me.

According to the privilege of an author franking a friend to the theater now and then, my brother, one morning, asked me for an order; but having already written and given away to *my* acquaintances and *their* acquaintances, more than was strictly proper, I refused. The same evening I unexpectedly went to the play myself; I was alone, and being in the lower boxes, towards the close of the third act, a gentleman coming in, and standing near me, I looked up, half turning round, and said, "How the deuce did you get in?" A strange voice answered, "How did I get in, sir! why, with my money. How did yourself get in?" I unfortunately mistook him for my brother; and this last mistake might have led me into a more dangerous dilemma than either of the former, had not another gentleman, in the adjoining box, who knew who I was, and, consequently, the imperfect state of my sight, kindly explained; thus saving me from pistol work, either on the strand of Clontarf, or behind Montague House, or in a little tavern room across a table, or any other field of battle, west of Mother Red-cap's.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Coming into my parlor in Stafford Row, Buckingham Gate, one day, tired with my walk, and my spirits wearied by a long rehearsal, I found a gentleman looking very close at a picture which hung up; he bowed, and then went again to the picture, looked at me, and said something, I don't know what. We were completely at cross purposes; my eyes could not distinguish his features, and his ears could not hear my voice; he was deaf, and I could not see. In the midst of our embarrassment, my landlord came into the room, and addressing him very respectfully, yet loud, said, "Mr. ——, the picture-dealer, lodges up stairs." The stranger then turned to me, made an apology, and went out of my parlor. When he had left the house, I asked my landlord who the gentleman was. He answered, that it was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." I then too late regretted my not having known this before, that I might have enjoyed a little of his company, as I greatly admired the works of his

pencil. Fortunate, thought I at that moment, that *my* infirmity is not on *his* side of the question!

One day walking with Mr. Colman, and admiring his beautiful garden at Richmond, he told me Sir Joshua Reynolds had been with him the day before, and also liked his parterres and hot-houses extremely ("and by the way, O'Keeffe, my gardener is a capital one, and your countryman; he brings out pine-apples and melons for me at very little expense"). Mr. Colman added, that he had been a good deal annoyed by a timber-yard to the left; besides the noise, it was a disagreeable object, so, continued he, "I raised up that fine screen of trees to hide it. I was pointing out this exploit of mine yesterday to Sir Joshua. 'Aye,' said he, 'very well, Colman, now you cannot see the *wood* for *trees*.'"

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I am a friar of orders gray:
As down the valley I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk, no money I want;
And why I 'm so plump the reason I 'll tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I 'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin:
With old sack wine I 'm lined within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl's ding dong.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

PATRICK O'KELLY.

(1754 ——)

The place of birth of this extraordinary character is not known—he himself implies that it was in County Clare. He was for some time a schoolmaster in County Galway. He published 'Killarney, a Descriptive Poem,' 'The Eudoxologist,' 'The Aonian Kaleidoscope,' and 'Hippocrene.'

He was absurdly vain, and printed in each of his volumes poetical eulogies of himself and of his work by other bards. His high opinion of his own merit may be understood by his thus travestying the celebrated sonnet commencing, "Three poets in three distant ages born":

> "'T would take a Byron and a Scott, I tell you,
> Combined in one to make a Pat O'Kelly."

His 'Curse of Doneraile' was widely circulated all over Ireland and created a great deal of amusement. To appease him Lady Doneraile presented him with a handsome "watch and seal" in place of the one he "lost," upon which he wrote a eulogium.

The place and date of his death are unknown.

THE CURSE OF DONERAILE.

Alas! how dismal is my tale,
I lost my watch in Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May Fire and Brimstone never fail,
To fall in showers on Doneraile.
May all the leading fiends assail,
The thieving town of Doneraile,
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to Hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile.
May Beef, or Mutton, Lamb or Veal
Be never found in Doneraile.
But Garlic Soup and scurvy Cale,
Be still the food for Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail,
Th' industry be, of Doneraile.
May Heaven a chosen curse entail,
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.
May Sun and Moon forever fail,
To beam their lights on Doneraile.

May every pestilential gale,
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile.
May not a Cuckoo, Thrush, or Quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile.
May Patriots, Kings and Commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.
May ev'ry Post, Gazette, and Mail,
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile.
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile.
May vengeance fall at head and tail,
From North to South at Doneraile.
May profit light and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.
May Fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile.
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.
May frost and snow, and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile.
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail,
The cursèd crew of Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery flail,
To Atoms thrash all Doneraile.
May every mischief fresh and stale,
Abide henceforth in Doneraile.
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile.
May neither Flow'r nor Oatenmeal,
Be found or known in Doneraile.
May want and woe each joy curtail,
That e'er was known in Doneraile.
May no one coffin want a nail,
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the thieves that rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile.
May all the sons of Granuwale,
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.
May mischief big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile.
May curses wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.
May ev'ry transport wont to sail,
A convict bring from Doneraile.
May ev'ry churn and milking pail,
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

May cold and hunger still congeal,
The stagnant blood of Doneraile.
May ev'ry hour new woes reveal,
That Hell reserves for Doneraile.
May ev'ry chosen ill prevail,
O'er all the Imps of Doneraile.
May no one wish or prayer avail,
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.
May th' Inquisition straight impale,
The rapparees of Doneraile.
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile.
May Charon's Boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Doneraile.
Oh! may my Couplets never fail,
To find new curse for Doneraile.
And may Grim Pluto's inner jail,
For ever groan with Doneraile.

RICHARD O'KENNEDY.

(1850 ——)

FATHER O'KENNEDY was born April 17, 1850. He was educated in Limerick, and studied at Maynooth for the priesthood. He is parish priest of Fedamore, near Bruff. Father O'Kennedy has been for a long time a contributor to various Irish and American magazines. He knows his people intimately, and knows how to interest us in the simple pains and pleasures of the poor. To be in his company is to go the rounds of his parish with the priest, and, because we are with him, to be admitted into the sacred intimacies of the people. His style is charming. He has an eye for the simplicities of life.

A ROUND OF VISITS.

From 'Cottage Life in Ireland.'

As we are so near, we will step across the water-course to see a poor little invalid, Bridgie Hanlon. Bridgie's mother is a widow, and after the death of her husband things went greatly against her. She met with accidents in cattle and loss of crops, and, one way or other, the family came to be very poor. Indeed, were it not for the good parish priest they would be—elsewhere. He went to the rent officer, and obtained for them time and abatements, and little by little they have risen again; for "God is good," as poor Mrs. Hanlon would say, and they are now in a fair way to do well. Bridgie has been bedridden for the last eight or ten years,—but oh, so gentle! When a child she slept, on a warm, sunny day, out in the hay-field, and was taken home a cripple.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Hanlon!"

"Oh, wisha, ye 're welcome, Father! But see what kind of a place we have before ye! We were out all day in the garden. Get out of that, Shep!" (to the woolly sheep-dog).

"We just stepped across to see poor Bridgie, Mrs. Hanlon."

"God love ye! Oh, wisha, the poor crathure!"

"How are you this evening, Bridgie?"

The poor invalid—a fair, gentle-faced girl of sixteen or

eighteen—extends a pale, thin hand; and, while in answer to our query she says "Nicely," her features wear the sweetest of smiles.

"Have you pain now, Bridgie?"

"Oh, no,—not much!"

"Do you feel the day long?"

"When mother is within it is not long, but when mother is out it is sometimes very long."

"I have brought you a very interesting Irish tale, Bridgie,—perhaps one of the best of our day: 'Marcella Grace,' by Miss Mulholland. Is Johnnie Daly coming, Mrs. Hanlon? I told him to bring something to Bridgie."

"Here he is, with a bird-cage in his hand."

"This pretty linnet is for you, Bridgie. The bird will be company to you when mother is out and the day seems long. And if his singing annoys you hold up your forefinger and say 'Now, Dickie!' and you will see he will bow his proud little head and become silent. In a day or two I will call to see how you and Dickie get on. Good-bye now, Bridgie!" And poor Bridgie follows us with another gentle smile, and the mother with a sincere and heartfelt blessing.

The night has fallen, and the lights are in the window-panes as we return. Here we are, back at poor Mike Reidy's again. Listen! It is children's laughter. How merry it is! Oh, I know! The children of the place have come in to Mike's. What instinct children have! How well they know where they're welcome! We'll "stale in unknownst."

There is a merry fire on the hearth, the sanded floor has been newly swept, and the lamp is swinging on a pulley from the roof-tree. Six or eight children are playing *pookeen*. Oh, what fun! It is a children's blind-man's-buff, but a hundred thousand times gladder and happier. A handkerchief is put over the eyes of one little thing, and she runs after the others. "Roast meat!" they cry, and she is warned that she is near the dresser or table or *coob*. She makes a dart in another direction, and they fly before and laugh. Is there on earth anything like the gladness of children's laughter? And their little bare feet are so nimble, and the tidy little carriage, and the loose locks, and the merry, healthful faces! Talk of the children of

the rich! They are nothing to the sweet children of the poor.

Sitting by the fire with Mrs. Reidy is "her next-door neighbor," Mrs. Doolan, having a *shanachus* (chat). There is a chattering and *gosthering* of the hens on the roost, as if talking to one another; and so well they might, if they had hearts at all for children's merry joys. But it is ominous, that *gosthering*—and oh, horror of horrors, the cock flaps his wings and crows!

Mrs. Doolan devoutly blesses herself. "She never likes to hear a cock crow in the evenin'. She never yet knew it to mane good." The poor children are bidden to be quiet and sit down, in tones that the little pets know well will brook no disobedience.

"I heard Mrs. Maloney, my own first cousin, Mrs. Reidy, say that she was this way sitting by the fire one night, and all at onst the cock began to crow, and the dog went out and sat on the ditch and cried as human as ever you heard. And, mind you, that night didn't her brother, ould Daniel Downey above on the hill—God rest the poor man's sowl!—die! An', be the same token, Mrs. Downey came to myself a week or so afterward, and 'Kittie,' says she, 'wisha, do you think would Daniel's ould clothes do to give for his sowl? Because, you see, there is a dale of them boys there (the sons), and it isn't aisy to get things for 'em all.' 'Don't chate the dead, whatever you do, Mary,' says I (and Mrs. Doolan gave her head a solemn shake). And wait till I tell you, Mrs. Reidy. Instead of taking my advice, what does she do but give ould rags of things that you wouldn't put frightenin' the crows! Yerrah, my dear, that very night didn't he come to her, and bate her black and blue, so that you wouldn't see an eye in her head in the mornin'—"

"Come on, Annie Donovan, and put in your finger!"—this from the infant group; for Annie was paying more heed to Mrs. Doolan and her story than to a new game they were playing now. They all put one finger on the knee of the biggest girl, and she sings:

"Miss Massy has a hen,
She lays guggies now and then:
Sometimes two and sometimes ten,—
And out with you, my little spotted hen!"

Each word of the rhyme was said on a finger, and the finger the last word fell on was ordered "out," and the owner of this finger went to the far end of the kitchen. Each of the group takes a fancy name, and the little one above gets a name also; then the leader calls out, "Six men here to cut the head and heels of you!" "Name 'em!" is answered from above. The names are called over. The little one above calls one of these—it may be her own; if so she has to come down; but if she chances to light on some one of the group, the child has to go and give her a jaunt to the fire.

Mrs. Doolan's story has an effect on Mrs. Reidy, and she wishes Mike was in the house. The cock crows again, and in spite of herself she feels as if something sad were going to happen.

Mrs. Doolan has gone home; the neighbors' children have left; the old man, the father-in-law, is in bed—Mrs. Reidy can hear him breathing heavily. She takes her two eldest ones—they always sleep with their grandfather—and lays them quietly to rest beside the old man without disturbing him. "Wisha, how unlucky he should have gone out after his supper!" she says to herself. The youngest baby is in the cradle, and Mrs. Reidy takes up a garment to mend.

Now, stranger, we have time to look around us. Everything is silent, except the tick of the round-dialled, twenty-four-hour clock of a quarter of a century ago, hanging on the wall. There was such a clock where I went to school. Our poor old master, a simple-minded, conscientious man, with a wonderful taste for mathematics, had to resort to the segments of a new potato in our day to teach us conic sections, and knelt on a new piece of boarding in the floor to draw parabolas and ellipses. God be good to him! At any rate, he tired of getting the old clock mended. Dan Mangan tried his hand at it, and Pat M'Coy—the Lord have mercy on him!—and all the handy men of the neighborhood. It might go on for a while, but it was sure to stop again. One day an old traveling man came in with a bunch of keys in his hand, and a lot of things in an old bag.

"Clock to mend, sir?"

Old George took a few of us aside, and asked us did we

think the man was honest. Our united opinion was in the affirmative. He settled with the man to do the clock. It was taken asunder, cleaned, set up, and put through all its facings. The man was paid and went his way. The clock moved round and soon the hands pointed to eleven. There was a lull in the school to hear the clock strike. Like a train coming into a station, it moved up evenly and grandly to eleven, but didn't stop there. Twelve! thirteen! Poor old George took off his low felt-hat—he always wore his hat because of a bad head,—and laid it on the desk. Every eye in the school was turned on the clock. On and on, it held the even tenor of its way. Twenty! thirty! forty! To make a long story short, it never drew bridle till it struck ninety-one. We were sent out to try if that old man might still be seen, but the clockmaker had disappeared.

The little cottage consists of the kitchen and two sleeping apartments on the ground-floor, and another room, or "loft," overhead. There are two small houses at the rear, for a pig, or a cow, or a donkey; and there is the half an acre of land attached, the entire being held from the local Board of Guardians. The houses cost about £80 for erection; the purchase of the land from landlord and tenant, together with engineers' and lawyers' fees, amounts to about half as much more; and the return at so much a week comes to about £2 10*s*. It thus appears that the rent of the little cottage and holding would never repay the principal; and at first sight it would look as if this were a misuse of the local rates, or that it has been done through charity. It is true, indeed, that this is a great boon to the laborer, because under the old system he was as a rule ill-housed, wretchedly paid, and liable to ejectment every Lady-day. In that way he never stood independent with his labor in the market.

The local rates are not, however, badly expended in being laid out in this manner. First, it secures hands for the harvest and other busy seasons of the year; and in a broken harvest the farmers would very soon lose by the scarcity of help ten times the amount they now do by this trifling increase on the rates. In the second place, being in their own cottages, as they now are, they will be more self-supporting, and less likely to be a burden by sickness on the

rates. In the third place, and looking at it from a national point of view, it helps to fix our population (what we sorely need) in the soil of our country.

The cottages, moreover, give a neat, pretty look to the country; whereas the old cabins were an intolerable eyesore. Our people, too, will have the opportunity of learning and practicing cleanliness; when, do their best, they could hardly be clean situated as they were before. It may not be in a day that we will be able to make a great stride forward, but the improvement, sooner or later, is sure to come.

There is Mike's footstep! See with what gladness his poor wife hastens to the door!

"O Mike asthore, what kept you out all night?"

"I was down there, Nellie, giving a hand to poor Tom Connors. You know he has to move. That blamed Lord Camperfield went up, mind you, to Dublin, and got the privy council—bad luck to 'em from top to bottom!—to throw out the little cottage he was waiting for so long. And then down he comes to the Board of Guardians, and gets an order to have the sanitary officer put Tom out, because his cabin wasn't fit to live in; and if he refused, to summon him before himself at the coort, and then maybe! And all because Tom was in the ditch when they thought to stop the hunting below at the fox-cover. And there I was, making a couple of *meerogues* (hay-ropes) for Mrs. Moynihan to fetther the goats that were going in threshpass. God help us, she's to be pitied!"

"Has she any word from the asylum about her husband, Mike?"

"Sorra a word, only that the docthor says he'll never be betther. And I went up to the masther, Nell, and I bamboozled him. 'Wisha, sir!' says I, 'there's that poor Mrs. Moynihan below,—who has she to look to but yourself? "Only for that good man," says she, "what would I do? My whole depindence is on him. Night, noon, and morning, lying and rising, he has my blessing."' 'And what can we do for her now, Mike?' says he. 'Wisha, if we opened them handful of drills for her, sir,' says I, 'herself and the childhre could drop in the *skillanes* (seed potatoes), and I could close 'em in the evening.' 'Let it be the first thing you'll do in the morning, Mike,' says he."

"And I pity poor Tom Connors and his little family too, Mike, from my heart."

"If you saw the childhre crying, Nell, and kissing the others, it would draw tears from a stone."

"Well, Mike, thank God, no one can put us out of this!"

"While God laves us our health, Nell."

The woman tidied up the house, they recited the Rosary, and then retired to rest. Soon silence and sleep, and perhaps sanctity too, reigned in and around the poor Irish laborer's cottage.

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

(1729—1802.)

ARTHUR O'LEARY was born in 1729 at Acres, County Cork. He acquired some classical knowledge and entered a monastery in Brittany, where he was ordained priest. During the English-French war, from 1756–1762, he was chaplain to the prisons and hospitals of the English soldiers.

He wrote a 'Defense of the Divinity of Christ' and 'Remarks on Rev. John Wesley's Letter on the Civil Principles of the Roman Catholics,' but his best work was 'Mr. O'Leary's Plea for Liberty of Conscience.' From 1782 to 1789 he was embroiled in civil and religious controversy in Ireland, which occasioned his 'Defense.' At the close of this period he went to London, where he was much loved and revered. He died in 1802.

PLEA FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

From the Introduction.

My design in the following sheets is, to throw open the gates of civil toleration for all Adam's children whose principles are not inconsistent with the peace of civil society, or subversive of the rules of morality; to wrench, as far as in my power lies, the poniard, so often tinged with human blood, from the hand of persecution; to sheathe the sword which misguided zeal has drawn in the defense of a Gospel which recommends peace and love; to restore to man the indelible charter of his temporal rights, which no earthly power has ever been commissioned by heaven to deprive him of on account of his mental errors; to re-establish the empire of peace overthrown so often by religious feuds; and to cement all mortals, especially Christians, in the ties of social harmony, by establishing toleration on its proper ground.

The history of the calamities occasioned by difference in religious opinions, is a sufficient plea for undertaking the task. But time does not allow me to enter into a detail of those melancholy scenes which misconstrued religion has displayed. The effects are well known; it is my aim to remove the cause.

The mind shrinks back at the thoughts of cruelties exer-

cised against the Christians by heathen emperors for the space of three hundred years. Scarce did the Christians begin to breathe under the first princes who embraced their religion, than they fell out amongst themselves about the mysteries of the Scriptures. Arianism, protected by powerful sovereigns, raised against the defenders of the Trinity persecutions as violent as those raised formerly by the heathens. Since that time, at different intervals, error, backed by power, persecuted truth, and the partisans of truth, forgetful of the moderation which reason and religion prescribe, committed the same excesses with which they upbraided their oppressors. Sovereigns, blinded by dangerous zeal—or guided by barbarous policy —or seduced by odious counsels—became the executioners of their subjects who adopted religious systems different from those of their rulers, or persevered in ancient systems from which their sovereigns had receded.

Had these horrors been confined to one sect of Christians only, infidels would not have been so successful in their attacks on the system at large; that religion disclaims the odious imputation. But all sects execrated and attempted to extirpate one another. Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious sect offered up human victims to its creed.

The ministers of a religion that had triumphed over the Cæsars, not by resistance, but by suffering, became the apologists of calamities that swept from the face of the earth, or oppress to this day God's noblest images—upright, virtuous, and dauntless men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they stepped into the sanctuary, to grasp the barbarian's sword wrapped up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with sanctions against robbers and murderers, was swelled, to the surprise and destruction of mankind, with additional decrees against *heretics* and *papists*. The inoffensive citizen, from the apprehension of offending the Deity by acting against his conscience, was confined in the same dungeon, or doomed to the fagot or axe, with the parricide who laid aside every restraint of moral obligation: and the Scriptures were adduced in justification of the sanguinary confusion. The wreath and the rod have been held forth, not to crown the worthy and punish the pernicious, but to scourge to conformity candid and

steady virtue. The priest gave the sanction of heaven to the bloody mandates of the civil magistrate; and the civil magistrate unsheathed the sword to vindicate the cause of the God of heaven, who reserves to himself the punishment of man's conscience.

No person has a greater respect for the clerical order of every denomination than I have. I am of the number and feel myself wounded through their sides, when the Deist and free-thinker, who hold them all in equal contempt, contend "that in all ages, and in all countries, the clergy are the main props of persecution. That had they been as solicitous to heal and conciliate men's hearts, as they have been to inflame and divide them, the world would by this time bear a different aspect. That they should have left the laity in peaceable possession of good neighborhood, mutual charity, and friendly confidence. That instead of enforcing the great principles of religion, the very basis whereof is charity, peace, and love, they are ever and always the first oppressors of those who differ from them in opinion, and the active and impelling spring that gives force and elasticity to the destructive weapons of the civil power." And in corroboration of the charge, the free-thinkers will unfold the page of history, and open those enormous volumes made up of religious declamations. He will prove from both that if "popes and their apologists have scattered the fire-brand, their spiritual brethren have faithfully copied their example in succeeding times, wherever their power and influence prevailed."

"Though the Protestant divines," says Hume, "had ventured to renounce opinions deemed certain for so many ages, they regarded in their turn the new system so certain, that they could bear no contradiction with regard to it. And they were ready to burn in the same flames from which they themselves had so narrowly escaped, every one that had the assurance to oppose them." Hence the scaffolds reeking in Holland with the blood of illustrious men, who, after opposing Philip the Second's efforts to introduce conformity by fire and sword, fell themselves by the hand of the executioner for denying Gomar's predestination. Hence hecatombs of victims, offered upon the gloomy altar of the Scotch League and Covenant, and peopling the regions of the dead, for differing in opinion.

"Out of every contested verse," says satirical Voltaire, "there issued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, who inspired mankind at once with folly and cruelty."

The same Demon that poured the poisonous cup over the kingdoms and provinces of Europe, took his flight over the Atlantic, and spread his baneful influence amongst colonists who had themselves fled from the scourge. Their new-built cities, like so many Jerusalems, were purified from idolatry. There no Popish priest dared to bend his knee to "his idols, or transfer to stock or stone the worship due to the God of Israel." There the Quaker woman's silent groans were raised to the high key of loud shrieks, when the Lord's deputy ordered her profane breasts to be whipped off by the Gospel scourge, that whipped the profaners out of the temple. There the Quaker was seen suspended by the neck on high, for daring to pollute the sacred streets with his profane feet *moved by Baal's spirit.* The holy city thus purged from the Jebuseans and Pherieans, was split soon after into two factions. The two famous covenants, the covenant of grace and covenant of works, soon divided the spiritual militants. The jarring of divinity caused such dissensions, that in the presence of sixty thousand savages, headed by their warriors, giving the signal for scaling the walls to bury the contending parties under their ruins, grace would not permit works to lend the least assistance for repelling the common foe. It became victorious over the Indians and Christians. It drove the first from its walls, and banished the latter from the city into savannahs and deserts to procure themselves subsistence by the work of their hands.

In a word, persecution on the score of our conscience has thinned the world of fifty millions of human beings by fire and sword. Thousands who have escaped the sword and fagot have perished and are daily perishing with hunger and want for their mode of worship. The London riots, occasioned by a pretext of religion, have added about four hundred more, deluded by religious frenzy, to the enormous number, and although they suffered as plunderers and incendiaries, yet religious intolerance in their leaders occasioned the deluded people's destruction.

The history of the calamities occasioned by the Gospel

of peace could be concluded with the poet's epiphonema, *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—"Such devilish acts religion could persuade."

SOME ANCEDOTES OF FATHER O'LEARY.

REASON FOR ACCEPTING THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY.

Father O'Leary had once a polemical contest with a Protestant Bishop of Cloyne. The prelate, in a pamphlet, inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of Popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slily observed, "that, much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might go farther and fare worse."

A FRIEND IN COURT.

Once in their unconstrained, after-dinner chat, Curran exclaimed to the Friar, "Reverend Father, I wish you were St. Peter."—"And why so, Counselor?"—"Because, being master of the keys, you might let me in."—"I declare to you, that it were better for you if I had the keys of the other place in my possession, for then I could let you out."

OUT OF ORDER.

At one of the meetings of the English Catholic Board, whilst O'Leary was addressing the chairman, the late Lord Petre, it was suggested by the noble president that the speaker was entering on topics not calculated to promote the unanimity of the assembly. O'Leary, however, persevered: on which Lord Petre interrupted him, adding, "Mr. O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are *out of order.*" The reply was equally quick and characteristic—"I thank you for your anxiety, my lord; but I assure you *I never was in better health in my life.*" The archness of manner with which these words were uttered was triumphant, and every unpleasant feeling was lost in the mirth which was necessarily excited.

A NOLLE PROSEQUI.

At the time that Barry Yelverton was Attorney-General, himself and O'Leary, while enjoying the beauties of Killarney, had the rare fortune to witness a stag hunt. The hunted animal ran towards the spot where the Attorney-General and O'Leary stood. "Ah!" said Father Arthur, with genuine wit, "how naturally instinct leads him to come to you, that you may deliver him a *nolle prosequi!*"

LOTS DRAWN TO HAVE HIM AT DINNER.

In 1779 O'Leary visited Dublin. He accidentally met, in the lobby of the House of Commons, the late Lord Avonmore, then Mr. Yelverton, and two gentlemen, members of the legislature. All three wished to invite him to dinner and the question was decided by lot. O'Leary was an amused and silent spectator.

When the hour of dinner was come, O'Leary forgot which of his three friends was to be his host.

In this difficulty, his ready imagination suggested an expedient. His friends, he recollected, lived in the same square, and he therefore, some short time after the usual dinner hour, sent a servant to inquire at each of the houses—"if Father O'Leary was there?" At the two first, where application was made, the reply was in the negative; but at the last, the porter answered, that "he was not there; but that dinner was ordered to be kept back, as he was every moment expected." Thus directed, "Father Arthur's apology for delay was a humorous and detailed account of his expedient—the evening flew quickly away on the wings of eloquence and wit, and the laughable incident was long remembered and frequently repeated."

AN IRISH BEAR.

Coming from St. Omer, Father O'Leary stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity, which all people were running to see— curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of *lingo,* which they called *patois,* but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candle-light, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper however, with a short spike fixed at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw; and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way. The beast at length grew tired —the keeper hit him with the pole—he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen; his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and, rising on his hind-legs, swore at his tormentors in very good native Irish. O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguard fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear's-skin, and were showing him about for six sous! The civic dignitary,

who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend. At last, O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival, the bear was still on duty, and O'Leary stepping up to him says:—*"Cianos tha'n thu, a Phadhrig?"* (How d'ye do, Pat?) *"Slan, go raimh math agut!"* (Pretty well, thank you) says the bear.

The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke—but the mayor ordered him directly to be ripped up; and after some opposition, and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth stark naked out of the bear's-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off—the men stood astonished—and the mayor ordered his keepers to be put in jail unless they satisfied him; but that was presently done.

The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing; only they worked him too hard: the fishermen had found him at sea on a hen-coop, which had saved him from going to the bottom, with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvan, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before: the fisherman had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavored to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

(1831—1889.)

ELLEN O'LEARY was born in Tipperary, 1831. She was the sister of Mr. John O'Leary, the well known Fenian leader, to whom she was most tenderly and unselfishly devoted. She took an active part in the Fenian conspiracy after the arrest of Stephens, and materially assisted his escape. Her brother John, for his part in the conspiracy, was sentenced in 1865 to twenty years' penal servitude, and returned to Ireland after an absence of fourteen years. During all this time she stayed quietly in Tipperary, living for the hour of his return.

In 1887, when his period of banishment expired, they resided in Dublin most happily for a little while. She died at Cork in 1889. A little volume of her poems was published after her death, entitled 'Lays of Country, Home, and Friends,' edited by T. W. Rolleston, with a portrait and memoir, and an introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. It consisted for the most part of her contributions to *The Irish People*, *The Irish Monthly*, *The Boston Pilot*, etc., which were aptly described as "simple field flowers which blossomed above the subterraneous workings of a grim conspiracy."

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

I sit beside my darling's grave,
  Who in the prison died,
And tho' my tears fall thick and fast,
  I think of him with pride:
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
  "And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet,
  Who pledged me her white hand:
To each—to all—I 'm ever true;
To God—to Ireland—and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed
  Or softly raised his head;
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
  Ere I knew he was dead;
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

Oh! 't is a glorious memory;
I 'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave,
And think on what has been:
And, oh, my darling, I am true
To God—to Ireland—and to you.

MY OLD HOME.

A poor old cottage tottering to its fall;
Some faded rose-trees scattered o'er the wall;
Four wooden pillars all aslant one way;
A plot in front, bright green, amid decay,
Where my wee pets, whene'er they came to tea,
Laughed, danced, and played, and shouted in high glee;
A rusty paling and a broken gate
Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

Dusty and damp within, and rather bare;
Chokeful of books, here, there and everywhere;
Old-fashioned windows and old doors that creaked,
Old ceilings cracked and gray, old walls that leaked;
Old chairs and tables, and an ancient lady
Worked out in tapestry, all rather shady;
Bright pictures, in gilt frames, the only color,
Making the grimy wallpaper look duller.

What was the charm, the glamour that o'erspread
That dingy house and made it dear? The dead—
The dead—the gentle, loving, kind and sweet,
The truest, tenderest heart that ever beat.
While she was with me 't was indeed *a home,*
Where every friend was welcome when they 'd come.
Her soft eyes shone with gladness and her grace
Refined and beautified the poor old place.

But she is gone who made home for me there,
Whose child-like laugh, whose light step on the stair
Filled me with joy and gladness, hope and cheer.
To heaven she soared, and left me lonely here.
The old house now has got a brand-new face;
The roses are uprooted; there 's no trace
Of broken bough or blossom—no decay—
The past is dead—the world wags on alway.

JOHN O'LEARY

(1830 ——)

JOHN O'LEARY, a journalist, now retired, was born in Tipperary, July, 23, 1830, and was educated at the Erasmus Smith School, Tipperary ; Carlow College ; Queen's Colleges, Cork and Galway ; and Trinity College, Dublin. He studied medicine, but took no degree. He joined the Young Ireland movement in 1848, and when the Fenian movement started he became a prominent member of the organization, and edited its organ, *The Irish People*, until its suppression in 1865. In 1867 he was arrested and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment ; he was released in 1870, but was exiled for the rest of the period of his sentence, and spent most of the time in France. He returned to Ireland, and has lived in Dublin since, taking part in all the literary movements of the time, becoming in fact the center of an important circle. He is a man of lofty character and of high ideals, and evokes in men of the most diverse opinion a common admiration of his chivalry and honor.

He has made frequent contributions to the Irish press for many years, and has published the following books : 'Young Ireland, the Old and the New,' 1885 ; 'What Irishmen Should Read, What Irishmen Should Feel,' 1886 ; 'Introduction to Writings of J. F. Lalor,' 1895 ; 'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism,' 2 vols., 1896.

CHARLES KICKHAM AND "THE IRISH PEOPLE."

From 'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism.'

I now come to that one among my colaborers whose name has been most mixed up with mine during all later years, both before and since his death, whose fame is probably more widely spread in Ireland than that of any of us, and who of all of us has, I think, far the best chance of being remembered in these after times about which we are all so naturally (if perhaps not over-reasonably) solicitous. I need scarcely tell my Irish readers that I am speaking of Charles Joseph Kickham, who, alone among us, had, I think, any claim to that rare quality called genius. . . . Luby has certainly the most genial of natures, and very great talent and acquirements, but neither to him nor to any of us, save Kickham, would men then or since have felt inclined to grant the higher gift.

In speaking of Smith O'Brien and the Killenaule affair with the soldiers, I have told how I then, or soon after,

heard of Kickham from a common friend; but that I knew little about him, and had little faith in him, supposing, naturally, however mistakenly, that, though big in Mullinahone, he might be small in Dublin. I very soon came to see, and that before I saw himself, that he was quite big enough for Dublin or a bigger place.

In the third number of the paper we printed the first instalment of 'Leaves from a Journal' kept by Kickham on his way to America, where he then was, which left no doubt in my mind of his literary capacity. . . .

Of the third number of the paper, I need say but little, save that it contained the last of Stephens' articles and the first of Kickham's. The article of Stephens was called 'Felon-setting,' and has made its fortune, as the French say, in giving a much-used, and perhaps somewhat abused, phrase to our Irish political vocabulary. There were the usual articles, as regards manner and matter, from Luby and myself; he positive, as usual, as to what we needed, and hopeful of attaining it; and I drawing attention to the supremely ignorant and sufficiently savage utterances of the English press.

In the fourth number there was little change in form or treatment, but that an article of mine took the place heretofore devoted to Stephens' lucubrations. My article was entitled 'Self-sacrifice,' and was certainly somewhat high-strung in its pitch. I think I may say, at this distance of time, without laying myself open to any charge of inordinate vanity or self-laudation, that I saw clearly in my mind's eye as I wrote, the probable future that awaited me, that I was not unprepared to meet it, and that I did meet it without making any particular moan. Not that I was anyway peculiar, though I think the times were, for what I have said of myself I can of course say with at least equal justice of not only Luby, Kickham, Mulcahy, but of the whole rank and file of the Fenians. The name of Kickham's first article was 'Two Sets of Principles,' and his second was but a continuation of the first, with the same name.

These articles were directed against doctrines lately laid down by a Lord-Lieutenant, well known then, but pretty well and deservedly forgotten since. "There are two sets of principles," said Lord Carlisle, "striving for mastery

over this island. One is represented by the Royal Agricultural Society, and the other set of principles find shrill voices on the summit of Slievnamon." The doctrine of the Agricultural Society held up to our admiration was that Ireland was destined to be, to use the cant of the day, "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds;" and the doctrine shrieked from the summit of Slievnamon was that men had a right to live upon the land as well as sheep and cows.

Kickham had, of course, an easy victory over his lecturing lordship, in defense of his own doctrine, for Kickham himself had been the talker on the top of Slievnamon.

In the fifth issue of the paper, which was the Christmas number, there was a long Christmas story by Joyce, and much poetry (or at least verse), mostly relating to the festive occasion, and including, besides poems from Joyce, my sister, Kickham, Mulcahy and Rossa, one also signed "Kilmartin," which was the *nom de plume* of John Walsh, a County Waterford schoolmaster, who afterwards wrote often for the paper, and who appears to me to have shown much of the simplicity and a good deal of the pathos of his more celebrated, and, on the whole, more distinguished, namesake, Edward Walsh.

In the same paper appeared the first of a series of articles headed 'A Retrospect.' These articles were meant to give a short account of what had been going on in Ireland for a dozen years or so, and, of course, to draw from that immediate past such listeners as might be usual for the present and the future. The articles, which were written by Kickham, dealt mainly with the tenant-right movement, but, of course, more or less diverged or digressed occasionally to deal with such sayings and doings of the day as seemed to bear upon that immediate past which was his proper subject. Here are the conclusions with which he brings his first article to a close:—"Firstly, that it is useless for them to waste their strength in struggling for anything but the one thing. Secondly, that, however ably and honestly conducted, parliamentary agitation is a delusion and a snare. And thirdly, that it is quite possible for a priest, and even a bishop, to be mistaken." It is no business of mine to defend these propositions of Kickham now. The question is not what I or another may think now, but

how we thought and felt in that distant time with which I am now dealing, and I think that Kickham showed clearly enough that he had good historic ground for all his contentions. Of course, as I have said before, and as has been said so very long before, the times change and we change with them. For the last dozen years or so, no man who mentioned the first two propositions would be listened to; and yet I held then and hold still that, with some slight modification, the first is absolutely true. As to the second proposition, we were taught of late, or at least till lately, the very converse of that, but the whirligig of time brings its revenge soon or late, and again we were thrown into doubt, and many seem drifting back to Kickham again. But, again, the question is not what there seems good reason for holding true now, but what there seemed good reason for holding true then. . . .

But with myself and Kickham the paper was the main thing henceforward. And here is perhaps the place to say what I have still left unsaid of Kickham as a man, as well as a writer. Now, for the first time, I came to know him; seeing him every day at the office, and meeting him very often of an evening, mostly at my own lodgings, but occasionally at Stephens' or elsewhere—and a better, and in a sense, a wiser man I have seldom, if ever, known. Martin, I have said, was the best man I ever knew; but Kickham, possibly, fell very little short of him in mere goodness, while he greatly excelled him in ability. Knowledge in the ordinary sense he had little; knowing, I think, science not at all, very little history, no ancient or modern language, save that of the Sassenagh, and little of what these languages contained.

What he knew he mostly knew well, and among the authors whom I remember as familiar to him were Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Dickens, and, among later writers I know he greatly admired George Eliot. Indeed, it seems a little strange to me now that I can recall to mind so little of his literary likings or dislikings, seeing that we mostly talked, especially of later years, upon literary matters. Possibly it was that we talked much of the writings of ourselves (though scarcely, I think, of myself) and our common acquaintances; as much we certainly always did talk of Irish writers, big and little—and little unfortu-

nately they mostly are—from the Young Ireland days down to our own, and especially much upon our ballad and song writers, as we both felt their great importance from a propagandist point of view, and I felt then, and feel still, that what little Kickham did in the way of song and ballad was so good that it was a pity he did no more. Indeed, it is a pity that his poetry, which would make but a very small volume, has not yet been collected. And talking of lyrical poetry reminds me that I had strangely forgotten to say above that the author mostly read and probably most admired by Kickham after Shakespeare was Burns; so that in so far as he gave his nights and his days to the study of the greatest of all poets, and probably the greatest of all lyrical poets, he was assimilating the sort of intellectual food most suitable to his mental constitution.

But there was another kind of knowledge besides that of books possessed by Kickham, and in this I have never met with any one who excelled him. He knew the Irish people thoroughly, but especially the middle or so-called lower classes, and from thoroughness of knowledge came thoroughness of sympathy. It was not that he at all ignored the faults or shortcomings of the people, but he was convinced that these were far more than counterbalanced by their virtues, and, anyway, whatever merits or demerits they might have, they were his people, to whom he was bound to cling through life unto death, and this he did with a strength and force excelled by no man of his generation, if equalled by any. But why go on? Kickham, from his books and even from such scanty notices of him as have already appeared, is probably better known than any other Fenian dead or living.

JOSEPH O'LEARY.

(1790—1850.)

JOSEPH O'LEARY was born in Cork about 1790, and was a contributor to *The Freeholder* and other papers of his native city and of Dublin. He went to London in 1834, and acted as Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Herald*. He is said to have been one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*. Between 1840 and 1850 he disappeared, and is said to have committed suicide in the Regent's Canal, though this is not confirmed. 'Whisky, Drink Divine' first appeared in *The Freeholder* about 1820, and was reprinted in the *Dublin and London Magazine*. His only published volume is 'The Tribute,' a collection of poems (Cork, 1833).

WHISKY, DRINK DIVINE.

Whisky, drink divine!
  Why should drivelers bore us
With the praise of wine
  While we 've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
  Whilst we gayly fling thee
To our lips of flame,
  If we could not sing thee?
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Greek and Roman sung
  Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
  To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons—
  Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
  They owe it to their whisky—
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

If Anacreon—who
  Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *mountain-dew*,
  How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,
  He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*,
  He 'd pitch wine to the devil—
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
  When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
  When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lips—
  Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
  Seems a shower of kisses—
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Could my feeble lays
  Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
  Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
  Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
  When we call thee *spirits*—
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Send it gayly round—
  Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
  This enchanting treasure:
And when tyrant death's
  Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
  Be whisky! whisky! whisky!
    Whisky, drink divine, etc.

KATHLEEN O'MEARA (GRACE RAMSAY).

(1839—1888.)

KATHLEEN O'MEARA was born in Dublin in 1839. When she was very young her home was removed to Paris, but she had always a very warm heart for her native Ireland. She was a kinswoman of Barry O'Meara, the Irish physician of Napoleon during his last melancholy years. Her first book was 'A Woman's Trials.' It was followed by 'Iza's Story,' 'A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire,' 'Mabel Stanhope,' 'Diana Coryval,' 'The Old House in Picardy,' 'Pearl,' 'Are You My Wife?' 'Narka,' and other novels. But perhaps the most successful of all her books was 'Madam Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends.' She also wrote the 'Life of Frederick Ozanam,' and the 'Life of Bishop Grant.' Indeed, she excelled in biography. She had a very beautiful and saintly personality, and her work is worthy of herself. She died in Paris Nov. 10, 1888.

THE NOVEL IN THE FIGARO.

"O sister! what a pity you went away!" exclaimed Clement, as he opened the door to her; "Madame de Genvriac has been here ever since you left. I believe she saw you going out, for she came up a minute after, and she and M. le Comte had great laughing when she went in."

"Is she here still?"

"Yes. She is reading to him now."

"Ah!" This was a good sign anyhow. Sœur Thérèse entered the room, and with a polite "Bonjour, madame!" to the visitor, proceeded to inquire how her patient had fared during her absence. He reported himself most satisfactorily; he had not had any crisis of pain, and the time had not hung heavily on him, thanks to Madame de Genvriac, who had come just at the right moment to amuse and entertain him.

"Madame has been reading to you, I see?" said Sœur Thérèse smilingly; she was grateful to the noisy lady for her good offices on this occasion.

"Yes, ma sœur; I have read him all the news of the day; Monsieur was ignorant of all the world has been doing these last ten days or so; then the *Figaro* has just begun a most amusing story in the 'Feuilleton'; it has made him laugh a great deal: you must read it to him as it comes out every day. But perhaps you would think it wrong to read a

novel? Does your superior allow you to read any books that are not pious?"

"She allows me, nay, my rule orders me, to do everything that can be of use or any pleasure to my patient," replied the Robin; "I am delighted to find out a way of passing the time pleasantly for him."

"Ma sœur, you are a—a—what shall I call you?—a saint? an angel?—which do you like best?" said M. de Bois-Ferré.

"A good nurse! That is the most complimentary name you can give me, because it runs a chance of being true," she replied laughing.

"You are the very pearl and diamond of nurses! I am so grateful to you, sister, for your care of him!" exclaimed Madame de Genvriac, seizing her hand and pressing it warmly. "Is there nothing I can do to prove it?"

Sister Theresa laughed in her merry, childlike way. "Pray for me, madame; but you owe me no gratitude. I am only doing my duty. Ask our dear Lord to enable me to do it better, and the gratitude will be all on my side."

Madame de Genvriac promised, gathered up her velvets, and departed.

After this, Sister Theresa read the *Figaro* aloud regularly every day. It was very unpalatable reading, but there was so far nothing positively wrong in it, either in the paper itself or its "Feuilleton," and it amused the count highly. About the third morning, however, the story opened with a chapter which sounded rather repugnant, and grew unmistakably so, as it went on. "To the pure all things are pure." The guileless spirit of Sœur Thérèse failed to apprehend the gross allusions, to see the vicious current which all along had been running through the story, and which only now rose more visibly to the surface. She began to feel vaguely perplexed, but it was rather the instinctive shrinking of a delicate soul from the possible approach of evil, than the definite fear of one who clearly recognized it. Her color rose once or twice, her tongue imperceptibly faltered over certain expressions. She did not understand them; it was like the taste of poison, or the unseen proximity of a deadly foe, that makes some animals shudder involuntarily, and betray signs of horror before they are conscious of the cause. It was this

intuitive sense of an unknown and hidden danger that made the chastened pulses of the nurse beat with vague fear, and sent the blood mantling to her cheek.

M. de Bois-Ferré had been waiting for this from the beginning. It was exquisite fun to watch the symptoms that were so painfully bewildering to the pure, child-like creature before him. How much did she understand, or how little? Frenchmen of a certain school have, or, at any rate, affect a cynical disbelief in the angelic element that exists in a woman's nature, that instinct which they owe, perhaps, to their kinship with the Woman who crushed the serpent's head, the lily, whose whiteness outshines the sun. This opportunity furnished a curious study to him. He listened with a smile of inexpressible amusement as the Robin Redbreast, in her infantine simplicity, read out the poisoned passages, generally least nervous when the poison was foulest, tremulously abashed when there was comparatively no cause for it, but when the veil was more transparent.

"It is a capital story, so clever and amusing!" said the count, as she finished the chapter, and laid down the paper; "does it not amuse you very much, ma sœur?"

"No; it does not amuse me at all. I do not understand it," she answered, with unabashed simplicity.

"You will understand it better as it goes on," observed Gustave. "I am so glad Madame de Genvriac came and found it out! It is a capital distraction for me; Vauban is so anxious I should have a distraction."

Sœur Thérèse said nothing; but, by and by, after reciting her Office, she went to her usual seat in the window, and opened the 'Life of the Père de Ravignan.' As she anticipated, it was not long before the count wanted to know what she was reading.

"I own I brought the book with the idea of reading it aloud to you," she said; "I thought it would be pleasant to you to be read to now and then, and I asked our mother if there was a book in the library that she thought would amuse you; she selected this one, and said it was sure to interest you. . . ."

"I will listen to anything to give you pleasure, my good little sister," he said; "only I give you warning, it 's no use trying to convert me. I told Madame de Genvriac she

was to make that a *sine qua non* of my letting her engage a nun to come and nurse me. I was not to be preached to. Did she tell you that?"

"She did, monsieur. I promised not to preach to you. Have I not kept my word?" demanded Sœur Thérèse.

She did not look at him, but attended steadily to her knitting; she had laid aside the book.

"Yes, most loyally so far," he replied, laughing; "has it been a great penance to you?"

"On the contrary; it would have been a terrible penance to me if I were obliged to preach," she said good-humoredly, "besides, it would be quite out of my vocation; we poor nuns are only permitted to preach by our example."

"What are you ordered to preach in that way?"

"The love of God and of our neighbor; that is the sermon we are told to put in practice by our lives."

"Ma sœur, what put it into your head to become a nun?" said M. de Bois-Ferré, after a pause of some moments, during which he had been steadily gazing at her.

"The love of God, monsieur," she answered smiling.

"Humph! Are you an orphan?" he inquired presently.

"No, thank God! my dear parents are both alive."

"Were you happy at home?"

"As happy as the day was long!" she said heartily; "I had the most indulgent parents that ever lived; they had only one defect, they spoiled me dreadfully."

"Then what in the name of mercy possessed you to leave them?" exclaimed Gustave in real amazement.

Sœur Thérèse laughed joyously. "I have told you, monsieur. It was for love of our dear Lord I left them."

It told him nothing. She was talking an unknown tongue.

"What do you understand by the love of our dear Lord?" he said, not scoffingly at all; he was honestly puzzled; "what proof of love to Him is it in you to leave your natural duties and pleasures, and go and nurse people who have no claim on you?"

"Ah! that 's just it; they *have* a claim on me; because He loves them, and suffered and died for them," answered the Robin, and her gentle face was lifted with a sweet light upon it that he had never seen before; "that is what makes

it all easy to us, what turns the hard ways into soft, what gives us courage to deny ourselves, and serve, and toil, and persevere; the thought that, while so many are forgetting Him, we at least are mindful of Him, that we are helping Him to carry His cross."

What strange fanaticism was this? Gustave de Bois-Ferré had read of such things in books here and there; but he had never believed they were put in practice by sane human beings. Yet here was one most unquestionably sane, who had surrendered her whole life to their control. For the first time he began to wonder what motive could in the first instance prompt a young girl, born in comfort, perhaps in affluence, tenderly nurtured and well-educated, to trample all the ties of nature, and the joys of home, under her feet, and take to the life of a servant, nursing all kinds of people, good and bad, rich and poor, through every sort of disease and sickness that humanity suffers from. "This is what turns the hard ways into soft," she had said. They were hard, then, in spite of the love that prompted her to tread them? How could it be otherwise? He was a brute and a fool not to have known that instinctively. What was there in the service of his own sick-room that was not repugnant? the service of a common hospital nurse performed by a refined lady towards a man who was neither father nor brother, kith nor kin to her? It was the triumph of her humility, her modest, self-obliterating charity, that he had not thought of this before, and been pained and embarrassed by it, but had taken it as a natural thing, extending towards Sœur Thérèse little more than the gratitude that we feel towards a servant who serves us kindly and punctually.

"Come and read some of that book of yours," he said, impelled to do something to atone for his ingratitude. "I want very much to hear what it is like."

"No, I will not read it," she replied; "you said it would bore you; and M. Vauban does not wish you to be bored."

"I only said that to tease you, ma sœur. I assure you it will amuse me very much."

"Then I certainly will not read it; it is not a book to be made an amusement of," said Sœur Thérèse.

"I did not mean that; I will not laugh at it; I promise you I won't," repeated Gustave.

Sœur Thérèse suspended her knitting, and looking at him, said: "I will read it for you, then, but on one condition, that you don't ask me to read you any more of that 'Feuilleton.'"

"Ah, no! I can't agree to that, the 'Feuilleton' is much too amusing; I must hear the end of it. What objection have you to it? It won't interfere with the 'Père de Ravignan' the least in the world; we can have the novel in the morning, and the 'Père' in the afternoon."

"No; the mixture would not do at all; they would spoil each other," said Sœur Thérèse; "it would be like giving you opposite kinds of food that must disagree, and doctors never approve of that, you know, monsieur!"

"On the contrary; it is sometimes very salutary," protested the count; "when you have eaten anything unwholesome, or even poisonous, they give you its opposite as an antidote."

"Ah! then you admit that the novel is poisonous?"

"I only admit it for the sake of argument. Come, ma sœur, don't be obstinate; it is bad for sick people to be contradicted!" he said coaxingly.

She had intended all along to yield; but she was clever enough to see that a little contradiction would prepare the way by stimulating M. de Bois-Ferré's curiosity, and also disarm his suspicions that she was bent on converting him. She rose and took the book from the table. Before she had opened it, however, the clock struck, and reminded them it was the hour for the dressing of the wounds. It had always been a subject of admiration to him, the skill which his nurse displayed in this operation, uniting such swiftness and neatness, delicacy and strength: for he was a large, strong-limbed man, and it was necessary to raise the shattered leg, and hold it suspended while putting on the bandages, and to do this without inflicting acute pain was a feat that required a practiced and a skillful hand. Clement was there to help, but the lad's good will was not of much avail against his nervousness and utter want of experience, so the whole task devolved on the nurse. He watched her to-day with a greater interest than usual. It was certainly a most repulsive task, revolting to natural fastidiousness in all its details. He felt grieved and humiliated to see it performed by one who was not his sister,

and whom he could not class amongst those who undertake disagreeable work in order to gain their bread. To do him justice, M. de Bois-Ferré had never looked upon Sœur Thérèse in the light of a person whose services could be paid by money. He had not thought of what other kind of payment she was working for. He had simply admired and wondered, and felt devoutly thankful for the state of society which evolved such institutions as these admirable women. His feelings were, unknown to himself, very much those of the pious cat who gave thanks to a benign Providence that provided mice for the food and entertainment of all cats; he had a vague idea that gentlemen with broken legs were the final cause of Sisters of Charity, or of Hope, it was all the same.

"You don't seem to have suffered as much as usual under the *pansement*, monsieur?" said Sœur Thérèse, when it was over, and she was arranging him in a comfortable position.

"No, ma sœur; I never suffered anything to speak of, only I am a cowardly dog, and cry out the moment I 'm pricked," said the count; "I tried to be more patient today."

"You are always patient enough," she said; "don't put too much restraint on yourself; it is not necessary. On the contrary, sometimes it is a guide to me when you cry out a little, I know I am hurting you, and try to be more gentle."

She was smoothing his pillow as she spoke. M. de Bois-Ferré bent his head over her hand and touched it reverently with his lips. There was a moisture in his eyes that was very near overflowing. He had suffered more than he owned just now, and the effort at complete self-command had been a greater strain than his exhausted nerves could bear. Besides this, he was strangely moved by the ministrations of Sœur Thérèse, so tender, so unconscious, so perfectly natural in their kindness and simplicity. She saw that he was overcome, and taking her crucifix from her girdle she held it up, and with a smile that was half entreating, half humorous, "If you would kiss this it would do you more good," she said.

He made a sign for her to approach it to his lips, and then turned away, and was silent for a long while. Sœur

Thérèse did not volunteer again to read the contested book. She went back to the window and resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Vauban came earlier than usual next day, when she was preparing her patient's breakfast. M. de Bois-Ferré was in the habit of ordering in his meals from a neighboring café, when he took them at home, which, indeed, seldom occurred; but the doctor disapproved of this arrangement now, the dishes of the professed cook being too highly seasoned for a feverish patient; he must have nothing but the most nourishing and the simplest food—strong beef-soup, broiled meat, and plain boiled vegetables. Sœur Thérèse volunteered to prepare all this, and with Clement for *marmiton*, she managed to combine satisfactorily the duties of cook and nurse. She undertook it so simply and spontaneously that it never occurred to the count to be surprised, or to consider whether it was too much for her, or work that she was not accustomed to. If Madame de Genvriac had offered to go into the kitchen to superintend the concoction of a *tisane*, he would have been immensely surprised and amused at the incongruity of the thing. But then Madame de Genvriac was a fine lady. It was against all the laws of nature that she should set her bronze or satin foot on the tiled floor of a kitchen.

"What! Did I give you permission to read?" cried the doctor, who found M. de Bois-Ferré engrossed in the *Figaro* when he entered; "I said you might be read aloud to so long as it did not fatigue you! I can't yet allow you to read yourself; it is a strain on you holding the paper; why do you not let Sœur Thérèse read to you?"

"She does not approve of the *Figaro*," said the young man, "and there is a very amusing 'Feuilleton' in it that I want to see the end of."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! She will read it. She is much too sensible to refuse. I cannot have you strain your neck trying to read; it fatigues the spine."

Sœur Thérèse came in, and the usual morning services were performed by herself and the doctor. The wounds showed still the same unfavorable symptoms. Things were not worse, but decidedly no better.

"He makes no progress, doctor?" she said, when they were out of hearing.

"No; still, on the whole, I am more hopeful about

him; he ought to be a great deal worse by this time, unless he is to recover. There is less fever. You must keep him amused; read aloud to him anything he fancies. He said, half in a joke, that you would not read the *Figaro* for him; that is nonsense; he must be kept amused at any price. You are not so foolish, ma sœur, as to refuse to do anything that is necessary for your patient?"

"Is it necessary for him to read bad books?" said Sœur Thérèse. "I will read till I am hoarse if he will listen to good ones."

"Tut, tut! what squeamishness is this!" exclaimed the medical man, confronting her, with an expression of surprise and irritation. "I never knew you to shirk your duty before, ma sœur. I order you to read aloud any book that can divert your patient's mind, and keep him from dwelling on his wounds and other painful subjects. I may as well tell you now that he is in very great trouble. He does not yet know it himself; I have had a great deal to do to keep it from him, to prevent its getting into the *Figaro* precisely, and to keep people away. That mare that he prized so much is dead; she was shot at once, as Madame de Genvriac foolishly told him; the other story was got up to undo the mischief."

"After all, doctor, a horse can be replaced?" said Sœur Thérèse, but slightly moved by the startling information.

"The loss of this one just at this moment is nothing short of ruin, I believe, to M. de Bois-Ferré. If he recovers, he may curse us both for not letting him die; but we can't consider that: our business is to cure him."

M. Vauban passed out, and went down the stairs, humming a snatch from an old song. He was neither heartless nor cynical, but a long professional career had inured him to the most painful and critical experiences. He was sorry for Bois-Ferré, and was doing his best for him; but what most needed his compassion he could not take *au sérieux*.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN was born at Leighlin Bridge, County Carlow. In 1845 his parents moved to Liverpool, taking up residence in the parish of the famous Mgr. Nugent. In St. Nicholas' Pro-Cathedral in Liverpool the boy served as an acolyte, attending Catholic schools in that city. He was well grounded when in 1852 he decided to come to America. He was young, buoyant, and seeking adventure. In raising a regiment during the civil war he not only drained his purse of its last dollar but he embarrassed himself for years in the future. When the war was over Mr. Onahan took up the cause of social reform. In 1865 he organized the St. Patrick's Society of Chicago. In December, 1893, the Pope showed his appreciation of Mr. Onahan's many labors by making him private Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape; he is regarded as "the premier Catholic layman of the United States." He has held various offices under the government of the city of Chicago. He is a cultivated and impressive speaker. Some of his lectures have been published in book form. He has received degrees from Notre Dame University, St. John's College, New York, and St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, and he is one of the distinguished group of Lætare medalists, which included John Gilmary Shea, Augustine Daly, General Newton, and Mr. Charles Bonaparte.

PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN, 1650—1693.

From 'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service.'

Of all the names in the thronging litany of famous Irish exiles in the seventeenth century who won glory and fame on foreign fields after vainly fighting for religious freedom and national rights at home, none so thrills and stirs the Irish heart when recalled in speech or song as does that of the gallant Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan.

More than any other character in the history of the period Sarsfield stands out the embodiment of the hopes and passionate aspirations of his countrymen, as he likewise typified in his character and qualities their leading traits and characteristics. His passionate love of Ireland, his fidelity to the king who was the first of English monarchs to promise fair play to Ireland, his dashing qualities as a leader in the campaigns in which he engaged at home and abroad, his generous and chivalrous character, acknowledged alike by friend and foe—all these combined

to win for him the admiration and the affection of the Irish people. Then, too, the touching circumstances of his death on a foreign field; and the tradition that as he lay on the ground, withdrawing his hand from his breast and finding it covered with blood, he is said to have exclaimed: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!"

No wonder Sarsfield's memory is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, nor that the mention of his heroic name should recall the glories and fame of the Irish brigades in the service of France. And what a thrilling chronicle it is! How touching in its pathos, how exciting in incidents, how characteristically inconstant in fortune! But whatever the alternation, these Irish exiled soldiers in victory or in defeat proved themselves loyal to the ancient faith and the ancient land, as well as unswervingly faithful to their new allegiance.

No wonder Louis XV. should have been proud of his Irish contingent, who fought so valorously under the French flag all over the continent. No marvel that George II., hearing of their exploits in the army of his rival and enemy, should have exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!"

Even Macaulay is forced to pay reluctant tribute to the continental Irish. "There were, indeed," he says, "Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy and ambition; but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland, at Versailles and at St. Ildefonso; in the armies of Frederic and in the armies of Maria Thérèse. One exile became a Marshal of France. Another became prime minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who had signed the declaration against transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassadors of George II., and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George III. Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomats, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and the Golden Fleece, who if they had remained in the house of bondage could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

Little seems to be known as to the exact place or date of Patrick Sarsfield's birth, although tradition has set down Lucan and the year 1650 as the place and time. And equally scant are the data as to the circumstances of his youth. We only know that he was sent to a French military academy for his studies, and that from there he graduated into the regiment of Monmouth, under whom he served as an ensign in the English contingent which, curiously, then fought under Louis XIV., in the Low Countries. But more curious still, Sarsfield afterward fought against Monmouth at the battle or fight of Sedgmoor, when the foolish prince was led to attempt the dethronement of King James.

At all events, Sarsfield acquired his first military experience on the continent under the French king's flag, and the commanding general or marshal in his first campaign was the same under whom he laid down his life more than twenty years later at the battle of Landen.

Following his campaign in Flanders, Sarsfield was employed at the court in London in the king's guards (Charles II.) and appears to have held the rank of lieutenant. With the death of Charles II., and the accession of his brother, the ill-starred James II., Sarsfield was called into more active service. First sent to Ireland, he returned to take part, as I have said, in the movement against the duke of Monmouth. He was dangerously wounded in the brief battle of Sedgmoor, and was even left for dead on the field. Recovering, he returned to Ireland and entered into the possession of the patrimonial estate, to which he succeeded in consequence of the death of his brother. About this time also he married a daughter of the earl of Clanricard—Honora Burke.

The troubles of King James in England culminated in the memorable invasion organized and led by his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange. To meet the threatened danger Irish troops were drafted from Ireland, and among these was Sarsfield, now a colonel of dragoons. His first encounter at this time with the forces of the prince of Orange was when his dragoons were ordered on outpost duty. While thus engaged Sarsfield came up with a troop from William's forces commanded by a dashing Scot—Campbell. As the story is related, the Scotchman, nothing

daunted by the superior numbers approaching his lines, called out: "Stand! For whom you are?" "For King James," was the answer. "And I 'm for the prince of Orange," said Campbell. "We 'll prince you!" shouted the Irish troopers, and then charged. But they were met by a sharp fire and presently drew off. We know how the army of James melted away, how, one by one, at first, and soon in swarms, his men went over to the invader. The Irish alone proved faithful.

When King James had taken refuge in France and all hope for his cause and crown seemed lost, William, it is said, offered to confirm Sarsfield in his estates and rank in the army, provided he would enter his service and aid in winning over Ireland. Sarsfield indignantly refused. Thus in obedience to his punctilious sense of loyalty Sarsfield accepted the forfeiture of his estates and income, voluntarily following King James into exile in France, where poverty and privation must necessarily be his lot—at least for a time.

When the exiled king had determined to make a stand in Ireland to recover his crown and kingdom, relying on the support of his Irish Catholic subjects and the aid afforded by King Louis, Sarsfield landed with the expedition which accompanied King James to Ireland. Arrived there, the king appointed him a member of the privy council, made him colonel of horse, with the rank of brigadier.

The special interest in Sarsfield's career centers in this period of his fortunes. He was in his native land, at the head of a body of his own countrymen, fighting in a cause that appealed strongly to his sense of duty and his sympathies, against an intruder whose success could not be looked upon except as an evil to the country, to religion and to prescriptive right. I am not discussing here the Stuart cause nor the pretensions of the prince of Orange. At the same time it was quite natural that the Irish should give their loyal support to King James. From him at least they had every reason to hope that the iniquitous confiscation of land carried out under Cromwell especially would be annulled, and the estates restored to their rightful owners. They could expect that the malignant religious persecution and proscription so long the rule in Ireland would cease, and that Catholics at least should

have equal religious liberty in their own land. But, unhappily, Ireland was not then, any more than at present, a unit. There was the Protestant garrison to be dealt with; and this minority, which long had been the dominant and persecuting power, naturally feared a rule of justice and fair play. Of course this bitter faction hailed the coming of the Prince of Orange and were sternly arrayed against King James and his Irish following.

In the first parliament summoned by James to meet in Dublin, after his arrival, Sarsfield occupied a seat as one of the members for the county of Dublin; but he evidently soon gave up his seat and duties for services in the field.

We soon find him engaged with his forces in the North.

At Bally Shannon and at Enniskillen he seems to have met with ill success. It was not until he was given a separate and independent command that we find Sarsfield showing the sign of his high capacity in war. He was sent into Connaught with a considerable force to check the growing power of the enemy in that quarter. He soon cleared the province of the Orange forces.

It was at this period a French officer, writing to the Minister of War, Paris, thus refers to our hero:

"Sarsfield," he says, "is not a man of the birth of My Lord Galway nor of Mountcashel, but he is a man distinguished by his merit, who has more influence in this kingdom than any man I know. He has valor, but above all honor and probity, which is proof against any assault. I had all the trouble in the world to get him made a brigadier, although my Lord Tyrconnell strongly opposed this, saying he was a very brave man, but that he had no head. Nevertheless my Lord Tyrconnell sent him into the province of Connaught with a handful of men; he raised 2,000 more on his own credit, and with these troops he preserved the whole province for the king."

Schomberg in the meantime had landed in the country with a large force and was soon to be followed by the usurper William, so that King James' prospects were not so encouraging as at first seemed likely.

June 14, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus. His forces were variously composed, including English, Dutch, Danes, French (Huguenots), Brandenburghers, Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Protestants.

But they were veterans who had seen service, and the army was abundantly provided and well equipped for a campaign, which could not be said of King James' ragged regiments. The hostile armies met at the Boyne. William's superior generalship prevailed, the army of James was defeated, and the king fled in hot haste to Dublin. Sarsfield was present at the battle, but greatly to his disgust was condemned to forced inaction during the day. He was with King James' bodyguard, forming part of the reserve, which was not brought into action.

The battle of the Boyne is famous in Irish history, and has long been the slogan and shibboleth of the Orange faction in Ireland and elsewhere from that day to the present.

The battle itself, even according to the standard of military campaigns in those days, was no great affair. The losses on either side were by no means considerable.

The Irish lost between 800 and 1,500. The victorious army from 300 to 500.

It was Sarsfield who afterwards said, alluding to the battle and especially to the unequal military qualities of the respective leaders: "Only change kings and we will fight it over again."

It is said that when King James reached Dublin Castle after a pretty rapid flight from the scene of the battle he petulantly exclaimed that the Irish had "run away."

"If that be so," spiritedly retorted Lady Tyrconnell, "your majesty won the race!"

Although the battle of the Boyne was not great in itself, it undoubtedly was momentous in its results and powerfully affected the Stuart cause and the fortunes of Ireland.

King James lost heart and abandoned the country. William himself soon after left the conduct of the Irish campaign to his followers and returned to England in order to check the larger designs of the French king on the continent. But this was not before he had made an unavailing attempt to capture Limerick, an attempt in which he was signally foiled by the gallantry and address of Sarsfield.

It is admitted on all hands that it was Sarsfield's activity and enthusiasm that kept alive and in flames the energies of the defenders of the beleaguered city.

But it was his famous expedition over the mountains to waylay and destroy if possible William's battering

train, destined for the siege of Limerick—it was this ingenious and successful exploit which "enthused" and gave new life to the Irish resistance.

It was a well-planned and singularly successful piece of strategy. One of the opposing officers said of it: "He did his master more service by that enterprise than all the other Irish or French generals did him in the course of the war." I am not writing the history of a campaign, nor the fortunes of the rival kings, hence I cannot dwell on the details of battles and sieges.

Certainly the citizens of Limerick may be proud to this day, and for long ages to come, of the gallant and heroic defense made by their city in the successive sieges it sustained from time to time, first against Cromwell, and now against King William.

It was following his unsuccessful attempts to storm the proud city that William determined to abandon the siege and return to England. The French commander, Boisselot, and Sarsfield shared the glory of the defense. Lenehan, in his 'History of Limerick' says: "The soul of the defenders was Patrick Sarsfield."

King William lost more in killed and wounded in a single assault on the place (27th August) than the total Irish losses at the Boyne.

But with all this, there was division and dissension in the Irish camp. Alas, there always has been, then and since!

The French were weary of the war and eager to return home, and the Irish commanders were divided in council and in sympathy.

After William's departure the campaign went on languidly. Desultory losses and gains could be counted on both sides. Marlborough, afterwards renowned as the greatest English general of his age, and the most unscrupulous, was sent over to Ireland and quickly achieved the capture of Cork and Kinsale, which seems to have filled the measure of his orders or his ambition, since he quickly returned to England.

The battle of Aughrim was another of Ireland's momentous and fatal days.

In the opening hours of the conflict it seemed as though, at last, shining victory would crown the Irish banners.

St. Ruth, the French commander, had planned wisely, but unfortunately, as the sequel proved, his second in command, Sarsfield, had not been permitted to know the order of battle, and being placed in command of the reserve, he was at a distance from the center when the fatal cannon ball killed St. Ruth, leaving the Irish main battle dismayed and disorganized.

Nor could Sarsfield restore order and confidence.

The day was lost, and with it went down Ireland's hope and the last chance for the Stuart cause.

It were needless in this necessarily brief sketch to detail the circumstances of the final siege of Limerick. The details of the defense and of the capitulation are perhaps better known to the average Irish scholar than any other event in the history of the island.

Sarsfield, as before, was the life and soul of the army.

His vigilance and activity never relaxed and his ardor inspired fresh resolution after every disaster.

But treachery at last effected what English arms could not achieve.

One of the Irish leaders, Henry Luttrell, betrayed to the enemy one of the important passes into the city. "He sold the pass," has been an Irish proverb ever since Henry Luttrell's treachery.

It is well to note that another Luttrell—Simon—was loyal to the cause and faithfully adhered to the fortunes of King James, dying in exile. His estates in Ireland were made over by the English government to the brother—part of the reward of treason. Sarsfield resisted as long as it was possible the overtures for the surrender of the city, and when further resistance seemed hopeless, he exerted his efforts most effectively in securing favorable terms of capitulation.

The terms mutually agreed on and solemly signed and sealed by the representatives of the opposing forces are to be found in every text-book of Irish history. How swiftly and ruthlessly they were disregarded and violated by the English is well known.

One of the specifications in the capitulation provided that the Irish troops should have the option of entering the French service or of remaining unmolested in Ireland. The arrival of a French fleet a few days after the surren-

der, with supplies for the beleaguered city, gave new force to the alternative, although Ginkell had bound his government to provide vessels for the transport of all who should decide for the French service.

Great efforts were made by the English commander and large bounties offered to the Irish who should join the Williamite army; but the lures and temptations proved unavailing. When the troops were assembled and the conditions announced nine-tenths of the army decided for France.

In this decision it is admitted that Sarsfield's influence over the soldiers was all-powerful.

These loyal hearts preferred to accept exile with all its painful consequences, under a leader they loved, than to serve under the flag and government of the usurper.

I have already alluded to the circumstances and sad scenes of the embarkation for France. The army sailed in four detachments: one of these was under the command of Sarsfield. He arrived in Brest, December 3, 1691.

The subsequent career of these exiled soldiers is one of the saddest and at the same time one of the proudest chapters in Irish history.

From the capitulation of Limerick down to the period of the French revolution, it has been asserted by the historian of the Irish brigades that no less than 450,000 Irish soldiers perished in the service of France alone.

Extraordinary as these figures may seem at first glance, even more extravagant estimates have been given.

Another writer asserts that 600,000 is more nearly the true figure.

It would require a separate paper to explain and vindicate the accuracy of O'Callaghan's claim, which is based on the authority of figures from the French war office.

Sarsfield's after career in the French service was brief and glorious. The Irish troops, brought over from Limerick, proved a welcome accession to the French armies, and they were quickly employed in many different fields of action. Sarsfield was given high rank and assigned to the command of the Irish troops destined for Italy, but other designs and prospects prevented his serving with them in that field of glory.

The French monarch encouraged the hopes of the exiled

king by the assurance that an army and fleet should be assembled for the invasion of England.

In 1692 a camp was formed on the Norman coast and all the Irish troops in the French service were ordered there, and the command was given to Sarsfield. At the same time a great fleet was assembled at Brest, eighty ships of the line and 300 transports. The army of invasion was placed under the command of Marshal Bellefonds, the fleet was commanded by Admiral De Tourville, the same who two years before defeated an English fleet at Beachy Head, and who for a few weeks "ranged the English channel unopposed."

With these formidable preparations and this great armament destined for a descent on England, in aid of King James and his claims, it is no wonder Irish hearts beat high with expectation, because in all these formidable preparations they saw hope for Ireland.

James himself was to embark with the expedition, accompanied by his son, the Duke of Berwick.

But William on his part was not idle. Immense preparations were made in England to meet the threatened invasion. As usual, the chief reliance was the naval forces, and as usual England was fortunate in this as in later perils.

The two fleets met off La Hogue, and there engaged in one of the fiercest sea fights recorded in the history of naval wars. Even Macaulay acknowledged that the French "fought with their usual courage and with more than their usual seamanship."

The powerful English fleet had been immensely strengthened by the three squadrons of the United Provinces. "No mightier armament had appeared in the British channel."

De Tourville fought with desperation, but he could not withstand the overwhelming odds.

The conflict waged over the sea during five days: it ended in the entire destruction of the French fleet, before the eyes of King James, who saw his last hopes dashed by this defeat.

But to none can the mortification have been greater than to the gallant men assembled in the French camp, who had nourished the hope of again being placed on native soil

to do battle for the cause and king whose fortunes had gone down in defeat at Boyne and Aughrim.

To Sarsfield it undoubtedly was the bitterest disappointment of his life. The camp was broken up and the troops assigned to different fields of duty. Sarsfield had an opportunity to face his enemy, William of Orange, at the battle of Steinkirk. The French army was under the command of Luxembourg. The allied forces under William were defeated with great slaughter.

Sarsfield greatly distinguished himself in the battle and received special mention in the marshal's report for his gallantry and high capacity.

He won the esteem of his foes by the chivalry and generosity he displayed to the wounded prisoners who fell into his hands.

After the battle Sarsfield was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general in acknowledgment of his valor and services, and this was followed in 1693 by the baton of a field marshal.

Alas, the honors were destined to be short lived.

The same year, under the same opposing commanders, was fought the great battle of Landen, sometimes designated Neer-Winden.

It was a fiercely contested field, and William, although beaten, did all that a brave general could do to bring off his army and avert an utter rout, which seemed for a time inevitable.

Even as it was he suffered a mortifying defeat.

It was in the last charge that Sarsfield, at the head of the flower of the French cavalry—no Irish regiment appears to have been engaged in this battle—" as he drove the enemy down to the river," was struck by a musket ball in the breast and fell.

It was then on this field of glory as he lay on the ground, he is said to have put his hand to the wound, and seeing it covered with blood, exclaimed, " Would to God this were shed for Ireland! "

He was carried from the field to a neighboring village, where he lingered in agony a few days.

There his remains were laid at rest, but no stone or monument marks the spot.

So ended the glorious career of Ireland's favorite hero.



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

(1844—1890.)

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, June 28, 1844. His father was a scholar and an antiquarian, and his mother a woman of rare and beautiful nature. "He was," says one of his biographers, "brought up in an atmosphere of legend and story." Early in life he began as a printer and worked at his trade in England. He became a journalist in early manhood; at twenty-one he was a revolutionist. He had enlisted in a hussar regiment, where he disseminated Fenianism and gained adherents for the cause. He was arrested and sentenced to transportation for treason-felony, and after some time in Australia managed to escape amid circumstances of daring and peril, on board a coasting vessel, and made his way to this country. It should be mentioned that while in England he contributed poems to *The Dark Blue*, an Oxford University periodical.

He soon acquired celebrity here, where he not only attained a very high position as *littérateur* and journalist, but also took an exceedingly prominent part in all Irish movements. He was, besides, a distinguished citizen of his adopted country, and was greatly esteemed for his abilities and character. He became part proprietor and editor of the *Boston Pilot* in 1876, and made it a notable exponent of Irish-American opinions and a high-class literary journal. He died suddenly on Sunday morning, August 10, 1890, having taken an overdose of chloral to induce sleep. He left a widow and four daughters. A fund was inaugurated for a public statue to his memory in Boston, and a bust was placed in one of the Catholic universities. At his death he had two works in preparation—one entitled 'The Country with a Roof' and another on 'The Evolution of Straight Weapons.'

His published works are: 'Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems,' 'Songs, Legends, and Ballads,' 'The Statues in the Block, and other Poems,' and 'In Bohemia,' poems. He was the author also of 'Moondyne,' a novel, and 'Ethics of Boxing,' and he edited the first edition of 'The Poetry and Song of Ireland.'

THE COMMON CITIZEN SOLDIER.[1]

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS, 1886, EVERETT, MASS.

From 'John Boyle O'Reilly, His Life, Poems, and Speeches.'

Veterans of the Grand Army: You are the orators of Decoration Day, no matter who may be the speakers. You and your flowers and your medals, your empty sleeves and

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your graves, thrill all hearts into patriotism by your silent and visible eloquence. Yours is the sorrow that makes us forget the dismal countenance of death. When you enter the graveyards they become gardens through which we walk with smiles, not with tears. You do not march to the graves of your comrades with black feathers and gloomy faces, but laden with blossoms, and smiling at the effacing fingers of death.

The war is behind you like a sunset, and we must stand and see the glory from the hill. "The sun is down, and all the west is paved with sullen fire."

Millions of Americans stand full grown who were not born when you fired your last shot. Year by year that "sullen fire" sinks into the west, and wider and wider the gaps in your ranks show against the light.

In a few more years the evening will have descended and the figures will disappear, and the night of history will have closed upon the war. For the middle-aged and the old, you still unroll the memory of the great diorama. The deep-lined pictures that are darkened in their memory for the other days of the year are unveiled by your hands today. . . .

The Rebellion was no accident. It was not unnecessary. It could not be avoided. It had to be. It was the seventeenth century fighting the nineteenth. It was the issue of two hundred and fifty years' growth.

And again, it was the mixing of the elements that go to produce the perfected American. Cavalier and Puritan would never have drawn together of themselves. God dashed them together till their blood mixed in the flow if not in the circulation.

Marvelous alchemy of Providence! Down there to the proud autocrat of the plantations went the trading Yankee with the rights of man shining on his bayonet points; and he smashed the barriers of caste and destroyed the palaces that were built on the necks of men. And here to the land of the Puritan Pilgrims follows the impulsive and imaginative Catholic Irishman, raising the cross of his beautiful church side by side with the severe gable of the meeting house. Down there the cavalier has learned that it was wicked and lawless to enslave men: up here the modern

Puritan knows that it was criminal and cruel to whip Quakers and Catholics.

So in the mysterious alembic of God are the blood-streams mingled and unified. Out of this transfusion and amalgam of the strongest men on the earth is to come the future American—the man fit to own a continent.

The war marks the maturity of the Republic. Before 1862 the American youth had to look abroad for great ideals—for memorable battles, for illustrious commanders, heroic stories of patriotism, strife, and sacrifice.

But the four vast years of the war threw into shadow all foreign representatives of patriotism.

Henceforth, the American kept his attention at home; the dignity of sorrow, power, and responsibility were American. Henceforth only the weak and the vapid American sought models in other countries. These words of Emerson began to be appreciated:

"They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, or any occasion calls him from his home into foreign lands, he is still at home, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes the missionary of wisdom, of virtue, and visits cities like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet."

Foremost among the teachers of true Americanism were the veterans of the war, both North and South.

The vast armies disbanded and came back to the works of peace. In any other country the victors would have had to keep a million men in arms for self-protection; and rapine and disorder would follow such a disbandment. But here the words of the great American poet were true:

"Over the Carnage rose prophetic a Voice—
Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet:
They who love each other become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.
One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade,
From Maine and hot Carolina, and another, an Oregonese, shall be friends together—
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.
To Michigan Florida perfumes shall tenderly come—
Not the perfume of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond death."

The battle flags of all nations are dear to the people; for even though the cause in which they were carried may have been unjust, the flags are steeped in the blood of the nation.

How doubly dear the battle flags of America, from whose folds our great son of Massachusetts struck the names of victories that keep the wounds open!

But the veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.

In the wild days, he "kept step to the music of the Union." His bronze medal or his empty sleeve thrills us with pride and affection. On this annual celebration, the veterans awaken the deepest feelings of patriotism. We see their lessening ranks year by year, and say with the poet:

"O! blessed are ye, our brothers,
Who feel in your souls alway
The thrill of the stirring summons
You heard but to obey;
Who, whether the years go swift,
Or whether the years go slow,
Will wear in your hearts forever
The glory of long ago!"

We hear the voice of economy raised against the pensions paid by the nation to its veteran volunteer soldiers. It argues that the soldier in war-time simply made a contract with the Government, and that the terms of the contract were fulfilled by his daily food and payment in the field.

Shame on the tongue that says it! Cato, the censor, earned the detestation of centuries because he advised the Romans to sell their old and worn-out slaves to save expense. "Feed no useless servants in the house," said Cato; and so say our petty censors, who would sell the worn-out soldiers of the Union to save a million a year to the Treasury which they preserved for this and future generations.

Nobler nations rewarded not only their heroes, but the very dumb beasts that worked for the national glory. The Athenians, says Plutarch, when they built the Parthenon, turned those mules loose to feed freely that had been observed to do the hardest labor. And one of these free mules, it was said, came of itself to offer its service, and ran along with and ahead of the teams that drew the

wagons to the Acropolis, as if it would invite them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote of the Athenian people that the creature should be kept at the public charge, even till it died. "Nor are we," says Plutarch, "to use living creatures like old shoes and dishes, and throw them away when they are worn out or broken with service."

The contract of enlistment was, doubtless, kept by the Government; but no man makes a contract for his blood and life. The soldier made his contract for that which Government could give him—his clothing—his food—his transportation; for which he offered his obedient service. But all beyond that was beyond contract. The volunteers did not contract for their blood; they offered it. They did not contract for the terror, the grief, the loss endured by their wives, mothers, and families: these were beyond the purchase of the national treasury. The men whose graves were decorated to-day did not contract for their lives—they gave them to the United States—they gave them for the destruction of slavery—and the selfsame offering was made by those who carried the flowers to their graves.

Our schools are closed to-day; but we have turned the nation into a school, and these are our teachers—these flowers, these veterans, these graves, these examples. The American boy and girl learn their noblest lesson on Decoration Day. There is no eloquence like that of death. There is no reconciliation like that of the grave. There is no reward higher than love. There is no crown so precious as a wreath of flowers. Common rewards may be of gold or jewels. But the highest prizes, like the highest services, cannot be measured; we can only express them in symbols. To the victor in the Olympian games, who was to be honored for life, the only reward was a little crown of olive and parsley. Values are obliterated or reversed when heroes are to be honored; and the veteran of the Union Army is given a bronze cross cut from his own guns, as the supremest sign of his country's affection.

All men who fought in the war for the Union ought to be pensioned for life. The Republic owes to them this reward. We are free with our honors for the great captains; but the common soldier has an equal, and even a higher claim. When the Greek commander, Miltiades,

returned from victory, and asked for a special crown, a man cried out from the assembly: "When you conquer *alone*, Miltiades, you shall be crowned *alone!*" and the people approved the speech.

For the self-respect of the generation that witnessed the war; for the perpetuation of high principles of patriotism among the people; for the education of the young; for the honor of America, and the glory of humanity, we are bound to honor and cherish the declining years of the brave men who offered their lives to keep the Republic united.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.[1]

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in the height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.

[1] This and the following poems are copyrighted, and are reprinted by permission of the executor and trustee of the poet's estate.

Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
  And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
  Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

AT FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
  But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
  When foreign danger threats the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
  From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
  From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
  A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
  To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
  When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute and women's faces white
  As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
  As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
  And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
  The plow left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
  The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band.
German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.
The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthèd guns on the height give them greeting—
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.
Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade—
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them
Of all the brave record their country has made.
The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;
They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb;
The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,
And cover the stormers as upward they come.
Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.
The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.
And so till full noon come the Federal masses—
Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;
Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,
No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.
Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,
The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.
Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming—
Again comes a column to death and defeat!

What is it in these who shall now do the storming
That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?
"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;
"'T is Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover;
'T is Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"
Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill!
Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;
But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.
Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" The rifles
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:
It is green against green; but a principle stifles
The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.
The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they re-form and attack;
Six times they have done it and six times retreated;
Twelve hundred they came and two hundred go back.
Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story;
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory
That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!
Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;
And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—
Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.
The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:
Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 't is not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—

Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip:
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words like treasures in the mine
Are valueless until we give them birth.
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 't would be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute—
But oh! what pain when at God's own command
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not; the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you. He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

MAYFLOWER.

Thunder our thanks to her—guns, hearts, and lips!
  Cheer from the ranks to her,
  Shout from the banks to her—
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.

Mayflower! Twice in the national story
  Thy dear name in letters of gold—
  Woven in texture that never grows old—
Winning a home and winning glory!
Sailing the years to us, welcomed for aye;
Cherished for centuries, dearest to-day.
Every heart throbs for her, every flag dips—
Mayflower! First and last, best of our ships.

White as a seagull, she swept the long passage.
True as the homing-bird flies with its message.

Love her? O, richer than silk every sail of her.
Trust her? More precious than gold every nail of her.
Write we down faithfully every man's part in her;
Greet we all gratefully every true heart in her.
More than a name to us, sailing the fleetest,
Symbol of that which is purest and sweetest:
More than a keel to us, steering the straightest,
Emblem of that which is freest and greatest:
More than a dove-bosomed sail to the windward,
Flame passing on while the night-clouds fly hindward.
Kiss every plank of her! None shall take rank of her;
Frontward or weatherward, none can eclipse.
Thunder our thanks to her! Cheer from the banks to her!
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships!

A SAVAGE.

Dixon, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
  Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
  And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"Return on Friday, to be shot to death!"
  So ran the sentence,—it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
  Then all night long the gambling-dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
  And flocked the miners to the shooting-grounds;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
  And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He 's not a fool." "The men
  Who set the savage free must face the blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
  Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern, a woman at his heels,
  He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute flame the guns,—the woman reels
  And drops without a moan; Dixon is dead.

FROM 'WENDELL PHILLIPS.'

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered
the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields
from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's
brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be
worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its
earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the
duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields
where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone
to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of afflic-
tion attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily
saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than human
Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a
prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were
arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice was
past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a
leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward
the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to
Right!

ANDREW ORR.

(1822 ——)

ANDREW ORR is another of those Irish writers who has endeared himself to his people by a single poem. 'The Sunny South is Glowing' was originally published in *The Nation;* it has been reprinted in nearly all newspapers of the world, and it occurs also in nearly all of the Irish anthologies.

He was born on March 15, 1822, at Derrydorough near Coleraine, County Derry. He was apprenticed to the trade of linen bleaching, in which he was employed until he went to Australia about 1850. He contributed several poems to the Irish newspapers from an early age, and after his arrival in Victoria, Australia, he wrote for *The Melbourne Leader* and other newspapers of that country. After spending some few years in the gold fields of Victoria, he left them and started a local weekly, which, however, had but a short life. He was subsequently engaged on the *Ballarat Star*.

IN EXILE: AUSTRALIA.

The sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern glory,
And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of the free;
Yet in vain, in vain my weary heart would try to hide the story
That evermore 't is wandering back, dear native land, to thee:
The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent waters,
Glenleary's shades of hazel, and Agivy's winding streams,
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erinn's daughters—
Lost heaven of wildering beauty! thou art mine at least in dreams.

Oh! the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,
With all its landscape glory and unchanging Summer skies;
Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,
Be mine a dream of Erinn and the light of Kathleen's eyes.

Sweet scenes may group around me, hill and dale, lagoon and wildwood,
And eyes as bright and cloudless as the azure skies above;
But strange the face of nature—not the happy haunts of childhood,
And cold the glance of beauty—not the smile of early love;

Even in the pulse of joy itself the native charm is wanting,
For distant far the bosoms that would share it as their own:
Too late to learn that loving hearts will never bear transplanting;
Uprooted once, like seedless flowers, they wither lost and lone.
Oh! the old land, the green land,
The land of lands, the queen land;
Keep, keep the gorgeous splendor of your sunny Southern shore;
Unfading and undying,
O'er the world between us lying,
The hallowed loves of former days are mine for evermore.

JAMES ORR.

(1770—1816.)

JAMES ORR, "the weaver-poet," author of 'The Irishman,' was born in 1770 at Broad Island, County Antrim, and in early life followed the trade of a journeyman weaver. He became a United Irishman, and contributed to *The Northern Star*, the organ of that party, many of his poems, which were collected and published in 1804. He fought at the battle of Antrim in 1798, and as a consequence was obliged to go into hiding. At last, being conscious that he was not guilty of any really criminal action, he appeared before the authorities and surrendered himself. He was sent to prison, where he lay for a long time; but as nothing like an overt act of treason could be proved against him, except by his own confession, he was in the end set free on condition of transporting himself to America. On the outward passage he wrote his pathetic 'Song of an Exile.' He did not remain here many years; matters had rapidly improved at home, and he returned to his native village and his trade. But his misfortunes seem to have had a depressing influence on his spirit, for after his return his poetic efforts were much inferior to those of earlier times, and soon ceased altogether.

He died April 24, 1816. His poems were published with a sketch of his life, in the next year.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
  Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
  Their isle, which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
  As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
  So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
  But honesty is still his guide;
No more repent a deed of harm,
  And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
  More fit to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
  And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he 'll pay,
  And guide to where you safe may be;

If you 're his guest, while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may *your* secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you 'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman!

SONG OF AN EXILE.

In Ireland 't is evening—from toil my friends hie all,
And weary walk home o'er the dew-spangled lea;
The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
Or visits the maid that his partner will be;
The blithe milk-maid trips to the herd that stands lowing;
The west richly smiles, and the landscape is glowing;
The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
Are heard by my fancy, though far, far at sea!

What has my eye seen since I left the green valleys,
But ships as remote as the prospect could be?
Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice,
And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I see?
What 's seen but the fowl, that its lonely flight urges,
The lightning, that darts through the sky-meeting surges,
And the sad-scowling sky, that with bitter rain scourges
This cheek care sits drooping on, far, far at sea?

How hideous the hold is!—Here, children are screaming—
  There, dames faint through thirst, with their babes on their knee!
Here, down every hatch the big breakers are streaming,
  And there with a crash, half the fixtures break free!
Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories telling;
The mate 's mad and drunk, and the tars tasked and yelling;
What sickness and sorrow pervade my rude dwelling!—
  A huge floating lazar-house, far, far at sea!

How changed all may be when I seek the sweet village:
  A hedge-row may bloom where its street used to be;
The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,
  And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee;
The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,
And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted,
Nor one comrade live who repined when he wanted
  The sociable sufferer that 's far, far at sea!

In Ireland 't is night—on the flowers of my setting
  A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me;—
The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting
  That hill for a throne which I hope yet to see.
If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for;
Success, slow but sure, I 'll contentedly live for:
Yes, Sylvia, we 'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for
  The swain your fine image haunts, far, far at sea!

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(1846—1881.)

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY was born March 14, 1846. He belonged to the Galway branch of the O'Shaughnessy family, the several divisions of which in Galway, Clare, and Limerick are supposed to have a common descent from Lieutenant-Colonel William O'Shaughnessy, son of Sir Dermot O'Shaughnessy the second.

He was employed in the British Museum, first as a transcriber, but after some four years was transferred to the Natural History Department, where he remained till he died. His papers on zoölogy are considered good, but it was in poetry that he made his fame. He was a poet distinctly of the Swinburnian school—a school whose chief characteristic was a Hellenic worship of beauty in nature and art and a great mastery of exquisitely sensuous melody.

His first work was 'An Epic of Women, and other Poems.' It has a considerable bibliographical interest on account of a symbolical title-page and curious designs by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, a friend of the poet and author of 'An Essay on Robert Browning' and other works. In the 'Epic' the most notable poem was perhaps 'Creation,' verses which caused such division of opinion in the ranks of rival critics as to be read among what we may call the *piéces justificatives* in a literary libel trial which attracted some attention a few years ago.

Other well-known poems in the volume were 'The Daughter of Herodias' and 'Cleopatra.' But that which obtained immediate popularity, has been quoted everywhere, and is a particular favorite in this country, is the flowing lyric entitled 'The Fountain of Tears.' Two of the 'Lays of France' (1873) were founded on the lyrics of Marie de France, but the greater part were original. 'Music and Moonlight' (1874) contained some of the choicest of O'Shaughnessy's lyrics. Of these the most widely known is the 'Outcry,' a passionate love-dream. Arthur O'Shaughnessy was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and many of his poems were taken up by the public. Among these we may mention the 'Song of a Fellow-worker.' His 'Songs of a Worker' appeared in the year of his death.

His work was largely inspired by French influence, for he was the friend of the majority of contemporary French poets, Victor Hugo among the rest. He wrote for French journals, more especially *Le Livre*, and he was one of the chief contributors to the once well-known *La République des Lettres*. In 1873 he married the daughter of Westland Marston, the dramatist, and sister of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. This lady had a great deal of the literary talent of the family, and with her husband published in 1874 'Toy-land,' a series of stories about toys. She died in 1879, and on Jan. 30, 1881, he followed her.

SUPREME SUMMER.

O heart full of song in the sweet song-weather,
  A voice fills each bower, a wing shakes each tree,
Come forth, O winged singer, on song's fairest feather,
  And make a sweet fame of my love and of me.

The blithe world shall ever have fair loving leisure,
  And long in the summer for bird and for bee;
But too short the summer and too keen the pleasure
  Of me kissing her and of her kissing me.

Songs shall not cease of the hills and the heather;
  Songs shall not fail of the land and the sea:
But, O heart, if you sing not while we are together,
  What man shall remember my love or me?

Some million of summers hath been and not known her,
  Hath known and forgotten loves less fair than she;
But one summer knew her, and grew glad to own her,
  And made her its flower, and gave her to me.

And she and I, loving, on earth seem to sever
  Some part of the great blue from heaven each day:
I know that the heaven and the earth are for ever,
  But that which we take shall with us pass away.

And that which she gives me shall be for no lover
  In any new love-time, the world's lasting while;
The world, when it loses, shall never recover
  The gold of her hair nor the sun of her smile.

A tree grows in heaven, where no season blanches
  Or stays the new fruit through the long golden clime;
My love reaches up, takes a fruit from its branches,
  And gives it to me to be mine for all time.

What care I for other fruits, fed with new fire,
  Plucked down by new lovers in fair future line?
The fruit that I have is the thing I desire,
  To live of and die of—the sweet she makes mine.

And she and I, loving, are king of one summer
  And queen of one summer to gather and glean:
The world is for us what no fair future comer
  Shall find it or dream it could ever have been.

The earth, as we lie on its bosom, seems pressing
A heart up to bear us and mix with our heart;
The blue, as we wonder, drops down a great blessing
That soothes us and fills us and makes the tears start.

SONG.

I made another garden, yea,
For my new Love,
I left the dead rose where it lay
And set the new above.
Why did my Summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old Love came and walked therein
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while
And shivered with the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight;
She made the white-rose petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
Was like a snake
That bit and bit the ground, alas,
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate,
And then, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait
And say farewell once more.

SONG.

Has summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me.
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place! desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
Come back with any face,
Summer!—do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place—
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot—
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—To the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:

But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
  So gentle and lovely and listless,
  And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
  You shall surely—without a word spoken,
  Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
  Up higher the more one is thinking;
  And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
  Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,
  Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
  And sob between living and dying,
  And give up the land you were trying
To find mid your hopes and your fears;
  —O the world shall come up and pass o'er you;
  Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
  Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
  Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
  O perhaps the mere silences round you—
  All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
  Your face, as though some one had kissed you;
  Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
  Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
  May pass for a tender word spoken:
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
  Brim over, and baffle resistance,
  And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
  Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
  And leave you no Past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of tears?

But the flood of the tears meet and gather;
  The sound of them all grows like thunder:
  —O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
  For Eternity only seems keeping
  Account of the great human weeping:
May God then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

CÆSAR OTWAY.

(1768—1842.)

CÆSAR OTWAY was born in Tipperary, in 1768. He was intended for the Church, and was graduated from Dublin University, subsequently taking holy orders. For many years he remained curate of a remote country parish, but ultimately was appointed assistant chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum in Dublin and to an office of minor importance in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Christian Examiner was started by him and Dr. Singer in 1825, and, besides the lighter sketches by Mr. Otway which appeared in its pages, he contributed numerous articles on biography and history and a number on controversial subjects. 'Sketches in Ireland, Descriptive and Interesting,' was published in Dublin in 1827, over his usual initials, "O. C.," and took its place at once as a popular book. The *Dublin Penny Journal* for the year 1832 was conducted by Dr. Petrie and Mr. Otway. In 1839 his 'Tour in Connaught' appeared, followed by 'Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley,' 1841. For some years Mr. Otway was the center of the young literary life of the Irish capital.

In later life he suffered much from a rheumatic affection, of which he died, March 16, 1842.

THE VICAR OF CAPE CLEAR.

From 'Sketches in Ireland.'

My friend resides in an ancient glebe-house, sheltered down on the shore, in a sunny nook, half way between the church and the village. It is under the guardianship of a protecting hill, and some old sycamore trees in solitary magnificence and unpruned luxuriance, their long branches sweeping the lawn, seem to say we are here to show that no one should be so comfortable as a good minister. Here also, the myrtle, the hydrangia, and many a tender plant grow, adorning the pastor's garden; altogether it was a happy, quiet, close, and secluded spot, and the contrast it presented to the serrated mountains, to the black sea-beaten rocks, to the bold promontories and boiling ocean, reminded me how in lapse of time, and succession if its dwellers, this quiet glebe might give shelter to some delicate mind; some intellect, luxuriant, and gifted with high and Christian imaginings—a lively contrast to

the rugged mountaineer, and rude seaman with whom it was his fate to mingle, but not coalesce.

On the morning following my arrival, my host said he really did not know better how to induce me to stay with him, than to take me on an excursion amongst the parishioners; for this is one of these new-light clergy, who consider that one of the most useful purposes for which a minister can live, is to go from house to house amongst his flock, and hold communion with them in pastoral visits; there presiding as teacher, guardian, counselor, and friend, "instant in season and out of season,"—"reproving, rebuking, exhorting with long suffering and doctrine." What would you choose then, I offer you land or sea, mountain or ocean; I am vicar of Cape Clear Island, where I have no Protestant parishioners, except about twenty of the water guard; I am curate here of Skull, where, interspersed amongst moor and mountain, I have fifteen hundred Protestants to visit, and oversee. Somehow or another everyone likes to land on an island. Sancho Panza was not solitary in longing to have a Barataria of his own, of which he might say all *here* is mine. 'T is true, that old cyclopean man-mountain, Johnson, who loved a blind alley in London better than a green field at Richmond, says, "every island is a prison strongly guarded by the sea."

But I prefer Sancho's fancy to the Doctor's, and therefore, my dear friend, I will even attend you to your vicarage of Cape Clear. Very well, so be it. The day is unusually fine for the time of the year; the mist is ascending from the sea; the cap is rolling off the mountain; I see the boats going out to cut sea weed; all likely to be safe; I will go into the village and get some lads to handle the oars; also, to the kitchen and bespeak some cold meat; do you get ready your great coats, for it is cold, and see, don't forget to put a Bible in your pocket: in half an hour we shall be afloat—and so it was, in less than the given time the boat was launched, four as fine fellows as ever Ireland sent to make Wellington a Duke, or Nelson an Earl, had their horny hands fastened on an oar. Three were young and loose lads, about twenty years of age, full chested, and broad shouldered, all bone and muscle, not a particle of fat on their whole frames, loose, light, and joyous in their appearance; fit for land or sea, trained to oar or spade.

The potato after all is a wonderful root, that can rear, invigorate, and throw such life, elasticity, and energy into the human frame. The fourth was an older and steadier character, selected for his prudence, and knowledge of tides, currents, and localities.

Says I to myself when I looked at his shrewd sedate countenance, this man, may, like my boatman to the Holy Island, be able and willing—may have the tact and find delight in giving me some supply of the legendary stories and traditionary superstitions of this vicinity. But alas! my friend put this expectation out of promise when he whispered me, the three young fellows are Catholics, but John is a Protestant, a good Christian, a God-fearing man, a man whom it is well to have with us, when venturing in equinoxial weather in an open boat, some leagues out on the Atlantic.

O! then, says I, this man cares nothing about the *saints* or *good people.* A well-found boat, four springing oars set in motion by as elastic backs, soon brought us in the middle of the bay of Skull; not a breath was on the ocean; the gray mist of the morning had risen, and was dissolved in the clear cold atmosphere; the sun walked above in its pride of light, the harbor had become a looking glass for the hills and headlands to dress themselves in, and assume a softer and sweeter countenance, as

> "The smooth expanse received, impressed,
> Calm Nature's image on its watery breast."

The bold and cave-cut promontory; the lofty light-house; the ruined castle; the green island; the sable rock, with all its gull and cormorants, round which the tide growled, danced, and boiled; all these were reflected and prolonged in westward lines upon the bosom of the deep, and above, towering as the lord paramount of the mountain range, stood Mount Gabriel.

Reader, if you have never been in the South Western district of Ireland; if you have not seen these great bulwarks, that stand as redoubts to the continent of Europe against the force of the great ocean, you cannot form, from seeing English hills, or even Welsh, or Wicklow mountains, an idea of these outworks of Ireland; they look as if Noah's deluge here first operated, and the windows of Heaven had

opened here particularly, and washed them bare to the very bone. No bog, no soil, no verdure on them—all gray and rugged in the antomy of their stratification; amidst these everlasting hills, arose in peculiar prominence, Mount Gabriel. Why, my lads, said I, is yonder mountain called by such an outlandish name? one would think it was brought here by Oliver Cromwell, it has such an un-Irish—such a Saxon name?

O! then, says Pat Hayes, who was one of the most talkative of the party, a fine youth, with a huge curly head, that disdained the wearing of a hat; a broad face, giving ample latitude for the grin of an immense mouth, which as belonging to an ichthyophagous, or fish-eating animal, was set with teeth bright and sharp, like those of a sea lion, or a walrus. O! says Pat, it is a pity that the *blockhead* is not here to tell the gentleman the story about this, for sure and certain such poor garsoons as the likes of us know little, and care not the tail of a herring for such ould stories. And who, said I, is the *blockhead?* O, says my friend the Vicar, who sat beside me at the helm, the *blockhead* is an old man living up on the mountain, who, from his great memory, his knowledge of cures for cattle, charms against fairy-struck people, experience in bleeding, acquaintance with legends about the *good people,* the Milesians, and Fin M'Coul, is called far and near, the *blockhead.*

My dear fellow, will you to-morrow bring me to that man; I would pilgrimage over many of your hills to get into chat with him; for said I to myself, this is just the man that I want. And Crofton Croker shall not make all the fairy legends of the South his own.—Ah my good friend, do bring me to the *blockhead* to-morrow. Why, yes, to be sure—but stay, can you speak Irish? Not a word, to my sorrow be it spoken. Well, then, go home first and learn Irish, for Thaddy Mahony can speak no other language.— Well, boys, can none of *you* (as I cannot get it out of the *blockhead*) tell me about Mount Gabriel; O! yes, sir, says Pat Hayes, my godmother used to tell me it was called after the angel Gabriel, who came, you know, from Heaven to deliver the happy message of mercy to the Virgin—ever blessed be her name.

And on his return as he was flying back, he looked down upon Ireland, and as he knew that in time to come this

honest island would never part with the worship and duty it owes to the Mother of God, he resolved to take a peep at the happy land, that St. Patrick was to bestow for ever on the Virgin. So down he came, and perched on the western peak of that mountain; the mark, they say, of his standing [1] is there to this day, and his ten toes are branded on the rock, as plain as if I clasped my four fingers and thumb upon a sod of drying turf; and just under the blessed mark is a jewel of a lake, round as a turner's bowl, alive with trout; and there are three islands on it that float up and down, east and north, and south; but every Lady-day they come floating to the western point, and there they lie fixed under the crag that holds the track of the angel's foot. With conversation such as this we beguiled the row until we passed two long islands that sheltered the entrance of the bay of Skull—and now we were abroad on what appeared, to a poor landsman like me, to be the great Western Ocean; and oh! what a noble expanse, as east and west we ran our eye coastward.—To the right Baltimore, to the extreme left Crookhaven, and the Mizen Head, and studded along, rose

> "Sea-girt isles,
> That like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep,"

and here and there this bold coast had its high-lands, and cave-cut promontories, relieved with fortresses of other times, pleasing to the eye from their picturesque forms and positions; interesting to the mind, from the associations connecting us with days gone by, of romance, enterprise, and peril.

Eastward, the dark Rosbrine, the Fortalice of Felimy O'Mahony, the pirate and the Popeling, under the shelter of whose strong hold the Spanish Jesuits from Valladolid and Salamanca landed, and diffused their deadly animosity against Elizabeth and the Reformation.—Here Archer, Sanders, and Allen concocted the furious insurrection of Tyrone and Desmond; and hither came Carew, the Lord President, with all the power of Munster, to quell the pride, and lay low the bulwarks of the Bishop of Rome;

[1] A correspondent acquainted with the country and the Irish language informs me that the Irish name for the mountain is Knockcushthe—*Knock* signifies hill and *cush* foot, the mountain-like foot.



DUNLUCE CASTLE

This picturesque ruin is about four miles from the Giant's Causeway, and the rock on which it stands is basaltic, showing the prismatic structure in places. This rock is a precipitous cliff jutting into the sea, and separated from the mainland by a deep chasm only spanned by a single arch, which formerly had a drawbridge. The name signifies "strong fortress"; and in ancient days none could be stronger, as none can surpass Dunluce in wild and dreary grandeur. The date of the castle is uncertain, but the English conquered it as early as the fifteenth century. It has now been long in the possession of the Antrim family. Some of the finest and most extensive views of the Antrim coast may be obtained from this castle.

and where is now the Psalter of Rosbrine—the rhyming record of all the pious practices and crimson achievements of these sea lords? Nearer again, Ardtenent Castle, another cliff-nest of these Mahonys; and in the western offing look at the Black Castle out there, like a solitary cormorant, watching all day long its prey on her rock-perch.

And westward still, the bold and high Ballydivelin, see how it cuts the clear blue sky with its embattled loftiness. O! says Denis O'Driscol, one of the boatmen, as he rested on his oar, many a white bone, bleaching under sea and sun is wet and dry, day after day, under that old Castle; there lie the unburied bones of two tribes of the Mahonys—Justin Oge, and Carberry Buy O'Mahony of the North. They fell out about a prey of cattle, and met here to decide the feud on that sunny strand; for a summer's day they fought hand to hand, and foot to foot. Justin's true love, the sloe-eyed Grace O'Sullivan, sat on the tower of Ballydivelin. Justin fought under the weavings of his Grace's scarf; and Carberry Buy never feared, or pitied, or forgave,—on they fought, until the sun sinking over Crookhaven, looked on them all lying lifeless on the strand, like tangled sea-weed; not a mother's son remained alive to wake or carry to the grave the exterminated tribes.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

From 'Sketches in Ireland.'

It was as fine a morning as ever fell from heaven when we landed at Dunluce, not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the water; the brown basaltic rock, with the towers of the ancient fortress that capped and covered it—all its gray bastions and pointed gables lay pictured on the incumbent mirror of the ocean; everything was reposing—everything so still, that nothing was heard but the flash of our oars and the song of Alick M'Mullen, to break the silence of the sea. We rowed round this peninsular fortress, and then entered the fine cavern that so curiously perforates the rock, and opens its dark arch to admit our boat. He must, indeed, have a mind cased up in all the

commonplace of dull existence, who would not while within this cavern and under this fortress, enter into the associations connected with the scene; who could not hold communings with the "Genius Loci."

Fancy I know called up for *me* the war-boats and the foeman, who either issued from, or took shelter in, this sea-cave. I imagined, as the tide was growling amidst the far recesses, that I heard the moanings of chained captives, and the huge rocks around must be bales of plunder, landed and lodged here, and I took an interest, and supposed myself a sharer in the triumphs of the fortunate, and the helplessness of the captive, while suffering under the misery that bold men inflicted in troubled times, when the M'Quillans of the Rout, and the M'Donnells of the Glyns, either gained or lost this debatable stronghold. Landing in this cavern, we passed up through its land-side entrance toward the ruin; the day had become exceeding warm, and going forth from the coolness of the cave into the sultry atmosphere, we felt doubly the force of the sun's power—the sea-birds had retreated to their distant rocks—the goats were panting under the shaded ledges of the cliffs—the rooks and choughs, with open beaks and drooping wings, were scattered over the downs, from whose surface they arose with a quivering undulating motion; we were all glad for a time to retire to where, under the shade of the projecting cliff, a cold, clear spring offered its refreshing waters.

Reader, surely you cannot be at a loss for a drawing or print of Dunluce Castle; take it now I pray you in hand, and observe with me the narrow wall that connects the ruined fortress with the main land; see how this wall is perforated, and without any support from beneath, how it hangs there, bearing time and tempest, and still needing no power of arch, simply by the power of its own cemented material; the art of man could not make such another self-supporting thing; it is about eighteen inches broad, just the path of a man; do not fear to cross it, rest assured it won't tumble with you: it has borne many a better man, so come on, who 's afraid?—"I really cannot bring myself to venture," was the reply of both my companions.

"Sit ye down then, ye giddy-headed cockneys, and bask your day in the sun, Alick and I will step across and visit

the Banshee." So, with the greatest ease, we tripped across; Carrick-a-Rede is seventy times more fearful.

"And now, Mr. M'Mullen, as you and I have this old place to ourselves, come show me everything, and tell me all about it."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, sir," says Alick, "for it gave me joy to see a gentleman like you, hopping like a jackdaw over that bit of wall; and indeed many a good one comes here like you, gentleman and lady, who I believe have their skulls full of what they call nerve, instead of *sensible* steady brains."

"Well, Alick, beyond a doubt this is a fine old place."

"Why then, sir, it 's you that may say that, for many a battle and bloody head was about it in good old fighting times, when fighting and fun were all one in merry Ireland."

"Come then, Alick, tell me some of this fighting fun that the good old happy people you speak of enjoyed here in Dunluce."

"And does it become me to tell your honor of the wars of Dunluce? Why, I thought as how with your black coat and splatterdashes, you might be a scholar—besides, as you intend to see the Causeway, and the Cave, and Pleaskin, it may be your honor won't have time to hear all I have to tell you about the M'Quillans and M'Donnells, and Surly Boy and Captain Merriman,—but, at any rate, I 'll tell you, in short, about the boat-race, whereby this castle was won and lost, when the M'Quillans and M'Donnells contended for it in the presence of the King of Scotland, and agreed to leave their right to the issue of a row from Isla to Dunluce—he who first touched the land was to have the castle as his prize; so he started on just such a day as this, wind and wave agreed to sit still and let the oarmen have fair play—and to be sure it was they who rowed for honor and glory as for life, and the M'Quillans prayed enough for St. Patrick, and the M'Donnells to Columkill of the Isles, and neither, you may be sure, spared the *spirits*—for it 's hard to say whether John Highlandman, or Pat of the green hills, is better at that work; but, at any rate, on they came, beautiful and abreast, like two swans cutting, with white bosoms, the green waters; and now it was pull Paddy, and now it was pull Sandy, and

none on the shore could tell for their lives which was foremost; but at any rate, the Irish boys shouted enough, and prayed enough for the M'Quillans; and now, sir, they were within stone's throw, and now almost within oar's length, when what do you think my Scotchman did?

"For never put it past canny Sawney, all the world over, for getting the better of others; and if he fails at fair beating, he'll not pass by cheating: so it was here. The two chiefs were each at their boat's bow, and M'Quillan had his long arm outstretched, and M'Donnell held his Lochabar axe in his hand, and all at once laying his left wrist on the gunwale before him, he slashed at it with his hatchet; severed it at a blow, and while it was spinning out blood, he flung it with all his force against the rock; and do you see where that sea-parrot is now perched, on that bird's-nest ledge, there the bleeding hand lay, and the red mark is said to be there, though I have never seen it, unto this very day.

'Huzza for McDonnell, Dunluce is our own,
For spite of McQuillan, the castle is won.'

"Such was the cry of the Scotchmen as they landed, and so it was that even the Irish gave it in favor of the foreigner, who, at the expense of his limb, won the prize, and long and many a day the Scotchmen held it, until he became a good Irishman, and to this hour you may see a bloody hand painted in the middle of Lord Antrim's coat-of-arms."

THE STORY OF GRANA UAILE.

Grace O'Mealey, which has been corrupted into Grana Uaile, was the daughter of Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, tanist or chieftain of that district of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay, and comprising its multitudes of isles. This district is still called by the old people the Uiles of O'Mealey; and its lord, owning, as he did, a great extent of coast, and governing an adventurous sea-faring people, had good claim to this motto, "Terra Marique Potens."

Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, dying early, left a son and a daughter—the son but a child. The daughter, just ripen-

ing into womanhood, seemed to have a character suited to seize the reins of government and rule over this rude and brave people. Setting aside, then, at once the laws of tanistry, that confined the rule to the nearest male of the family, she took upon her, not only the government, but the generalship of her sept, and far exceeded all her family in exploits as a sea-rover; and from her success, whether as smuggler or pirate, as the case might be, she won the name of Grace of the Heroes. Acting in this wild and able way, she soon gathered round her all the outlaws and adventurers that abounded in the islands, and from the daring strokes of policy she made, and the way in which she bent to her purpose the conflicting interests of the English government and the Irish races—she was called the Gambler. As a matter of policy, she took for her first husband O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara; and there is reason to suppose that the gray mare proving the better horse, the castle in Lough Corrib, of whose traditional history notice has been already taken, was nearly lost to the Joyces, by O'Flaherty the Cock, but was saved and kept by Grana the Hen, hence it got the name which it still keeps of Krishlane na Kirca—*the Hen's Castle.* Be this as it may, Grana's husband, the Prince of Connemara, dying soon, she was free to make another connection, and in this also she seems to have consulted more her politics than her affections, and became the wife of Sir Richard Bourke, the M'William Eighter. Tradition hands down a singular item of the marriage contract. The marriage was to last *for certain* (what said the Pope to this?) but one year, and if at the end of that period, either said to the other "I dismiss you," the union was dissolved. It is said that during the year, Grana took good care to put her own creatures into garrison in all M'William's eastward castles that were valuable to her, and then, one fine day, as the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of Corrig-a-Howly, near Newport, Grana spied him, and cried out the dissolving words—"I dismiss you." We are not told now how M'William took the snapping of the matrimonial chain; it is likely that he was not sorry to have a safe riddance of such a virago. We shortly after this find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bingham against the Bourkes, and doing battle with the English. The O'Mealeys, on this occasion, turned

the fortune of the day in favor of the President of Connaught, and most of the M'William leaders being taken prisoners, six of them were hanged next day at Cloghan Lucas, " in order to strengthen the English interest."

It is probable that it was in gratitude of the signal aid afforded to her lieutenant, that Queen Elizabeth invited Grana over to her English court; and it certainly confirms the Irish-woman's character for decision and firmness, that she accepted the invitation of the Saxon, of whose faithfulness the Irish nation had but a low opinion. Accordingly Grana sailed from Clare Island, and before she arrived at the port of Chester was delivered of a son, the issue of the marriage with M'William Eighter. He being born on shipboard was hence named Tohaduah-na-Lung, or Toby of the Ship, from whom sprang the viscounts Mayo. It must have been a curious scene, the interview at Hampton Court between the wild woman of the west, and the " awe-commanding, lion-ported " Elizabeth. Fancy Grana, in her loose attire, consisting of a chemise, containing thirty yards of yellow linen, wound round her body, with a mantle of frieze, colored madder-red, flung over one shoulder, with her wild hair twisted round a large golden pin as her only headgear, standing with her red legs unstockinged, and her broad feet unshod, before the stiff and stately Tudor, dressed out (as we see her represented in the portraits of that day) with stays, stomacher, and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo—what a 'tableau vivant' this must have been! and then Grana, having made a bow, and held out her bony hand, horny as it was with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held, to sister Elizabeth (as she called her), sat down with as much self-possession and self-respect as an American Indian chief would now before the President of the United States.

Elizabeth, observing Grana's fondness for snuff, which, though a practice newly introduced, she had picked up in her smuggling enterprises, and perceiving her inconvenienced, as snuffers usually are when wanting a pocket-handkerchief, presented her with one richly embroidered, which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly, and cast it away carelessly, and when asked by Sir Walter Raleigh, why she treated the gift of her Majesty in such a way, the answer of the wild Irish girl was of that coarseness that

ought not to be read by eyes polite. Moreover, it seems Elizabeth was not happy in the presents which she proffered to the Vanathess; she ordered a lap-dog, led by a silken band, to be given to her. "What 's this for?" says Grana. "Oh, it is a sagacious, playful, faithful little creature, it will lie in your lap." "My lap!" says Grana; "it 's little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing:—keep it to yourself, Queen of the English, it is only fit for such idlers as you:—you may, if it likes you, fool away *your* day with such vermin." "Oh, but," says Elizabeth, "Grana, you are mistaken, I am not idle; I have the care of this great nation on my shoulders." "May be so," says Grana, "but as far as I can see of your ways, there 's many a poor creature in Mayo, who has only the care of a barley-field, has more industry about them than you seem to have." Of course, Elizabeth dismissed her soon: she offered, at her last audience, to create her a countess. "I don't want your titles," says Grana, "aren't we both equals? if there be any good in the thing, I may as well make you one as you me. Queen of England, I want nothing from you—enough for me it is to be at the head of my nation; but you may do what you like with my little son, Toby of the Ship, who has Saxon blood in his veins, and may not be dishonored by a Saxon title:—I will remain as I am, Grana O'Maille of the Uisles."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

(1846—1891.)

Charles Stewart Parnell was born in 1846 at Avondale, County Wicklow, and comes from a family well known in history. His maternal grandfather was Admiral Charles Stewart, the historic commander of the American frigate Constitution. He was educated at private schools in England and at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

At the close of a long tour in the United States he returned to County Wicklow, and after two years (in 1876) he was returned to Parliament from County Meath. His first appearance as a legislator was when he introduced the Irish Church Act Amendment Bill, which was defeated. In 1878 he was made President of the Irish Home Rule Convention.

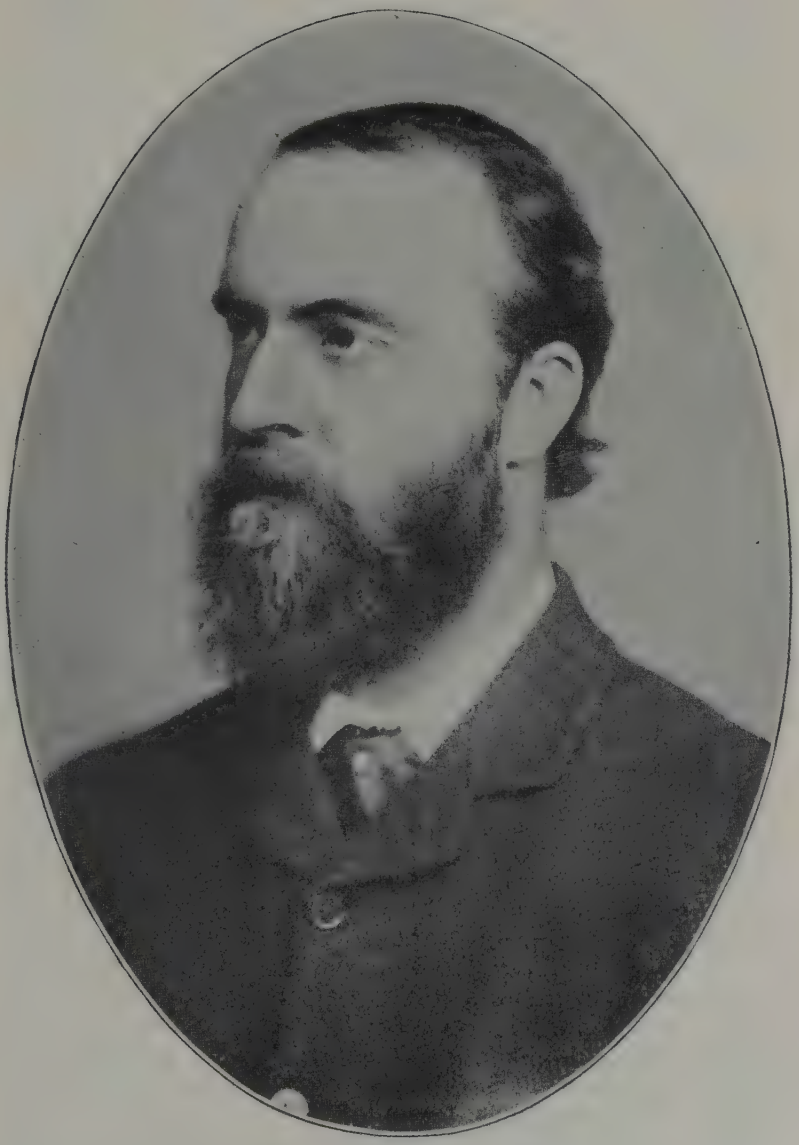
The Irish National Land League, which had in view the reduction of rack-rents and facilitating ownership of the soil by the occupants, was formed about this time. Parnell came to America then, both in its interest and in the interest of the suffering peasants of Ireland, whose harvests had failed for the third successive year. While here he had the honor, granted only thrice in its previous history, of addressing the national House of Representatives. On his return to England he was chosen leader of the Irish political party. He succeeded in getting an Irish Land Bill through Parliament, but the House of Lords defeated it. At the same time he gave much service to the Land League, with the result that charges were brought against the leaders of that powerful society, and a trial, ending in the disagreement of the jury, was instituted.

In the session of 1881 Mr. Parnell and his colleagues opposed the Coercion Act and the Arms Bill with such obstinacy that they were removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms for causing obstruction in the House of Commons.

After the passage of the Land Act the Land League, supported by Mr. Parnell, made itself very prominent, and he was arrested, while the League was proclaimed to be illegal. When the troubles that beset this time had quieted down Mr. Parnell returned to Parliament with eighty-five of his followers, and Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, which they heartily supported. When this was defeated Mr. Parnell introduced a bill to suspend evictions and reduce rents by one-half; but it met the same fate as its predecessor.

Mr. Parnell was accused of having conspired to separate Ireland from England as a nation, but after a Special Commission had sat for one hundred and twenty-eight days the papers were proved spurious, and Mr. Parnell received, in a suit for libel, £5,000 ($20,000) from *The Times*, in which paper the forged letters implicating him were first published.

Mr. Parnell's triumph ended and his leadership was lost over a scandal connected with Captain Shea and his wife, whom Mr. Parnell afterward married. He died in 1891.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

Mr. Michael Davitt in his book entitled 'The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland' (Harper, 1904) says of Parnell that he was "fortunate in being heir to the ripening fruits of his predecessors—the Daniel O'Connells, Fintan Lalors, Gavan Duffys, James Stephenses and Isaac Butts, who had sown the seed in less propitious days and under darker skies. The popular mind is not historic in its judgments, nor inclined to portion out its awards in equitable measurement to just desert. The founder of Home Rule and the little Belfast pork butcher who planned unparliamentary obstruction were forgotten in the public memory as Mr. Parnell became prominently identified with weapons of political warfare he could use more damagingly against the opponents of the Irish cause than could those who had forged what his limited organizing capacity or constructive skill could not have created."

PARNELL'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE HOUSE.

[Washington, February 2, 1880.]

Until I landed in America nothing was known of the imminence or threatened extent of the famine which has now assumed such horrible proportions as to attract the attention and compassion of all civilized nations. To every thinking man it must be a matter of perplexity how such a famine could burst upon a people without giving any warning of its approach. But in fact this catastrophe was clearly foreseen and predicted six months ago in Ireland, and government was repeatedly warned to make timely preparations to deal with it. But the British government not only refused to do anything, but with extraordinary perversity persisted in denying that there was any danger of famine. And now that thousands are starving the singular spectacle is presented of a government which refuses to come to the aid of its own subjects sanctioning appeals to the charity of America or any other nation which may be ready to feed them.

The present famine, as all other famines in Ireland, has been the direct result of the system of land tenure which is maintained there. And while we have been compelled by the frightful condition of our people to appear before the American people in the guise of beggars, and to use every exertion to collect money to save life, I feel it to be equally my duty to point out the cause which keeps Ireland in a condition of chronic poverty and brings on from

time to time such horrible famines as that which is at present raging there. When the task is thrown upon America of feeding a people who have been driven into starvation by ruinous and unjust laws, surely you acquire a right to express your opinion very freely on the character of those laws and on the policy of maintaining them. And I have every confidence that the public sentiment of America will be a great assistance to our people in their present effort to obtain a just and suitable settlement of the Irish land question.

Since I have been in this country I have seen so many tokens of the good wishes of American people toward Ireland that I feel entirely at a loss to express my sense of all the enormous advantage and service which is being daily done in this way to our cause. We do not seek to embroil your government with the government of England; but we claim that the public opinion and sentiment of a free country like America is entitled to find expression whereever it is seen that the laws of freedom are not observed.

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, the most pressing question in Ireland at the present moment is the tenure of land. That question is a very old one; it dates from the first settlement of Ireland from England. The struggle between those who own the land on the one side and those who till it on the other has been a constant one. But up to the present moment scarcely any ray of light has ever been let in upon the hard fate of the tillers of the soil in that country. But many of us who are now observing the course of events believe that the time is fast approaching when the artificial and cruel system of land tenure prevailing in Ireland is bound to fall and be replaced by a more natural and a more just one.

I could quote many authorities to show you what this system is. The feudal tenure has been tried in many countries, and it has been found wanting everywhere. But in no country has it wrought so much destruction and proved so pernicious as in Ireland. As the result of that feudal tenure we have constant and chronic poverty; we have our people discontented and hopeless. Even in the best of years theirs is one of continual misery. And when, as on the present occasion, the crops fail and a bad year comes round, we have these terrific famines sweeping

across the face of our land, claiming their victims in hundreds of thousands, driving multitudes into a forced and pauperized emigration, and leaving a settled gloom and terror behind as the inheritance, for years, of the survivors.

Mr. Froude, the distinguished English historian, who cannot be accused of being a prejudiced witness in our favor, gives his testimony with regard to this land system in the following words:

"But of all the feudal gifts which we bestowed upon our unhappy possession was the English system of owning lands. Land, properly speaking, cannot be owned by any man. It belongs to all the human race. Laws have to be made to secure the profits of their industry to those who cultivate it. But the private property of this or that person which he is entitled to deal with as he pleases land never ought to be and never strictly is. In Ireland, as in all primitive civilizations, the soil was divided amongst the tribes. Each tribe collectively owned its own district. Under the feudal system the proprietor was the crown as representing the nation; while the subordinate tenures were held with duty attached to them, and were liable on non-fulfillment to forfeiture."

Now, I look upon this testimony of Mr. Froude's as a most important and valuable one, coming as it does from an English source, and a source which cannot be called prejudiced in favor of Ireland. As Mr. Froude says, property has its duties under the feudal system of tenure as well as its rights. But in Ireland those enjoying the monopoly of the land have only considered that they had rights, and have always been forgetful of their duties; so that bad as the feudal tenure must be it has there been worked in a way to intensify its evils tenfold. I find that a little further on Mr. Froude again writes to the following effect:

"And if we had been more faithful in our stewardship, Ireland would have been as wealthy and prosperous as the sister island, and not at the mercy of a potato-blight. We did what we could; we subscribed money; we laid a poor-law on the land. But it was to no purpose. The emigrants went away with rage in their hearts, and a longing hope of revenge hereafter with America's help."

But I could multiply testimony from distinguished sources, and of well-known men, to the same effect. I shall

content myself with quoting from one more source, Professor Blackie, the professor of Greek in Edinburgh University.

"Among the many acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretense of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land, which, by brehon law, belonged to the people, and giving it not to honest resident cultivators (which might have been a politic sort of theft), but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country which they had appropriated but suck its blood in the name of rent, and squander its resources under the name of pleasure, and fashion, and courtliness in London."

Now, we have been told by the landlord party as their defense of this system that the true cause of Irish poverty and discontent is the crowded state of that country, and the only remedy emigration; and I admit to the fullest extent that there are portions of Ireland which are too crowded. The barren hills of the west of Ireland, whither the people were driven from the fertile lands after the famine, are too crowded; but the fertile portions of Ireland maintain scarcely any population at all, and remain as vast hunting-grounds for the pleasure of the landlord class.

Before, then, we talk of emigration as the cure for all the ills of Ireland, I should like to see a more natural distribution of the soil of that country. I should like to see the rich plains of Meath, Kildare, Limerick, and Tipperary, instead of being the desert wastes that they are today, supporting the teeming and prosperous population that they are so capable of maintaining. At the present moment you may drive for ten or twenty miles through those great rich counties without meeting a human being or seeing a single house. And it is a remarkable testimony to the horrible way in which the land system has been administered in Ireland that the fertility of the country has proved the destruction of the population, instead of being their support. Only on the poor lands have our people been allowed to settle, and there they are crowded in numbers far too great for the soil to support. Let the next emigration be from the west to the east, instead of from the east to the west—from the hills of Connemara back to the fertile lands of Meath. When the resources of my

country have been fully taken advantage of and developed, when the agricultural prosperity of Ireland has been secured, then if we have any surplus population we shall cheerfully give it to this great country. Then our emigrants will go willingly and as free men—not shoveled out by a forced emigration—a disgrace to the government whence they come, and to humanity in general. Then our emigrants would come to you as come the Germans, with money in their pockets, and education to enable them to obtain a good start in this great and free country, with sufficient means to enable them to push out to your western lands, instead of remaining about the eastern cities, doomed to hard manual labor, and many of them falling a prey to the worst evils of modern city civilization.

I have noticed within the last few days a very remarkable refutation of this argument of overcrowding, in one of the newspapers of this country—*The Nation*—a journal, I believe, distinguished in the walks of literature, and whose opinion is entitled to very great weight and consideration. *The Nation* says:

"That the best remedy for Irish poverty is to be found in the multiplication of peasant properties and not by emigration, as many suppose, there is little question. Emigration is good for those who emigrate; but it leaves gaps in the home population which are soon filled by a fresh poverty-stricken mass. A writer in *The London Times*, giving an account of the island of Guernsey, shows that it supports in marvelous comfort a population of thirty thousand by the cultivation of ten thousand acres, while Ireland has a cultivatable area of 15,500,000 acres, and would, if as densely peopled as Guernsey, support a population of forty-five million instead of five million.

"The climate of Guernsey, too, is as moist as that of Ireland, and the land is hardly any nearer the great markets. But nearly every man in it owns his farm, and the law facilitates his getting a farm in fee on easy terms."

Now, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, the remedy that we propose for the state of affairs in Ireland is an alteration of the land tenure prevailing there. We propose to imitate the example of Prussia and other continental countries, where the feudal tenure has been tried, found wanting, and abandoned; and

we desire to give an opportunity to every occupying tenant-farmer in Ireland to become the owner of his own farm.

This may, perhaps, seem at first sight a startling proposition; and I shall be told about the "rights of property" and "vested interests" and "individual ownership." But we have the high authority of Mr. Froude, the English historian, whom I have just quoted, to the effect that:

"Land, properly speaking, cannot be owned by any man. It belongs to all the human race. Laws have to be made to secure the profits of their industry to those who cultivate it. But the private property of this or that person which he is entitled to deal with as he pleases land never ought to be and never strictly is."

And we say if it can be proved, as it has been abundantly proved, that terrible sufferings, constant poverty, are inflicted on the millions of the population of Ireland, we may then reasonably require from the legislature that, paying due regard to vested interests and giving them fair compensation, the system of ownership of the soil by the few in Ireland should be terminated and replaced by one giving that ownership to the many.

As I have pointed out, we have historical precedents for such a course. The King of Prussia in 1811, seeing the evils of the feudal tenure, by a royal edict transferred all the land of his country from the landlords to the tenants. He compensated the landlords by giving them government bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest; and he ordained that the tenants should repay to the state the principal and interest of these bonds by annual installments of 5 per cent., extending over forty-one years, and that then all payments should cease. The preamble to this edict is so very remarkable that I venture to trespass on your time for a few moments by reading it:

"We, Frederick William, by the grace of God King of Prussia, having convinced ourselves both by personal experience in our own domains and by that of many lords of manors of the great advantages which have accrued both to the lord and to the peasant by the transformation of peasant holdings into property and the commutation of the rents on the basis of a fair indemnity, and having consulted in regard to this weighty matter experienced farmers, ordain and decree as follows:—

"That all tenants of hereditary holdings, whatever the size of the holding, shall by the present edict become the proprietors of their holdings, after paying to the landlords the indemnity fixed by this edict."

But we have also precedents for the course we propose afforded by the legislation of Great Britain. The Parliament of England has already, under the Bright clauses of the land act, expressed its approval of the principle that a class of tenant or peasant owners should be created in Ireland. That act permitted the state to advance to tenants desirous of purchasing their holdings two-thirds of the purchase money, to be repaid by installments of 5 per cent., extending over thirty-five years. Those clauses, for a variety of reasons which I dare not trespass on your time long enough to explain, have remained a dead letter. But I see that Mr. John Bright, the eminent reformer, one of the originators of the movement for the repeal of the corn laws, and a fellow-laborer with Cobden in that movement, now comes forward and proposes to amend those clauses very considerably so as to make them more workable. By a cable dispatch from London I find that, speaking at Birmingham the other day, Mr. Bright proposed—

To appoint a government commission to go to Dublin with power to sell farms of landlords to tenants willing to buy, and to advance three-fourths of the purchase-money, principal and interest to be repaid in thirty-five years. Such a measure, Bright believed, would meet the desire of the Irish people. The commission should assist the tenant to purchase whenever the landlord was willing to sell. He recommended compulsory sale only where the land is owned by London companies, as is the case with large tracts near Londonderry. He expresses the conviction that, if his plan was ever adopted, self-interest or public opinion would soon compel individual landlords to sell to the tenants.

Now, this proposition is undoubtedly a very great reform and an immense advance upon the present state of affairs. While we could not accept it as a final settlement of the land question, yet we should gladly welcome it as an advance in our direction; and we are willing to give it a fair trial. The radical difference between our proposition and that of Mr. Bright, is that we think the state

should adopt the principle of compulsory expropriation of land, whereas Mr. Bright thinks it may be left to the self-interest and the force of public opinion to compel the landlords to sell. For that is the word he uses, " compel."

While I concur with Mr. Bright in thinking that, in all probability, if his propositions were adopted the present land agitation in Ireland, if maintained at its present vigor, would compel the landlords to sell to tenants at fair prices, yet I ask the House of Representatives of America what would they think of a statesman who, while acknowledging the justness of a principle, as Mr. Bright acknowledges the justness of our principle that the tenants of Ireland ought to own the lands, shrinks at the same time from asking the legislature of his country to sanction that principle and leaves to an agitation such as is now going on in Ireland the duty of enforcing that which the Parliament of Great Britain should enforce. I think you will concur with me that this attempt on the part of the British Parliament to transfer its obligations and duties to the helpless, starving peasantry of Connemara is neither a dignified nor a worthy one, and that the sooner our Parliament comes to recognize its duties in this respect the better it will be for all parties and the government of Great Britain.

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, I have to apologize for having trespassed on your attention at such great length, and to give you my renewed and heartiest thanks for the very great attention and kindness with which you have listened to my feeble and imperfect utterances. I regret that this great cause has not been pleaded by an abler man, but at least the cause is good, and, although put before you imperfectly, it is so strong and so just that it cannot fail in obtaining recognition at your hands and from the people of this country. It will be a proud boast for America if, after having obtained, secured, and ratified her own freedom by sacrifices unexampled in the history of any nation, she were now, by the force of her public opinion alone, by the respect with which all countries look upon any sentiment prevailing here, if she were now to obtain for Ireland, without the shedding of one drop of blood, without drawing the sword, without one threatening message, the solution of this great question. For my

part, as one who boasts of American blood, I feel proud of the importance which has been universally attached on all sides to American opinion with regard to this matter, and I am happy in seeing and believing that the time is very near at hand when you will be able to say you have in the way I have mentioned, and in no other way, been a most important factor in bringing about a settlement of the Irish land question. And then, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, these Irish famines now so periodical, which compel us to appear as beggars and mendicants before the world, a humiliating position for any man but a still more humiliating position for a proud nation like ours—then, Mr. Speaker, these Irish famines will have ceased when their cause has been removed. We shall no longer be compelled to tax your magnificent generosity, and we shall be able to promise you that with your help this shall be the last Irish famine.

FANNY PARNELL.

(1854—1882.)

Frances Isabel Parnell was born in County Wicklow in 1854. She was the sister of Charles Stewart Parnell. She wrote poems for *The Irish People* (1864–65) before she reached her teens, and afterwards for *The Nation*, *The Irishman*, etc. Subsequently she was closely connected with her brother's political work. She died in this country in 1882. She was a fervent speaker, a leading figure in the early Land League meetings, a good organizer, and had much political ability.

Of her 'Land League Songs' Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly said: "Crushed out, like the sweet life of a bruised flower, they are the very soul cry of a race . . . All her poems breathe depths of love that seem like the actual breath of existence."

POST-MORTEM.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
  Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
  Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
  As a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence
  That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises
  When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor
  When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
  Of thy exiled sons returning
I should hear, though dead and moldered, and the grave damps
  Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
  'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver,
  As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere clothes round me,
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, "O my brothers I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Addressed to the Irish farmers in 1880.

Now are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil?
Would you be free, or evermore, the rich man's cattle, toil?
The shadow of the dial hangs that points the fatal hour—
Now *hold your own!* or, branded slaves, for ever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill, ye grovel for a crust:
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your shameful heads,
Yet they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds!

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf!
Rise up! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering round, the vultures wheel and swoop—
They come, the coronetted ghouls! with drum-beat and with troop—
They come to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your wives';
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands and, if ye *can,* your lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed;

Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking power;
Let not one sordid churl pollute the Nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle now—
The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant brow,
And in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand by traitor's and by spy's the base *deserter's* name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered corpses fed—
Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly compost spread;
Their bones have fertilized your fields, their blood has fall'n like rain;
They died that ye might eat and live—God! have they died in vain?

The yellow corn starts blithely up; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in "Forty-eight"—his life for yours he gave—
He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper nigh
Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn HE WILL NOT DIE.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated breath;
Now who shall have our harvest fair?—'t is Right that plays with Death;
Now who shall have our Motherland?—'t is Right that plays with Might;
The peasant's arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight!

But God is on the peasant's side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mount and moor,
They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his ripening grain,
The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O pallid serfs! whose groans and prayers have wearied Heaven full long,
Look up! there is a Law above, beyond all legal wrong;

Rise up! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado-borne,
And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap the corn!

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer down,
And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer shall crown;
God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless moan,
And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own!

ERIN MY QUEEN.

"As the breath of the musk-rose is sweetest 'mid flowers,
As the palm like a queen o'er the forest-trees towers,
As the pearl of the deep sea 'mid gems is the fairest,
As the spice-cradled phœnix 'mid birds is the rarest,
As the star that keeps guard o'er Flath-Innis shines brightest,
As the angel-twined snow-wreaths 'mid all things are whitest,
As the dream of the singer his faint speech transcendeth,
As the rapture of martyrs all agony endeth,
As the rivers of Aidenn 'mid earth's turbid waters,
As Una the Pure One 'mid Eve's fallen daughters,
So is Erin, my shining one,
So is Erin, my peerless one!"

THOMAS PARNELL.

(1679—1717.)

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, and early in life displayed considerable ability as well as quickness of memory. At thirteen he left school and was admitted a member of Trinity College. On July 9, 1700, he took his degree of Master of Arts and shortly after was ordained a deacon. Three years later he was ordained priest and 1705 became Archdeacon of Clogher. He married Miss Ann Minchin, a lady of great beauty and high attainments.

In 1706 Parnell visited England, where he was admitted a member of the Scriblerus Club, formed of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. Pope especially soon became his warm friend, mutual services drawing them nearer to each other. His erudition and classical knowledge were of great use to Pope in producing his translation of Homer, an obligation the great man repaid by his edition of Parnell's works after the early death of their author. Of the Scriblerus papers Parnell is said to have written or had a hand in several. 'The Life of Zoïlas' was from his pen, and in the 'Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia' he had a principal share, according to Pope. He also wrote papers for *The Guardian* and *The Spectator*, and he was on the highroad to fame when in 1712 his wife died and he gave way to intemperance. This failing, however, he soon conquered. In 1713 by the good offices of Swift he obtained a prebend from Archbishop King, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglass, worth £400 ($2,000) a year. This last he did not long enjoy, for on his way to Ireland in July, 1717, he died at Chester, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city.

"Parnell's poem 'The Hermit,'" says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "is the model of a moral *conte;* the movement is dignified and rapid, the action and reflections are balanced with exquisite skill, the surprise is admirably prepared, and the treatment never flags from beginning to end. . . . But more of real inspiration attended the composition of his two remarkable odes, the 'Night-Piece' and the 'Hymn to Contentment,' which . . . reach a higher range of melody and strike a more subtle chord of fancy than perhaps any other verses of that age."

FROM 'A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.'

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I 'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose walls the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumpled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

FROM 'A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.'

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude 's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'T was thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seemed, as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I 'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy!
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,

To please my ear, and court my song;
I 'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

PERCY SOMERS PAYNE.

(1850—1874.)

PERCY SOMERS PAYNE, whose 'Rest' was considered by some the best poem contributed to *Kottabos*, was the son of the Rev. Somers Payne, rector of Upton, County Cork. He was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, but was never graduated. His contributions were marked by intensity and sincerity of feeling and a creative power which gave promise of high distinction. Unfortunately he was untimely cut off by death in 1874.

REST.

Silence sleeping on a waste of ocean—
  Sun-down—westward traileth a red streak—
One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
  Challenges the stillness with a shriek—
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
  Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
  And they whisper to the silence: "There is Rest."

Down where the broad Zambesi River
  Glides away into some shadowy lagoon
Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
  Shaken by the sultry breath of noon—
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing;
  Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all oppprest;
Dreams his dreams; and the sweetest is the knowing
  That above him, and around him, there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow.
  Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay;
Pilgrims all they were to some bright El-dorado,
  But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.
Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure,
  Some were bowed beneath a care-encumbered breast:
But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
  And all paused betimes to wonder, "Is there Rest?"

Look, O man! to the limitless Hereafter,
  When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
  When thy Love shall be severed from its Lust.
Then thy spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
  The Ultimate dim Thulé of the Blest,
And the passion-haunted fever of thy being
  Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest.

IRISH LITERATURE





AN IRISH MANUSCRIPT

From the Harleian Manuscripts

Richard II. in Ireland, from the Harleian manuscripts, showing the scene at the conference between Richard and the King of Leinster.

The Harleian manuscripts take their name from the Harleys, father and son, who made the collection during the eighteenth century. They are perhaps among the most valuable ancient historical manuscripts that Great Britain possesses.

It was in 1395 that King Richard received the submission of Art. MacMurrough and the other Irish chieftains near Carlow. Good accounts of Art MacMurrough will be found in the work on him by T. D'Arcy McGee and in Joyce's "Short History of Ireland."

THE SUNNINESS OF IRISH LIFE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE has said many hard things of Ireland—that is, of Ireland as the battle-ground of political and social questions—but he has paid an ungrudging and eloquent tribute to the charms of Ireland, of the mountain, the lake, and the valley, and of its light-hearted and humorous inhabitants. "We have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland," he writes; "every cloud has its sunny side, and, when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world; and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still amongst the most interesting of peoples." Every cloud in Ireland has, indeed, its glint of sunshine. Thanks to the natural charms of the country, and the kindly, genial manners of the people, there is diffused through Irish life a warm, pleasant, stimulating influence, which is best described by the expressive and picturesque word "sunny." That delightful quality of sunniness in Irish life is most appreciated by those who know the strain on mental and physical energies of living amid the perpetual rush and noise and excitement of a large and busy English city. After such an experience, one feels, while in Ireland, that there is no country in the world so fresh and reposeful as the Emerald Isle, with its perpetual touch of spring—no race so leisurely and restful as the Irish—that there is no land and no people so well adapted to reinvigorate an overworked frame or restore to cheerfulness a weary mind.

What a consciousness of tranquillity, what a restfulness of spirit, one feels in Ireland! says one writer. What repose and quietude is inspired, mentally and physically, by the clear, serene atmosphere of the country; its soft lights; its expanses of blue sky; the refreshing green of its fields and trees; the varied tints of its mountain ranges; its wind-swept moorlands; its flat stretches of bog; its gorgeous sunset glows; the dreamy flow of its streams; the restful expanse of its broad lakes; and the soothing wash of the sea on its rugged cliffs and craggy strands! What a delightful picture of Ireland is that drawn by the ancient Irish student-poet in France:—

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

And if the stern rugged coasts, the heather-covered moors and mountain ranges, the vernal valleys of Ireland can vie with those of any pleasure haunt in the United Kingdom in health-giving air and pleasure-inspiring scenery, the characteristics of the Irish people are no less admirably adapted to refresh and amuse an overworked and weary mind.

A few uncongenial visitors to Ireland—people, as a rule, without a glint of humor or inspiration, to whom the complex Irish character is a hopeless enigma—have been shocked by what they conceive to be the low regard for truth which prevails in the country. They say it is very difficult to get at the Irish peasant's real opinion on any subject. But I think it will be found that the Irish peasant's occasional picturesque indifference to facts is due, not to an ingrained love for falsehood and hypocrisy—as these critics too often suppose—but partly to his powers of imagination, and partly to his amiable desire to make himself agreeable. A man, weary after a long walk, asked a peasant whom he met on the high road how far he was from a certain village. "Just four short miles," was the reply. Now the place happened to be eight miles distant, and the peasant was aware of the fact. Why, then, did he deceive the man? "Shure," said he, when reproved for the deception, "I saw the poor fellow was tired, and I wanted to keep his courage up." In this anecdote we have an illustration of the peasant's desire to say pleasant things on all occasions. This is the secret also of his general subserviency to one's expressed opinions. His sense of politeness is so fine that he positively thinks it rude to express disagreement with the views of a stranger, even though he is convinced that they are mistaken.

And who has such a pretty faculty for paying compliments as the average Irish peasant? Two young ladies stopped to talk to an old man working in a potato field.

In the course of the conversation one said to him, "Which of us do you think is the elder?" "Ah, thin, each of ye looks younger than the other," replied the gallant old fellow. An aged lady, getting into a cab in Dublin, said to the driver, "Help me in, my good man, for I 'm very old." "Begor, ma'am," said he, "no matter what age you are, you don't look it." No one mingles fun with flattery so genially as the Irish peasant. You are never made to blush or to feel uncomfortable by his compliments. No matter how extravagant his flattery may be, it is so expressed that you are enabled to carry it off with a laugh, while at the same time you are bound to feel pleased with the spirit which dictates it. A lady who was learning Irish in London paid a visit to a Gaelic-speaking part of Kerry, and, in order to improve her colloquial acquaintance with the language, tried to carry on a conversation in the old tongue with one of the peasants. The attempt, however, was a failure. They could not understand each other. "Ah," said the peasant at last, "how could I be expected to know the fine Irish of the grand lady from London?"

A pat answer to be given by a native of the Emerald Isle is only in the eternal fitness of things. For example: An Irish laborer coveted a lowly municipal appointment in a certain borough, and called on one of the local town councilors to secure his influence in getting the desired job. "Is his worship at home?" inquired Pat. "He is not at home just now," replied the lady of the house, who had a very prepossessing appearance; "but perhaps I may do as well. I 'm the wife of his worship," she added, repeating Pat's words quizzically. "An' sure, ma'am," said the applicant, by way of introducing his errand, "his worship isn't to be wondered at." Whether the town councilor's wife used her influence on his behalf or not, Pat never knew, but, all the same, he got the situation. A servant girl named Bridget, applying for a place, said to the lady of the house, "Yis, ma'am, I lived in me last place for three weeks." "And why did you leave?" inquired the lady. "I couldn't get along with the misthress; she was ould and cranky." "But I may be ould and cranky, too," said the lady. "Cranky ye may be, ma'am, for faces is sometimes decavin'; but ould, niver!" said Bridget. And Bridget got the place. Two kinds of conveyances are com-

monly in use in the south of Ireland, and are known respectively as "inside" and "outside" cars. A very nice-looking lady in Cork engaged an outside car to take her to the house of a friend. As the day was rather chilly, the friend met her with the exclamation, "Have you really come on an outside car?" Instantly the driver replied, "Why, thin, ma'am, is it inside you 'd be after puttin' *her* —a handsome lady that could bear inspection!"

Another characteristic feature of Irish life is the easy freedom of manners and the familiarity of intercourse between strangers. Among the people, certainly, the stranger is never received in Ireland with that cold, distant, and suspicious demeanor with which he is too often greeted in the sister countries. In Ireland the stranger is treated confidingly as a friend until he has done something wrong; in England he is regarded with distrust until he has established his good character. I have often seen, in the south of Ireland, carters pull up their wagons or vans, and walk into a house without ceremony, beyond the salutation, "God save all here," go over to the fireplace, and take up a burning sod of turf with which to light their pipes; and then were ready, with native loquacity, to enter into conversation with any members of the household present.

There is a very humorous medieval Irish story which I am disposed to think is a satire on the talkativeness of the race. Three hermits sought peace and quietude in a valley far remote from the haunts of men. At the end of a year one remarked, "It 's a fine life we are having here." After another year the second hermit replied, "It is." When a third year had elapsed, the remaining hermit broke into the conversation with the threat, "If I cannot get peace here, I 'll go back to the world!"

Simplicity is also a trait in the Irish character. A dispensary doctor told me that he had occasion to prescribe two pills for a sick laborer, which he sent him by his wife in a small box, bearing the directions, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient subsequently, the doctor was surprised to learn that the desired effect had not been produced by the pills. He asked the man's wife if she had really given her husband the medicine. "I did, doctor," she replied; "but maybe the lid hasn't come

off yet." The sick man had been made to swallow pills and box together! Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, so she called in a doctor, and then anxiously inquired as to the sufferer's state. "I am sorry to say, madam," replied the doctor gravely, "that your husband is dying by inches." "Well, docthor," said Mrs. Murphy, with an air of resignation, "wan good thing is, me poor husband is six feet three in his stockin'-feet, so he 'll lasht some time yit." It is a grand thing to have—as the Irish peasants have—faith in the doctor! What wonders it can work is shown by the following story. An Irishman, who had a great respect for the medical profession, but had had the good fortune never to have required a doctor's services in his life before, was one day taken ill. A doctor was sent for. With eyes big with astonishment, the patient watched the doctor take his clinical thermometer from its case. As the doctor slipped it under his patient's armpit, he told him "to keep it there a second or two." Paddy lay still, almost afraid to breathe, and, when the doctor took it out, he was astonished to hear his patient exclaim, "I do feel a dale better after that, sur!"

Stories of the simpleness and artlessness of the people are very entertaining. A well-known society lady, residing at Cork, sent a letter to the militia barracks, requesting the pleasure of Captain A.'s company at dinner on a certain day. The letter must have got into the wrong hands, for the answer rather astonished the hostess. It ran: "Private Hennessy and Private O'Brien are unable to accept, owing to their being on duty; but the remainder of Captain A.'s company will have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. B.'s hospitality." Some years ago the keeper of the lighthouse on Tory Island (an Englishman) got married to a London girl, and his wife had, among other effects, a small light pianette sent after her to her new home. By-and-by news reached the island that the instrument was on the mainland, and two islanders were dispatched in a lugger to fetch it across. The lighthouse keeper and his wife were awaiting the arrival of the pianette, which was to brighten the long winter evenings; but, to their disappointment, they saw the boat returning without the instrument. "Where 's the pianette?" shouted the lighthouse keeper when the lugger had got within hailing distance.

"It 's all right," replied one of the boatmen; "shure, we 're towin' it behind us!" The inhabitants of Tory Island are an extremely simple and primitive people. Lady Chatterton, who made a visit she paid to Ireland thirty years ago the subject of a book, describes the mingled astonishment and alarm she saw on the face of a peasant from the island as he mounted the stairs of a house on the mainland.

Another characteristic of the peasantry is their carefulness about the superscription of the letters they commit to the post. They find it difficult to believe in the capability of the post-office authorities to deliver safely a letter, outside their own immediate postal district, unless it is addressed with the utmost fullness of detail. The manager of a large hotel in Dublin showed me the envelope of a letter received by one of the maids of the establishment from her old mother in County Mayo. The superscription was as follows:—

"For Margaret Maloney,
Rotunda Hotel.
All modern improvements. Lift. Electric lights. Terms moderate.
Tariff on application to manager.
Sackville Street, Dublin, Ireland."

The old lady with rural simplicity had faithfully copied all the printed details at the top of the sheet of the hotel notepaper on which her daughter had written to her.

Perhaps it is only in Ireland—a country where everything is taken for granted—that an incident like the following is possible. During the meeting of the British Association in Dublin in 1871, a visit was paid by the ethnological section to the island of Arranmore, off the coast of Galway, famous for its magnificent cyclopean ruin, the Dun Angus. Among the other objects of interest pointed out for the admiration of the assembled savants was a rude specimen of those domica buildings of a beehive form, variously called oratories or *blockaunes*. They are stone-roofed structures of narrow proportions, with low entrances, and containing one or more small chambers. While a famous Irish archeologist, who acted the cicerone, was descanting on the architectural peculiarities and the profound antiquity of the structure, which,

perhaps, he said, was once the residence of Firbolg or Danaun kings, one of the excursionists on the outside of the group sought such information about the mysterious building as he could gather from the crowd of wondering natives who were congregated around. "Isn't that a very ancient building now?" he said to an Arranite. "I suppose it 's a thousand years old at least?" "Oh, no, yer honner," was the reply. "Shure, it 's no more than four or five years since Tim Bourke built it for a donkey that he do be workin' in the winter."

The national characteristics are so diffused that the same traits are to be found in the houses of the gentry—tempered, somewhat, by education and training—as in the cabins of the peasantry. An amusing illustration of what "a ruling passion," the passion for hunting and racing is among the well-to-do classes in Ireland, occurred in a speech on the state of Ireland delivered by Lord Stanley in 1844. He pointed out, amid the laughter of the House of Commons, that an affidavit respecting the striking out of Roman Catholics from the panel from which the jury which tried O'Connell and other Repeal leaders was selected, was signed by William Kemmis, "Clerk of the Course," instead of "Clerk of the Crown." Chief Justice Doherty used to relate a strange experience which befell him during a visit to a country house. His friend, the host, sent a car to the railway station to bring him to the place. He had not gone far when the horse became very restive, and finally upset the vehicle into a ditch. The judge asked the driver how long the animal had been in harness. "Half an hour, sur," replied the man. "I mean, how long since he was first put in harness?" said the judge. "Shure, I 've tould you, half an hour, sur," answered the driver, "an' the masther said if he carried ye safe he 'd buy him." I was one evening in the Queen's Theater, Dublin, during the week of the famous August Horse Show, when the Irish metropolis is crowded with visitors from every province. An elderly country gentleman, in pronounced "horsey" attire, came into the stalls; and the "gods," as is their wont, began to chaff him. He bore their remarks in silence for a time, and then, rising in his seat and looking up to the gallery, waved his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he cried, "if you don't

stop that noise, I 'll lave the theater." A shout of laughter greeted his humorous threat from all parts of the house, and he was left in peace by the "gods" for the remainder of the evening.

The Irish peasant will never confess to ignorance if he can at all escape it. This characteristic is also due to his desire to be on the best of terms with everybody. Some years ago the Fishery Commissioners held at Kilrush an inquiry into the condition of the fisheries of the lower Shannon. One old witness was very discursive, and inclined to aver everything. "Are there any whales about there?" asked one of the commissioners sarcastically. "Is it whales?" exclaimed the witness, who did not notice that the commissioner was humbugging him. "Shure ye may see thim be the dozen sphoutin' about like water engines all over the place." Another commissioner gravely inquired whether there were dogfish there. "Faix, you 'd say so, if ye passed the night at Carrigaholt. We can't sleep for the barkin' of thim," replied the witness. Lastly, the third commissioner asked if flying fish abounded in the river. The old man's marvelous imagination and rapid invention were by no means exhausted, for he replied, "Arrah, if we didn't put the shutters up ivery night there wouldn't be a whole pane of glass left in the windies from the crathurs beatin' agin thim." A gamekeeper in County Waterford, who was very proud of the woods under his charge, was wont to indulge in the most extravagant accounts of the quantity of every description of game to be found there. A gentleman once asked him, for amusement's sake, "Are there any paradoxes to be found here, Pat?" Without the slightest hesitation the keeper replied, "Oh, thim 's very rare in these parts, yer honner; but ye might find two or three of thim sometimes on the sands whin the tide 's out."

"I suppose there are no lobsters in Ireland, Pat?" said a traveler. "Lobsters, is it? Shure the shores is red wid them."

These harmless and very amusing exaggerations may undoubtedly be traced to the fancifulness of the Irish peasantry, their excessive geniality and courtesy, and their desire to please. John Wesley, the famous founder of the Methodist sect, who visited our country about the middle

of the eighteenth century, said of the peasantry that "a people so generally civil he had never seen either in Europe or in America." He also described them as "an immeasurably loving people," and declared, "I have seen as real courtesy in their cabins as could be found at St. James' or the Louvre." This, indeed, is the testimony of all fine natures who have been brought into close relations with the Irish people. Some of the *foibles* of the peasantry may have perplexed them a little; but that they are an attractive and interesting and lovable race has been admitted by all. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the renowned artist, a Welshman, has written: "I am by blood and nature and sympathy more Irish than Saxon. I do not love the English even; I admire and respect them often more than any other nation now existing; but they don't touch my heart a bit, and I often really hate them, and though the Irish disappoint, vex, and confuse me, they touch me and melt my heart often and often."

I heard a very amusing story from a priest, who related it, he told me, on the authority of the clergyman who figured in the incident, which shows that this attention and courtesy to strangers sometimes leads to laughable *contretemps*. Three Protestant ladies were staying at Glengariff. Owing to the sympathetic manner in which they interested themselves in the welfare of the people, they became great friends with the parish priest. One Sunday the ladies were obliged to take refuge from a heavy shower of rain in the little chapel. The parish priest, who happened to be celebrating Mass at the time, observed them, and whispering to the simple old clerk, who was attending him at the altar, he said, "Get three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, mistaking his instructions, turned round to the congregation and cried—"His riverence wants three cheers for the Protestant ladies." They were given with a heart and a half.

The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings. There is no man with whom one can become so thoroughly acquainted in a short time, and there is no man who takes so kindly and keen an interest in one's affairs on a casual acquaintance. The Duke of Connaught had an amusing experience of this quality of the Irish character during the tour which he made through Ireland about twenty years

ago. He was standing on the steps of a hotel in the west of Ireland when a peasant approached him, and with native bland and infantile assurance, said: "Welcome to Ireland, yer Royal Highness. I hope I see yer Royal Highness well." "Quite well. I 'm much obliged to you," replied the Duke. "And yer noble mother, the Queen. I hope her ould ladyship is enjoyin' the best of health," said the peasant. "Yes, thank you, the Queen is very well," answered the Duke, who seemed highly amused by the easy familiarity of the peasant. "I 'm glad to hear it," continued the latter; "an' tell me, yer Royal Highness, how are all yer noble brothers and sisters?" But at that moment an *aide-de-camp* appeared on the scene, and cried, "Get along there, you fellow." "What are ye interferin' wid me for?" retorted the peasant, apparently much affronted. "Don't ye see that I 'm houldin' a conversation wid his Royal Highness?"

But the irrepressible sense of humor of the people often leads them to the perpetration of amusing practical jokes on unwary visitors. Could there be anything more laughable than the joke played on the clever and astute Thackeray by a simple peasant? The author of 'Vanity Fair' was filled with a detestation of O'Connell when, in 1843, he made that journey through Ireland which led to the production of the caustic 'Irish Sketch Book.' Going along a country road one day, the eminent novelist saw at certain intervals pillar-stones bearing the mystic letters "G.P.O." The stones had just been erected by the post-office authorities to mark the post roads. But great men do not know everything, and Thackeray happened to be ignorant of that fact. He therefore asked an explanation of the stones and their inscription from a peasant whom he met on the road. "Sure, sur," said the man; "G.P.O. stands for 'God Presarve O'Connell!'" Thackeray took a note of the explanation, and in the original manuscript of the 'Irish Sketch Book' he gravely stated that so blind and extravagant was the devotion of the people to the great demagogue that they had actually erected along the highways pillar-stones with the inscription "G.P.O.," which meant "God Preserve O'Connell." The blunder was, however, discovered in the office of the publisher, and was set right before the book appeared.

But the practical joking is by no means confined to visitors. Some years ago the Shannon Rowing Club, Limerick, had a famous boat crew, which carried everything before them in aquatic sports in Ireland. The crew went to Cork one year, and, as usual, won the big race. Naturally there was immense excitement in the rival cities over the event, and during its height, on the day of the race, a telegram purporting to come from the Mayor of Cork reached the Mayor of Limerick. It was couched in the following terms: "Your Limerick crew beat us to-day, but, for the honor of Cork, I hereby challenge you, for a stake of £50, to row a measured mile on the river Lee." Now, as the Mayor of Limerick had only one arm, he saw in this message a deliberate insult, and, remembering that the Mayor of Cork was not complete in the matter of legs, he furiously dispatched to Cork a message to this effect: "If you want to avenge your disgraceful beating to-day, I 'll hop you over the Wellesley Bridge, in this city, for £100."

The Mayor of Cork was perfectly innocent, and absolutely ignorant of the sending of the first telegram, and recognizing in this message from Limerick the addition of insult to the injury done to the reputation of the city of which he was the chief magistrate, by the ill-fortune of the Cork oars, he gratified himself by informing the Mayor of Limerick by telegraph that he was "a cowardly cad." The correspondence was subsequently continued by the solicitors of the respective mayors, and it took some days to reach a conclusion which avoided an appeal to the law courts.

"Peter," said a gentleman to his servant, "did you take my note to Mr. Downey?" "Yis, sur, an' I think his eyesight is gettin' very bad," replied Peter. "Why so?" asked the master. "Begorra, sur," said Peter, "while I was in the room, he axed me twice where me hat was, an' 't was on me head all the time." But it 's not often that Irish servants are wanting in good manners, and the offense in this case was unintentional. Here is another story of an Irish servant. Having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, he waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but, not finding it forthcoming, he said: "If me masther should say, 'Pat, what did the

gintleman give you?' what would your honner have me tell him?"

"Old White," the late major-domo or house-steward of the Mansion House, Dublin—an office which he filled for many, many years—was a well-known character. Many funny stories are told of him. He was once guilty of some neglect of duty, and was summoned before the Lord Mayor, who said: "White, I have borne with you in many things, but this complaint goes beyond my power of endurance." "And does yur lordshup really cridit the sthory?" asked White. "Certainly," answered the Lord Mayor. "I 've just heard it from two members of the Corporation." "Faith," retorted White, "if I believed all that twinty town councilors and aldhermin say about you, it 's little I 'd think you was fit to ware the gould chain of Lord Mayor of Dublin." White, as on many a previous occasion, was dismissed with a caution. He had, indeed, a hot temper and a sarcastic tongue, from the sting of which even the Lord Mayor himself was occasionally not sacred.

I often heard from "Old White" wonderful stories of "the great doings," and "the lashin's of hospitality," in the Mansion House before its civic sanctity was invaded by "the Commonalty"—as White called them—who came in when the Nationalists got the upper hand in the Corporation. A licensed vintner was Lord Mayor some years ago. A captain of a regiment stationed in Dublin called one day to see his lordship in connection with a concert for some charitable institution. The door of the Mansion House was, as usual, opened by White. "Good-morrow, White," was the salute of the captain. "Ah, thin, good-day to yez, captain, and how 's ivery bit of yez? Shure you 're welcome," said White. "Is the Lord Mayor in?" asked the captain. "Well, the way it is, captain, if yez want to see him at wanst, he 's out; but if yez can wait a quarther of an hour, he 's in." The visitor agreed to wait in the room off the hall. "Captain," continued White, "would yez be after havin' a dhrop of whisky wid me?" "I really can't, White; but thank you very much," replied the captain. "Oh, shure, make yer mind aisy! It's none of the Lord Mayor's fusil oil I 'd be after givin' ye; it 's rale John Jameson. I paid me solid twinty-wan shillin's

the gallon for it. You can dhrink it wid safety, captain." Then, "Whist yer sowl, captain; here 's his lordshup!"

Some of the priests were opposed to the custom, very popular at one time with the boys and girls, but now almost a thing of the past, of public dances at "the cross roads,"—a point where three or four roads meet—on fine Sunday afternoons. A blind fiddler was brought out from a neighboring town to supply the music at one of these festive gatherings. Just as the fun was at its height, "his riverence" the parish priest was seen approaching, and the boys and girls fled across the fields. But the blind fiddler, unconscious of the stampede, continued rasping out the lively strains of the jig, 'The Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan,' when he was interrupted by the priest asking him, "Do you know the Third Commandment?" "It sounds familiar like to me, but I can't recall it," said the fiddler. "Maybe, if ye whistled a bar or two of it I might remimber it." He thought it was another jig he had been asked to play, instead of being reproved for desecrating the Sabbath!

The following good story may not be true—I certainly would not care to vouch for its accuracy—but those who know the leisurely and casual way many things are done in Ireland will admit that it is by no means improbable. A train which was slowly wending its way in the south of Ireland suddenly pulled up outside a station. The guard, putting his head out of his van at the end of the train, shouted to the engine driver, so that all the passengers might hear, "I say, Jim, what are ye stoppin' for? Go on out o' that, will ye?" The engine driver roared back, "Yerra, man, how can I go on? Don't ye see the signal 's agin us." "The signal 's agin us!" cried the guard contemptuously. "Musha, how mighty particular yer gettin'!" I remember attending at Limerick an inquiry into the wreck of a ship in the Shannon, while it was being brought up the river by one of the local pilots. The captain stated in the course of his evidence that when the vessel struck on a rock he said angrily to the pilot, "You said you knew every rock in the river." "Of course I do, sur, and that 's wan o' thim," replied the pilot!

The average tourist, with his inordinate love of personal comfort and personal well being when holiday-making,

often finds it hard to bear with the shortcomings of some of the hotels in the remote parts of Ireland. But the genuine, heartfelt welcome which is given to visitors at these primitive hostelries—a welcome which is not at all inspired by mercenary motives—and the quaint and homely experiences to be met with in them, undoubtedly add to the charm of touring in out-of-the-way parts of Ireland. Thackeray relates in his 'Irish Sketch Book' that once when dining in a rural hotel in Ireland he asked the waiter for some currant jelly with his roast mutton. "There 's no jelly, sur, but I 'll give you some fine lobster sauce!" was the waiter's answer. We may be sure that this quaint and unexpected reply lent more piquancy to the novelist's dinner than all the currant jelly in the world could have imparted.

A traveler staying at one of these out-of-way inns found his boots still lying uncleaned outside his bedroom door in the morning. He summoned the landlord, to obtain an explanation of this remissness in the service. "My boots have been lying there all night untouched!" he exclaimed. "Yes, yer honner," said the landlord, proud of the honesty and good name of his house, "an' they might lie there for a month, and no wan wud touch thim!" The excuses given for deficiencies at these hotels are always diverting. "Bring me a hot plate, waiter," said a visitor to a Mayo hotel as he sat at the dinner table. "The hot plates is not come in yet, sur," replied the waiter. "Then hurry up and get them in," said the hungry visitor. "I mane, sur, they 're not in saison," explained the waiter. "Hot plates come in in October and goes out in May." A friend of mine who visited the backward parts of Kerry last summer told me that he stayed one night at a humble hotel in Cahirciveen. His bedroom was on the ground floor. During the night he was awakened by a noise in the room, and to his consternation saw a rat prowling about for something to eat. Next morning he reported the matter to the landlord. "Look at that, now," said the landlord; "it 's all that Johnnie's fault. Johnnie, Johnnie!" he cried, and on the appearance of a bare-legged youth, who acted the part of "boots," he exclaimed, "You bla'guard, why didn't ye put Biddy into the room wid this gintleman last night?" "Biddy" was an Irish terrier!

The Irish waiters in country hotels are, as a rule, very comical and amusing. Lord Carlisle used to relate a laughable experience he had with a waiter at an agricultural dinner in Galway during the time he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This waiter, who happened to be a droll person, was specially appointed to attend to the wants of the Viceroy. He passed remarks on every dish with which he supplied his Excellency. Handing him a dish of peas, he said, "Pays, yer Excellency," adding in a whisper, "an' if I was you, the divil a wan iv thim I 'd touch, for they 're as hard as bullets!" A barrister told me that during an assize at Nenagh he and some friends played cards one night at the hotel where they were staying. He dropped a pound note under the table, and, discovering his loss as he was going to bed, returned to the room immediately. The waiter said to him, "Did you lose anything, sur?" "Yes, a pound note," replied my friend. "I found it; and here it is," returned the waiter, adding, "Begor, wasn't it lucky for you none of the gintlemen found it!"

Whatever may be said of Irish hotels, it cannot be written of them what Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, a witty Irishman, wrote in the visitors' book of the hostelry in a popular holiday resort in England: "I came here for change and rest. The waiter has the change; the landlord the rest."

Heinrich Heine has described Ireland as an ethereal young lady, "with her heart full of sun, and her head full of flowery wit." A happy and poetic description, truly. It is not, alas! all flowery wit in the head of Ireland, nor all sunshine in her heart; but she has as large a share of joyousness and humor as any nation in the world. She also rejoices in the passionate devotion of her children. Wherever they may be, Ireland is always in their thoughts. An Irish exile was at a dinner in Paris. Some one proposed the toast of "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my soul," cried the Irishman, raising his glass, "Here 's to poor old Ireland!"

Michael MacDonagh.

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The Harleian MSS. take their name from the Hadleys, father and son, who made the collection during the eighteenth century. They are perhaps among the most valuable ancient historical MSS. that Great Britain possesses.
It was in 1395 that King Richard received the submission of Art MacMurrough and the other Irish Chieftains near Carlow. Good accounts of Art MacMurrough will be found in the work on him by T. D'Arcy McGee and in Joyce's "Short History of Ireland."

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GEORGE PETRIE.

(1789—1866.)

GEORGE PETRIE was born in Dublin in 1789. His father, James Petrie, was a noted portrait painter and a man of much intellect and culture. Mr. Whyte of Dublin, who taught Sheridan and Moore, had charge of his early education. He was intended for a surgeon, but he preferred art, and displayed very early considerable proficiency. In his excursions into the country for subjects for his pencil he was attracted to the round towers, cromlechs, raths, ruined monasteries, etc., in which Ireland abounds. Endowed with the true spirit of an antiquarian, he did not content himself with merely sketching from this mine of treasures, but pushed his researches into the origin, history, and uses of these remains, and by his notes and observations he was able during these excursions to accumulate such valuable information as afterward gained for him the reputation of an accomplished antiquary. He collected, also, as he wandered through the cottages of the peasantry, the old national airs, which, in the process of being handed down from father to son, were rapidly dying out.

After his marriage in 1821, he settled down to the regular work of an artist. Several of his large water-color drawings, such as 'Walks in Connemara,' 'Shruel Bridge,' 'Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise,' 'The Home of the Herons,' 'Dun Aengus,' 'Gougane Barra,' etc., appeared from time to time on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1826. He also contributed to the Royal Academy in London. In 1830 he was chosen President of the Academy of his own country. He succeeded in having a proper museum established for the preservation of antiquities in Ireland; he assisted in the formation of a library, and he induced the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts. He also contributed himself numerous and valuable papers on archeology, the principal among them being 'On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland,' for which he gained a prize of £50 ($250) and a gold medal from the Royal Irish Academy. In 1832 he became editor of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, in connection with Cæsar Otway, Carleton's earliest patron, and in this his notes, sketches, and articles on the antiquities of Ireland were a marked and valuable feature. In 1833 he was employed to superintend the topographical department connected with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. A staff of learned men was placed at his disposal, among them being John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry.

When the scheme of the Irish Ordnance Survey was abandoned, after one volume on the city of Londonderry and its vicinity had been published and much valuable historical and antiquarian material collected, Petrie returned again to his brush as a means of support, but shortly afterward a pension from the civil list relieved him from difficulty and sufficed for his modest wants. The degree

of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Dublin University as a mark of the value of his labors. He continued his tours through Ireland, visiting occasionally Scotland and Wales, seeking everywhere subjects for pen and pencil, and adding bells, croziers, coins, etc., to the store of antiquities he had collected from an early period. This collection was purchased after his death by the Government and now rests in the Royal Irish Academy. He was a proficient performer on the violin, and, although appreciating the works of the Italian and German masters, he loved most the ancient and pathetic melodies of his native country; and the closing years of his life were devoted to their collection and to the arrangement of what he had already collected. He organized a society for the purpose, which ultimately published one volume and supplement, containing about one hundred and eighty airs, with curious and interesting annotations.

He died at Rathmines, Dublin, Jan. 17, 1866. His great work, 'The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland Anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion'—in which is included the essay already mentioned 'On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland'—was published in 1845. He also wrote a number of essays. One lasting service which Dr. Petrie rendered the Irish Academy deserves to be specially recorded. In 1831 he secured for it a hitherto uncared-for and neglected autograph copy of the second part ofthe 'Annals of the Four Masters.'

His friend, Dr. William Stokes, a distinguished medical practitioner of Dublin, published in 1869 an account of his life and labors in art and archeology.

That the time was ripe for the work to which he devoted his life is proved by the following anecdote: "I shall not easily forget," said Dr. Petrie, addressing a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy upon that celebrated example of early Celtic workmanship, the Tara Brooch, "that when in reference to the existence of a similar remain of ancient Irish art, I had first the honor to address myself to a meeting of this high institution, I had to encounter the incredulous astonishment of the illustrious Dr. Brinkley" (of Trinity College, President of the Academy), "which was implied in the following remarks: 'Surely, sir, you do not mean to tell us that there exists the slightest evidence to prove that the Irish had any acquaintance with the arts of civilized life anterior to the arrival in Ireland of the English?' nor shall I forget that in the skepticism which this remark implied nearly all the members present very obviously participated."

ANCIENT IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS.

From 'The Round Towers.'

"An opinion has long prevailed, chiefly countenanced by Mr. Somner, that the Saxon churches were mostly built with timber; and that the few they had of stone consisted

only of upright walls, without pillars or arches; the construction of which it is pretended they were entirely ignorant of" (Grose). Yet this opinion is now universally acknowledged to be erroneous, and I trust I shall clearly prove that the generally adopted conclusion as to the recent date of our ecclesiastical stone buildings is erroneous also.

It is by no means my wish to deny that the houses built by the Scotic race in Ireland were usually of wood, or that very many of the churches erected by that people, immediately after their conversion to Christianity, were not of the same perishable material. I have already proved these facts in my essay on the 'Ancient Military Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Conquest.' But I have also shown in that essay that the earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes, which our historians bring hither from Greece at a very remote period, were accustomed to build, not only their fortresses, but even their dome-roofed houses and sepulchers, of stone without cement, and in the style now usually called Cyclopean and Pelasgic. I have also shown that this custom, as applied to their forts and houses, was continued in those parts of Ireland in which those ancient settlers remained, even after the introduction of Christianity, and, as I shall presently show, was adopted by the Christians in their religious structures. As characteristic examples of these ancient religious structures still remaining in sufficient preservation to show us perfectly what they had been in their original state, I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendan, on Inishglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and to that of St. Fechin, on Ard-Oilean, or High Island, off the coast of Connamara, in the county of Galway, erected in the seventh century. In all these establishments the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built with lime cement. The houses or cells erected for the use of the abbot and monks are of a circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed like those of the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchers, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of

cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size, without cement of any kind.

Such also or very nearly appears to have been the monastic establishment constructed on the island of Farne, in Northumberland, in the year 684, by St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, who is usually reputed to have been an Irishman, and, at all events, received his education from Irish ecclesiastics. This monastery, as described by Venerable Bede in the seventeenth chapter of his Life of that distinguished saint, was almost of a round form, four or five perches in diameter from wall to wall. This wall was on the outside of the height of a man, but was on the inside made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. It was not formed of cut stone, or brick cemented with mortar, but wholly of rough stones and earth, which had been dug up from the middle of the inclosure; and of these stones, which had been carried from another place, some were so large that four men could scarcely lift one of them. Within the inclosure were two houses, of which one was an oratory or small chapel, and the other for the common uses of a habitation; and of these the walls were in great part formed by digging away the earth inside and outside, and the roofs were made of unhewn timber thatched with hay. Outside the inclosure, and at the entrance to the island, was a larger house for the accommodation of religious visitors, and not far from it a fountain of water. . . .

That these buildings were, as I have already stated, erected in the mode practiced by the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes in Ireland, must be at once obvious to any one who has seen any of the Pagan circular stone forts and beehive-shaped houses, still so frequently to be met with along the remote coasts, and on the islands of the western and southwestern parts of Ireland—into which little change of manners and customs had penetrated that would have destroyed the reverence paid by the people to their ancient monuments—the only differences observable between these buildings and those introduced in the primitive Christian times being the presence of lime cement, the use of which was wholly unknown to the Irish in Pagan

times—and the adoption of a quadrangular form in the construction of the churches, and, occasionally, in the interior of the externally round houses of the ecclesiastics, the forts and houses of the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann colonies being invariably of a rotund form, both internally and externally. . . .

It is remarkable, however, that the early Irish Christians do not appear to have adopted all at once the quadrangular form and upright walls characteristic of the houses of the Romans, and observable in the churches still existing, the erection of which is ascribed to St. Patrick and his successors. In the remote barony of Kerry called Corcaguiny, and particularly in the neighborhood of Smerwick Harbor, where the remains of stone fortresses and circular stone houses are most numerously spread through the valleys and on the mountains, we meet with several ancient oratories exhibiting only an imperfect development of the Roman mode of construction, being built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to their apex in curved lines;—indeed their end walls, though in a much lesser degree, converge also. Another feature in these edifices worthy of notice, as exhibiting a characteristic which they have in common with the Pagan monuments, is, that none of them evince an acquaintance with the principle of the arch, and that, except in one instance, that of Gallerus, their doorways are extremely low, as in the Pagan forts and houses. . . .

Having now, as I trust, sufficiently shown that the Irish erected churches and cells of stone, without cement, at the very earliest period after the introduction of Christianity into the country,—and, if it had been necessary I might have adduced a vastly greater body of evidence to substantiate the fact, I may, I think, fairly ask:—Is it probable that they would remain much longer ignorant of the use of lime cement in their religious edifices, a knowledge of which must necessarily have been imparted to them by the crowds of foreign ecclesiastics, Egyptian, Roman, Italian, French, British, and Saxon, who flocked to Ireland as a place of refuge in the fifth and sixth centuries? Of such immigration there cannot possibly exist a doubt; for, not to speak of the great number of foreigners who were dis-

ciples of St. Patrick, and of whom the names are preserved in the most ancient Lives of that saint, nor of the evidences of the same nature so abundantly supplied in the Lives of many other saints of the primitive Irish Church, it will be sufficient to refer to that most curious ancient document, written in the year 799, the 'Litany of St. Aengus the Culdee,' in which are invoked such a vast number of foreign saints buried in Ireland. Copies of this ancient litany are found in the Book of Leinster, a MS. undoubtedly of the twelfth century preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. . . .

That the Saxons at a very early period, through the instruction of foreign missionaries, acquired the art of building with stone and lime cement, and also that in the erection of their most distinguished churches they even employed foreign architects and workmen, is a fact now so fully established that it is unnecessary for me to quote any of the evidences from which it can be proved. But it may be worthy of remark that the first church built of lime and stone in the Roman style—"insolito Britonibus more," as Bede expresses it—in Scotland, that of Candida Casa, now Withern, erected by Ninian, the apostle of the Picts, about the year 412, being on the shore of Galloway, immediately opposite Ireland, and within sight of it, must have been an object familiar to at least the northern Irish; and, what is more to the point, it appears from an ancient Irish Life of St. Ninian, as quoted by Ussher, that this saint afterwards deserted Candida Casa, at the request of his mother and relations, and passed over to Ireland, where, at a beautiful place called Cluain-Coner, granted him by the king, he built a large monastery, in which he died many years afterwards.

Independently of the preceding considerations—which, however, must be deemed of great weight in this inquiry—a variety of historical evidences can be adduced from the Lives of the Irish saints and other ancient documents to prove that the Irish were in the habit of building their churches of lime and stone, though it is most probable that, in their monastic houses and oratories, they generally continued the Scotic mode of building with wood, in most parts of Ireland, till the twelfth or thirteenth century.

IRISH MUSIC.

Time will roll on and carry on its wings the arts and luxuries of a new civilization, obliterating all the memorials of the old world, all the natural strength and freedom and tenderness that belonged to man in his simpler and in his less artificial state, and which he has expressed in his works. But the depths of feeling that are expressed in the natural works of man in this state of imperfect civilization, and particularly in the original music which comes direct from the heart, untrammeled by rules, will, however simple, possess charms of a more lasting and touching kind to those who retain the pure simplicity of man's nature, than the finest works produced by the brain or the fancy of the most skillful musicians of a cold and artificial age.

The music of Ireland has hitherto been the exclusive property of the peasantry—the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

It is characteristic of their ardent and impassioned temperament, and expressive of the tone of feeling that has been for ages predominant. The upper class are a different race—a race who possess no national music; or, if any, one essentially different from that of Ireland.

They were insensible to its beauty, for it breathed not *their* feelings; and they resigned it to those from whom they took everything else, because it was a jewel of whose worth they were ignorant. He, therefore, who would add to the stock of Irish melody must seek it, not in the halls of the great, but in the cabins of the poor. He must accept the frank hospitality of the peasant's humble hearth, or follow him as he toils at his daily labors; but he must choose a season to do so—unlike the frightful Summer of 1822—when even "the song of sorrow" was only heard embodied with the song of death!

It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous laborer in this way—I am satisfied that not the half of the ancient music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world! How many moments of the most delightful

enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her!

If the character of a people were to be judged by its national music—and is there a truer criterion?—where, in the world, would there be found a people of more intense sensibility—that sensibility, which, though it may, in its unconfined expansion, often exceed the limits within which cold prudence would confine it, is still the root of all genius, and the source of every generous feeling!

Could we suppose a being of another planet to come down to live among the inhabitants of this, ignorant of every language but music—that language of the heart—what strains would allure him like those of this green island? In what region would he be addressed with such eloquent language, whether of gayety or tenderness, of sorrow or of joy, as in this bright land of song?

Alas for those who are insensible to its beauty! It is among them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison in the land which they tread. Could music penetrate their stony hearts, the melodies of Ireland would make them weep for the ill they were the means of perpetuating on this unhappy island; and they would embrace that ill-treated people with a generous affection, anxious to make reparation for past injuries.

PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.

From the Irish.

There 's a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I 've sought by every way—Her heart to gain.
There 's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I 've tried with ceaseless sigh—Yet tried in vain.

If to France or far-off Spain,
She 'd cross the watery main,
To see her face again—The sea I 'd brave.
And if 't is Heaven's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me—In mercy save!

O thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I 've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And a touch of thy dear hand,
Are all that I demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
O Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair—With life return!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

(1787—1859.)

Charles Phillips was born in Sligo, about 1787. He received his early education there, and at fifteen went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1806; he was admitted to the Irish bar in 1812, and speedily made a reputation by his florid style of oratory, which, though effective with jurors, was condemned by some critics.

He took a principal part in the agitation regarding Catholic emancipation, and in 1813 he was presented with a national testimonial and publicly thanked by the Catholic Board. O'Connell eulogized him warmly, which good turn Phillips reciprocated. In 1812 he was called to the English bar, where his reputation had already become known, and in 1842 he was appointed Commissioner of the Bankruptcy Court of Liverpool. In 1846 he obtained the post of Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtor's Court of London, in which city he died in 1859.

NAPOLEON.

From 'An Historical Character of Napoleon.'

He is fallen!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distances expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity;—with no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves; competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary

to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune he reared the tower of his despotism; a professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of *Brutus,* he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At this touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished; the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared utterly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and endowed with ubiquity! The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performances—romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation—kings were his people—nations were his outposts—and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes, he stood as immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or at the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating a defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.—They knew well if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subdued every people—to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains, and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—The assassin of Palm—the silencer of De Stael—and the denouncer of Kotzebue—he was the friend of David—the benefactor of De Lille—and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.[1]

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character.—A royalist—a republican, and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, potent, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible *self*—the man *without a model, and without a shadow.*

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first, and, it is to be hoped, the last, Emperor of the

[1] Sir Humphrey Davy had the first prize of the Academy of Sciences transmitted to him.

French. That he has done much evil there is little doubt—that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource and, to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

A EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.

From 'The Dinas Island Speech.'

It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature were endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. As a general he marshaled

the peasant into a veteran and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage, and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

THE AMBITION OF THE IRISH PATRIOT.

From a Speech to the Catholics of Sligo, 1813.

Let us turn from the blight and view of this wintry day, to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land will stand erect among the nations, her brow blooming with the wreaths of science, and her paths strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name; her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the varieties of commerce, and her temples rich with unrestricted piety: above all, her mountains crowned with the wild wreath of freedom, and her valleys vocal with the ecstasies of peace! Such is the ambition of the Irish patriot—such are the views for which we are calumniated! Oh, divine ambition! Oh, delight-

ful calumny! Happy he, who shall see thee accomplished! Happier he, who, through every peril, toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland, and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to thy virtuous achievement! Though fortune may not gild, nor power ennoble thee, thou wilt be rich in the love, and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path will be illumined by the public eye, thy labors enlightened by the public gratitude! The good will give thee their benediction; the great, their applause; the poor, all they have—their prayers! And, perhaps, when the splendid slave and he shall go to their accounts together, the Great Spirit may hear that prayer, though it rise from a poor man and a *Catholic.*

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET.

(1764—1854.)

Among those leaders of the Irish bar who were members of the Irish House of Commons, and by their talents and legal acquirements gained high rank at the bar, and afterward seats on the bench, Plunket, as first Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and afterward Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stands in the front rank.

The Rev. Thomas Plunket, his father, was Presbyterian minister of Enniskillen, where William Conyngham Plunket was born, July 1, 1764.

An anecdote is told of him when he was quite young, which is indicative of his logical turn of mind. One day he was taken for a walk by his aunt. He became tired and she carried him in her arms. On the way they met a gentleman who helped her with her burden. On reaching home, his aunt told the child to thank the kind gentleman.

"Thank him for what?" he inquired.

"For his trouble in carrying you home."

"Not I," argued the youth. "'T is for you to do that." Pointing to a coal-porter with a bag of coals, "Suppose the gentleman carries home the coals, who should thank him but the porter he relieved of the bag."

In 1779 young Plunket entered Dublin University, and in 1782 he joined the Historical Society, in which he soon became conspicuous. He was a frequent visitor to the galleries of the Irish House of Commons, where he listened with delight to the eloquence of Grattan. After five years of college life Plunket entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student, and in 1787 he was called to the bar. In 1790 he gained distinction in an important election case, in which Provost Hutchinson was charged with having unfairly influenced the university election in favor of his son. Two years later he married Miss Catherine M'Causland of Fermanagh, the daughter of an eminent solicitor. In 1797 he received a silk gown, and afterward practiced chiefly in the equity courts.

In 1798 Plunket entered the Irish Parliament for the borough of Charlemount. Through the whole of the struggle on the question of the Union he took a foremost place in opposition to the Government, and his speeches were models of eloquence. In the memorable Union debate of January, 1799, his reply to Lord Castlereagh created a deep impression on his hearers.

During the state trials of 1803 he was engaged as counsel for the Crown, and in this capacity the prosecution of Robert Emmet, the brother of an old friend, became his painful duty. His conduct in this case was immediately assailed with showers of abuse. Cobbett

published a libelous account of the transaction ; Plunket sued and obtained £500 ($2,500) damages, completely clearing his character at the same time. Some months later he accepted the post of Solicitor-General. In 1805, during Pitt's administration, he became Attorney-General ; but when, under the administration of Lords Grenville and Howick, the Attorney-Generalship had assumed a Parlimentary and party character, he did not hesitate to resign it, and followed his leader into fifteen years' exile from power. In 1807 he was elected Member for Midhurst ; but a dissolution took place soon after, and he did not offer himself for re-election.

In 1812, by the death of his brother, Dr. Patrick Plunket, he acquired a fortune of £60,000 ($300,000). In the same year he again entered Parliament as member for Trinity College, and began to take an active part in the business of the House. In February Grattan moved for a committee to inquire into the laws affecting the Roman Catholics, and Plunket strenuously supported him. The speech he made on the occasion was a memorable one, every speaker who followed on either side referring to it with admiration. Before long he had become a power in the House and spoke on all important occasions. In 1821, on the Catholic question being again brought forward, he delivered another of his telling speeches.

In 1821 Plunket again became Attorney-General. In 1825 he supported the bill for putting down the Catholic Association, although he still strenuously supported the claims of the Catholics. In 1827 he was appointed Master of the Rolls in England ; but on learning the objection of the English bar to an Irish lawyer being nominated to such an office, he resigned it in a few days. As compensation he was created Chief Justice of Common Pleas in Ireland and also made a peer of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Plunket of Newton in the county of Cork.

Plunket was the constant and faithful adviser of the Duke of Wellington during the passage of the Roman Catholic Emancipation bill. In 1830 he became Lord Chancellor of Ireland and from 1830 to 1840 his influence with Government was very considerable, his advice being taken on all Irish affairs. In 1841, while Lord Melbourne was in office, it was intimated to Lord Plunket that it would be desirable he should resign his office, to make way for Sir John Campbell, the English Attorney-General. This after some correspondence he reluctantly consented to do and delivered up his seals. For several years Lord Plunket possessed the full exercise of brilliant intellect, and spent some time abroad, especially in Rome, which he greatly enjoyed. On his return home he settled down to the enjoyment of a calm and lengthened autumn of life, and died at Old Connaught, near Bray, Jan. 4, 1854.

Lord Plunket's 'Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate' have been published in one volume, with a memoir and historical notices by Mr. John Cashel Hoey ; and 'The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket,' by his grandson, the Hon. David Plunket, appeared in two volumes, London, 1867.

THE UNION.

Speech in the Irish House of Commons, in reply to Lord Castlereagh, January 23, 1799.

Sir, I shall make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am in mind and body, and suffering though you must be under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering, and might almost reanimate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests and for ever.

Sir, I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed; I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained —a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connection. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No, we are now informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connection, and that by the decrees of fate Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

I trust that after this barefaced avowal there can be little difference of opinion. I trust that every honest man who regards the freedom of Ireland, or who regards the connection with England, will, by his vote on this night, refute this unfounded and seditious doctrine. Good God, sir, have I borne arms to crush the wretches who propagated the false and wicked creed, "that British connection was hostile to Irish freedom," and am I now bound to com-

bat it, coming from the lips of the noble lord who is at the head of our administration?

But, sir, in answer to the assertion of the noble lord I will quote the authority of the Duke of Portland in his speech from the throne at the end of the session 1782, "that the two kingdoms are now one, indissoluble, connected by unity of constitution and unity of interest; that the danger and security, the prosperity and calamity of the one must mutually affect the other; that they stand and fall together." I will quote the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, who asserted and established the constitution of our independent parliament founded on that connection; and the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Great Britain, who adopted and confirmed it. With as little prospect of persuasion has the noble lord cited to us the example of Scotland, and as little am I tempted to purchase, at the expense of two bloody rebellions, a state of poverty and vassalage at which Ireland at her worst state, before she attained a free trade or a free constitution, would have spurned.

But, sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude, on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

But, sir, the freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given great offense to the gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctilious honor, and they will not en-

dure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honorable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that if the fancy for taking down words continued I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert, that base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

Sir, I have been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris,* whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; and yet I will be bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of this unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling, within these last six weeks, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honorable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favor of the freedom of their country. I see another honorable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as commissioner of the revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

Sir, I would warn you against the consequences of carrying this measure by such means as this, but that I see the necessary defeat of it in the honest and universal indignation which the adoption of such means excites. I see the protection against the wickedness of the plan in the imbecility of its execution, and I congratulate my country that when a design was formed against her liberties, the prosecution of it was intrusted to such hands as it is now placed in.

The example of the prime minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its center by such a green and sapless twig as this.

Sir, the noble lord has shown much surprise that he should hear a doubt expressed concerning the competence of parliament to do this act. I am sorry that I also must contribute to increase the surprise of the noble lord. If I mistake not his surprise will be much augmented before this question shall be disposed of; he shall see and hear what he has never before seen or heard, and be made acquainted with sentiments to which, probably, his heart has been a stranger.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity,

and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the constitution knows the consequence, the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.

Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises it must be decided on its own merits—but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly

fitted for experiments on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, Are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people ? Not this particular project; for if you dissolve the present form of government they became free to choose any other—you fling them to the fury of the tempest—you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, Is this the time for an experiment of that nature? Thank God, the people have manifested no such wish—so far as they have spoken their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom: if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder!

But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

But, sir, I will be schooled, and I will endeavor to argue this question as calmly and frigidly as I am desired to do; and since we are told that this is a measure intended for

our benefit, and that it is through mere kindness to us that all these extraordinary means have been resorted to, I will beg to ask, How are we to be benefited. Is it commercial benefit that we are to obtain? I will not detain the house with a minute detail on this part of the subject. It has been fully discussed by able men, and it is well known that we are already possessed of everything material which could be desired in that respect. But I shall submit some obvious considerations.

I waive the consideration that under any union of legislatures the conditions as to trade between the two countries must be, either free ports, which would be ruinous to Ireland, or equal duties, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or the present duties made perpetual, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or that the duties must be left open to regulation from time to time by the united parliament, which would leave us at the mercy of Great Britain. I will waive the consideration that the minister has not thought fit to tell us what we are to get, and, what is still stronger, that no man amongst us has any definite idea what we are to ask, and I will content myself with asking this question—Is your commerce in such a declining, desperate state that you are obliged to resort to irrevocable measures in order to retract it? Or is it at the very moment when it is advancing with rapid prosperity, beyond all example and above all hope—is it, I say, at such a time that you think it wise to bring your constitution to market, and offer it for sale, in order to obtain advantages, the aid of which you do not require, and of the nature of which you have not any definite idea?

A word more and I have done as to commerce. Supposing great advantages were to be obtained, and that they were specified and stipulated for, what is your security that the stipulation will be observed? Is it the faith of treaties? What treaty more solemn than the final constitutional treaty between the two kingdoms in 1782 which you are now called on to violate? Is it not a mockery to say that the parliament of Ireland is competent to annul itself and to destroy the original compact with the people and the final compact of 1782, and that the parliament of the empire will not be competent to annul any commercial regulation of the articles of union?

And here, sir, I take leave of this part of the question; indeed it is only justice to government to acknowledge that they do not much rely on the commercial benefits to be obtained by the union—they have been rather held out in the way of innocent artifice, to delude the people for their own good; but the real objects are different, though still merely for the advantage of Ireland.

What are these other objects? To prevent the recurrence of rebellion, and to put an end to domestic dissensions? Give me leave to ask, sir, How was the rebellion excited? I will not inquire into its remote causes; I do not wish to revive unpleasant recollections, or to say anything which might be considered as invidious to the government of the country; but how was it immediately excited? By the agency of a party of levelers actuated by French principles, instigated by French intrigues, and supported by the promise of French co-operation. This party, I hesitate not to say, was in itself contemptible. How did it become formidable? By operating on the wealthy, well-informed, and moral inhabitants of the north, and persuading them that they had no constitution; and by instilling palatable poisons into the minds of the rabble of the south, which were prepared to receive them by being in a state of utter ignorance and wretchedness. How will a union effect those predisponent causes? Will you conciliate the mind of the northern by caricaturing all the defects of the constitution and then extinguishing it, by draining his wealth to supply the contributions levied by an imperial parliament, and by outraging all his religious and moral feelings by the means which you use to accomplish this abominable project, and will you not, by encouraging the drain of absentees, and taking away the influence and example of resident gentlemen, do everything in your power to aggravate the poverty, and to sublimate the ignorance and bigotry of the south?

Let me ask again, How was the rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying round—what? a reed shaken by the winds; a wretched apology for a minister, who neither knew how to give nor where to seek protection? No! but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were

the affections and motives that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties, and our liberties. What were the antipathies by which we were excited? Our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition. What was it to us that France was a republic? I rather rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtues and wept for the sufferings of the man; but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because with the rights of man and the love of freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because wherever she has placed her foot she has erected her throne; and to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave.

Let me ask, Is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer that antipathy? No, sir, I will be bold to say that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress —at a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion; efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived—whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, and worn down by their exertions, that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at the moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thraldom!

Yet, sir, I thank the administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud which they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfor-

tunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic and the Catholic against the Protestant—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with these disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country. Successfully I trust it will be. In all events, I have my exceeding great reward; I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so. It will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

SHEELAGH ON HER PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

Sheelagh (Ireland) is sued in marriage (union) by John Bull (England, who had already been married to another (Scotland). Sheelagh thus details the inducements held out to her, and her dislike to the match. "But conceive, I beg of you, the ridiculousness of the overtures. I to marry Mr. Bull! Mr. Bull, whom, in the year 1783, when he was tolerably vigorous, and reasonably wealthy, and well reported, I would have rejected with contempt! Mr. Bull, now that he has repeated fits of the falling sickness and that a commission of bankruptcy is ready to issue against him!

"I could not have believed the proposal serious if the old gentleman himself had not gravely avowed it. Hear, I beg of you, the iducements which he holds out to me. There is to be no cohabitation, for we are still to continue to live on different sides of the water; no reduction of expense, for our separate establishments are still to be kept up, all my servants are to be paid by me, but to take their orders from him, the entire profits of my trade to be subject to his management, and applied in the discharge of his debts; my family estate to be assigned to him, without any settlement being made on me or my issue, or any provision for the event of a separation. He tells me at the same time that I am to reap great advantages, the particulars of which he does not think proper to disclose, and that in the meantime I must agree to the match, and that a settlement will be hereafter drawn up agreeable to his directions, and by his lawyers.

"This, you will say, is rather an extraordinary carte blanche from an insolvent gentleman, passed his grand climacteric, to a handsome young woman of good character and easy circumstances. But this is not all, the pride of the negotiation equals its dishonesty, for, though I am beset and assailed in private, and threatened with actual force if I do not consent to this unnatural alliance; yet, in order to save the feelings of the Bull family, and to afford grounds for an inadequate settlement, I am desired, in spite of all maiden precedent, to make the first public advances, and to supplicate, as a boon, that he will gratify

my amorous desires, and condescend to receive me and my appurtenances under his protection.

" Still, one of the principal features of the odious transaction remains to be detailed.

" Would you believe it, that this old sinner, several years ago, married a lady, who, though of harsh visage and slender fortune, was of honorable parentage and good character, and who is at this hour alone, and treated by him with every mark of contumely, and it is worthy of observation that many of the clauses in the articles, which were very carefully drawn up previous to his marriage with this lady, have been scandalously violated by him. The truth is, I am determined to live and die a maiden, and I now apply to you merely for advice as to what is the most effectual method of protecting myself in that resolution. If the Bulls will not suffer me to live on friendly terms with them, and will still persist in their dishonest practices in my family, I will turn out their adherents (whom I well know), and, in all events, I will restore my shop-boy to his original rags, and send him to the place whence he came. I will re-establish harmony amongst all those who should naturally be my friends, and if the Bulls attempt to offer me any insolence, I trust I shall be able to repel force by force."

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

(1854 ——)

The Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett, D.L., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., President of the newly created Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, was born Oct. 24, 1854. He is the third son of Baron Dunsang. He was educated at Eton and took his degree at Oxford. He was engaged in cattle ranching in this country from 1879 to 1889. On his return to Ireland he started to promote agricultural co-operation in that country. He was M.P. for Dublin County from 1892 to 1900, and founded the Irish Agricultural Organization Society—familiarly known to-day through the length and breadth of Ireland as the I. A. O. S.—in 1894. In 1895 he presided over the famous Recess Committee—which resulted in the establishment of the great new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. He visited this country in 1903 for the purpose of studying some conditions here and for making known the objects of the I. A. O. S., which are the organization of agricultural and rural credit on co-operative lines.

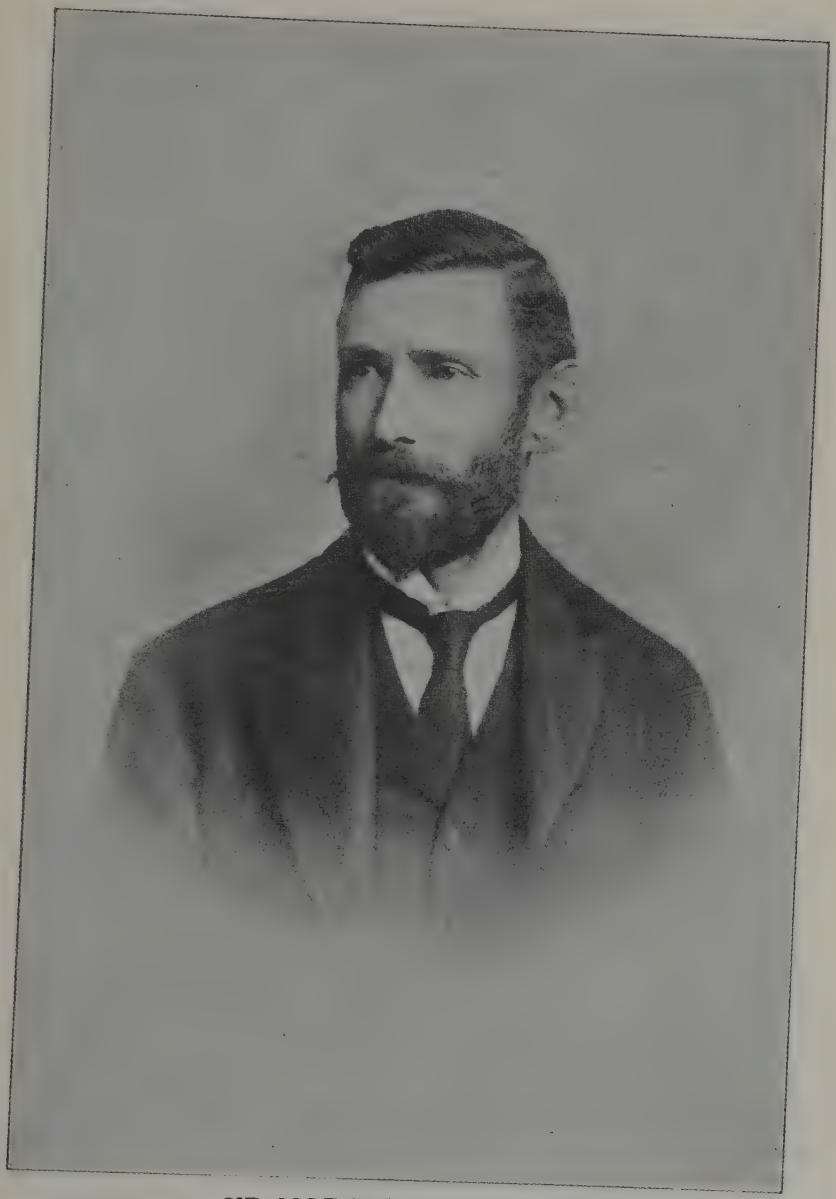
He published in 1904 a work entitled 'Ireland in the New Century,' giving an account of all these movements, especially of the advent of the new spirit in Ireland based upon constructive rather than destructive thought, and expressing itself in a wide range of fresh practical activities.

When taken together, and in conjunction with the contemporary literary and artistic movements, and when viewed in their relations to history, politics, religion, education and other past or present influences operating upon the Irish mind and character, such phenomena are indisputably worthy of thoughtful consideration by all who desire the well-being of the Irish people. It is precisely these phenomena that constitute the subject of the book, and Sir Horace Plunkett is peculiarly qualified for the exposition which he has here essayed, for it may with truth be said of him that he has been a large part of that which he describes.

THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

From 'Ireland in the New Century.'

The Gaelic League, which defines its objects as "The preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue; the study and publication of existing Irish literature and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish," was formed in 1893. Like the Agricultural Organization Society, the Gaelic League is declared by its constitution to be "strict-



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

ly non-political and non-sectarian," and, like it, has been the object of much suspicion, because severance from politics in Ireland has always seemed to the politician the most active form of enmity. Its constitution, too, is somewhat similar, being democratically guided in its policy by the elected representatives of its affiliated branches. It is interesting to note that the funds with which it carries on an extensive propaganda are mainly supplied from the small contributions of the poor. It publishes two periodicals, one weekly and another monthly. It administers an income of some £6,000 a year, not reckoning what is spent by local branches, and has a paid staff of eleven officers, a secretary, treasurer, and nine organizers, together with a large number of voluntary workers. It resembled the agricultural movement also in the fact that it made very little headway during the first few years of its existence. But it had a nucleus of workers with new ideas for the intellectual regeneration of Ireland. In face of much apathy they persisted with their propaganda, and they have at last succeeded in making their ideas understood. So much is evident from the rapidly increasing number of affiliated branches of the League, which in March, 1903, amounted to 600, almost treble the number registered two years before. But even this does not convey any idea of the influence which the movement exerts. Within the past year the teaching of the Irish language has been introduced into no less than 1,300 National Schools. In 1900 the number of schools in which Irish was taught was only about 140. The statement that our people do not read books is generally accepted as true, yet the sale of the League publications during one year reached nearly a quarter of a million copies. These results cannot be left unconsidered by anybody who wishes to understand the psychology of the Irish mind. The movement can truly claim to have effected the conversion of a large amount of intellectual apathy into genuine intellectual activity.

The declared objects of the League—the popularizing of the national language and literature—do not convey, perhaps, an adequate conception of its actual work, or of the causes of its popularity. It seeks to develop the intellectual, moral, and social life of the Irish people from

within, and it is doing excellent work in the cause of temperance. Its president, Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his evidence given before the University Commission, pointed out that the success of the League was due to its meeting the people half way; that it educated them by giving them something which they could appreciate and assimilate; and that it afforded a proof that people who would not respond to alien educational systems, will respond with eagerness to something they can call their own. The national factor in Ireland has been studiously eliminated from national education, and Ireland is perhaps the only country in Europe where it was part of the settled policy of those who had the guidance of education to ignore the literature, history, arts, and traditions of the people. It was a fatal policy, for it obviously tended to stamp their native country in the eyes of Irishmen with the badge of inferiority and to extinguish the sense of healthy self-respect which comes from the consciousness of high national ancestry and traditions. This policy, rigidly adhered to for many years, almost extinguished native culture among Irishmen, but it did not succeed in making another form of culture acceptable to them. It dulled the intelligence of the people, impaired their interest in their own surroundings, stimulated emigration by teaching them to look on other countries as more agreeable places to live in, and made Ireland almost a social desert. Men and women without culture or knowledge of literature or of music have succeeded a former generation who were passionately interested in these things, an interest which extended down even to the wayside cabin. The loss of these elevating influences in Irish society probably accounts for much of the arid nature of Irish controversies, while the reaction against their suppression has given rise to those displays of rhetorical patriotism for which the Irish language has found the expressive term *raimeis,* and which (thanks largely to the Gaelic movement) most people now listen to with a painful and half-ashamed sense of their unreality.

The Gaelic movement has brought to the surface sentiments and thoughts which had been developed in Gaelic Ireland through hundreds of years, and which no repression had been able to obliterate altogether, but which still

remained as a latent spiritual inheritance in the mind. And now this stream, which has long run underground, has again emerged even stronger than before, because an element of national self-consciousness has been added at its re-emergence. A passionate conviction is gaining ground that if Irish traditions, literature, language, art, music, and culture are allowed to disappear, it will mean the disappearance of the race; and that the education of the country must be nationalized if our social, intellectual, or even our economic position is to be permanently improved.

With this view of the Gaelic movement my own thoughts are in complete accord. It is undeniable that the pride in country justly felt by Englishmen, a pride developed by education and a knowledge of their history, has had much to do with the industrial pre-eminence of England; for the pioneers of its commerce have been often actuated as much by patriotic motives as by the desire for gain. The education of the Irish people has ignored the need for any such historical basis for pride or love of country, and, for my part, I feel sure that the Gaelic League is acting wisely in seeking to arouse such a sentiment, and to found it mainly upon the ages of Ireland's story when Ireland was most Irish.

It is this expansion of the sentiment of nationality outside the domain of party politics—the distinction, so to speak, between nationality and nationalism—which is the chief characteristic of the Gaelic movement. Nationality had come to have no meaning other than a political one, any broader national sentiment having had little or nothing to feed upon. During the last century the spirit of nationality has found no unworthy expression in literature, in the writings of Ferguson, Standish O'Grady, and Yeats, which, however, have not been even remotely comparable in popularity with the political journalism in prose and rhyme in which the age has been so fruitful. It has never expressed itself in the arts, and not only has Ireland no representative names in the higher regions of art, but the national deficiency has been felt in every department of industry into which design enters, and where national art-characteristics have a commercial value. The national customs, culture, and recreations which made

the country a pleasant place to live in, have almost disappeared, and with them one of the strongest ties which bind people to the country of their birth. The Gaelic revival, as I understand it, is an attempt to supply these deficiencies, to give to Irish people a culture of their own; and I believe that by awakening the feelings of pride, self-respect, and love of country, based on knowledge, every department of Irish life will be invigorated.

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST.

(1808—1893.)

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST was born in Dublin in 1808, and was educated at Reading, England, under the Rev. Dr. Valpy. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the bar in 1830. With the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, the President of Maynooth College, he was appointed by Lord Romilly to select state papers relating to Ireland from the Carte Collection of Papers in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and was afterward engaged in cataloguing the state papers (Ireland) of James I. He was the author of 'The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,' a very remarkable product of industry and zeal. It is the first work that has thrown full light on a dark period in Irish history. In its pages we have an account of that terrible tragedy in Irish history—the displacement of the old Irish and Anglo-Irish families by the retainers of Cromwell, and the story is told with great dramatic skill.

He contributed to the old *Nation* and replied to Froude's 'Lectures on Irish History.' He had a strong tinge of Nationalist feeling, but he was never a Home Ruler, and was much opposed to the policy of C. S. Parnell.

He was a great authority on Irish pedigrees and archeology, and was much sought after on this account, as well as on account of the fact that he was a brilliant talker, full of anecdotes and reminiscences—personal, professional, and political. He died in 1893, bequeathing his collection of manuscripts to the King's Inn, Dublin.

THE CLEARING OF GALWAY.

From 'The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.'

[The English Parliament during the Protectorate sold several Irish towns to satisfy the demands of the soldiery and public creditors. The inhabitants were "cleared out" to make way for immigrants from England. In most cases the persons displaced were themselves originally of the English race. The following extract describes this process in the capital of Connaught.]

Galway seems to have been, even before the English conquest, the seat of foreign traders; and some time after the invasion of Henry II. the town is found inhabited by a number of families, all of French and English blood, who refused to intermarry with the Irish. Their relations with the native race may best be understood by one of the corporation by-laws, which enacts (A. D. 1518) that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Wil-

liams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses, to the end "that neither O ne Mac should strutte ne swagger throughe the streets of Gallway." In 1641 the townsmen were all English. Richard Martin, one of the principal inhabitants, in announcing from Galway the outbreak of the Irish in the neighborhood to Lord Ormond, informs him (December, 1641) that the town is disfurnished with arms and munitions, so that to defend those maiden walls they had but naked bodies; and in allusion to a rumor current that they would be allowed none, he says, God forbid it should be true. "If it be (said he) we are very unfortunate to be hated by some powerful neighbors for being all English; and to have our four hundred years' constant and unsuspected loyalty without the help of a garrison (until the last year, when there was no need for it) forgotten and buried."

Galway was the last fortress of the Irish in the war of 1641, and surrendered to Ludlow on the 20th March, 1652, on articles securing the inhabitants their residences within the town, and the enjoyment of their houses and estates. The taxation was soon so great that many of the townspeople quitted their habitations, and removed their cattle, unable to endure it. Consequently the contribution fell the heavier on the remaining inhabitants. This tax was collected from them every Saturday by sound of trumpet; and if not instantly paid, the soldiery rushed into the house, and seized what they could lay hands on. The sound of this trumpet every returning Saturday shook their souls with terror like the trumpet of the day of judgment. On the 15th March, 1653, the commissioners for Ireland, remarking upon the disaffection thus exhibited, confiscated the houses of those that had deserted the town. Those that fled were wise in time. On 23d July, 1655, all the Irish were directed to quit the town by the 1st of November following, the owners of houses, however, to receive compensation at eight years' purchase; in default the soldiers were to drive them out. On 30th October this order was executed. All the inhabitants, except the sick and bedrid, were at once banished, to provide accommodation for such English Protestants whose integrity to the state should entitle them to be trusted in a place of such importance; and Sir Charles Coote on the

7th November received the thanks of the government for clearing the town, with a request that he would remove the sick and bedrid as soon as the season might permit, and take care that the houses while empty were not spoiled by the soldiery. Among the sick and bedrid was not counted Robert French, a cripple, though not able to stand or sit without the assistance of another. He was helped out of the town by George French, and they betook themselves to a village in the country. They had converted all their little substance into money, in hopes to bestow the same in some bargain of advantage to them.

But their banishment was peculiarly unfortunate. On the 10th June, 1664, in the dead time of the night, they were plundered of £44 12*s.* ($225) in money, and of gold rings, spoons, and other things to the value of £20 ($100), and of their evidences, and writings of great value, by four unknown and disguised horsemen, who, upon fresh pursuit, could not be discovered in the country—only of late one of them was hanged in Galway. Ever since they were in a miserable condition, living on the charity of friends. They accordingly asked liberty of the lord-lieutenant and council to live again and abide in Galway, out of the danger of further plundering.

Mathew Quin and Mary Quin (otherwise Butler) his wife, asked liberty of the lord-lieutenant to clear the graveyard of Saint Francis' Abbey, without the walls in the north Franchises of the town of Galway, of the stones laid in heaps upon the graves by the late usurped power. It was the burial place of the petitioners and their ancestors since the reign of James I., and of very many inhabiting the town and country near it. The late Abbey was demolished by the usurpers, and the monuments defaced and taken away, and the stones laid down in great heaps upon the graves. So that the inhabitants who ought to be buried there cannot be interred in their ancestral vaults and graves without great charge and trouble. By such desolation the town was made ready for newer English to inhabit.

On 22d July, 1656, the commissioners for Ireland moved his highness, the lord-protector, and council of state, that some considerable merchants of London might be urged to occupy it, to revive its trade and repair the town, which

was falling into ruin, being almost depopulated, and the houses falling down for want of inhabitants. But the city of London had known enough of Ireland. Starchambered in 1637 for their neglect at Derry, and "censured in" £70,000 ($350,000) and their charter suspended, and their whole plantation effaced by the Irish war in 1641, they would venture no more. The lord-protector and council therefore turned to two less experienced cities.

There was a large debt of £10,000 ($50,000) due to Liverpool for her loss and suffering for the good cause. The eminent deservings and losses of the city of Gloucester also had induced the parliament to order them £10,000, to be satisfied in forfeited lands in Ireland. The commissioners for Ireland now offered forfeited houses in Galway, rated at ten years' purchase, to the inhabitants of Liverpool and Gloucester, to satisfy their respective debts, and they were both to arrange about the planting of it with English Protestants. To induce them to accept the proposal, the commissioners enlarged upon the advantages of Galway. It lay open for trade with Spain, the Straits, the West Indies, and other places; no town or port in the three nations, London excepted, was more considerable. It had many noble uniform buildings of marble, though many of the houses had become ruinous by reason of the war, and the waste done by the impoverished English dwelling there. No Irish were permitted to live in the city, nor within three miles of it. If it were only properly inhabited by English, it might have a more hopeful gain by trade than when it was in the hands of the Irish that lived there. There was never a better opportunity of undertaking a plantation and settling manufacturers there than the present, and they suggested that it might become another Derry.

The bait took. On 17th February, 1657-58, the houses in Flood Street, Key Street, Middle Street, Little Gate Street, south side of High Street, and other parts adjoining, valued to £1,518 8*s.* 9*d.* ($7,592) by the year, were set out to the well-affected inhabitants of Gloucester. Others of like value were set out to those of Liverpool. But no new Gloucester or Liverpool arose at Galway. Nor did her ancient crowds of shipping return to her bay.

For it is a comparatively easy thing to unsettle a nation

or ruin a town, but not so easy to resettle the one, or to restore the other to prosperity, when ruined; and Galway, once frequented by ships with cargoes of French and Spanish wines, to supply the wassailings of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, the O'Garas and the O'Kanes, her marble palaces handed over to strangers, and her gallant sons and dark-eyed daughters banished, remains for two hundred years a ruin; her splendid port empty, while her "hungry air" in 1862 becomes the mock of the official stranger.

CHARLES ANDERSON READ.

(1841—1878.)

Charles Anderson Read was born Nov. 10, 1841, at Kilsella House, near Sligo. He was intended for the Church, but at an early age he was apprenticed to a merchant in Rathfriland. He, however, continued his study of Latin, and under the instruction of his mother acquired a knowledge of Irish; when only about fifteen he contributed verses to the local journals. He became the proprietor of the business and for a short time success appeared to crown his adventure, and he married in 1862. But he gave assistance and credit to every one who appeared to be in difficulty, and only a year after his marriage he was obliged to close his doors. He gave everything he possessed to his creditors, and in the course of a few years, by dint of hard work and much personal privation, he paid them in full.

He now went to London and obtained a position in the publishing office of Mr. James Henderson, the proprietor of several popular periodicals. He retained his connection with this establishment till the end. His widow writes: "After his office hours, and only then, he followed his favorite pursuit of literature, not at that time, as formerly, for amusement, but of stern necessity." In this manner he produced numerous sketches, poems, short tales, and nine novels, the most notable of the latter being 'Love's Service,' which appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. Indeed, it is his best novel, although less known than his 'Aileen Aroon' or 'Savourneen Dheelish.' In 1873 he became so ill that he took a voyage to Australia. He returned apparently restored to health, and resumed work with as much energy as ever, although he could scarcely be said to have ceased work, for during the voyage out and home he completed two tales and a metrical version of the Psalms of David. A series of stories from the classics for the young appeared in rapid succession in *Young Folks*, a periodical circulating over 100,000 copies weekly.

In 1876 he began the compilation of 'The Cabinet of Irish Literature,' but did not live to complete it. He died at his residence, Thornton Heath, Surrey, Jan. 23, 1878.

AN IRISH MISTAKE.

"I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that 's certain," I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. "However, the sooner I get there the better."

Presently I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my

lonely figure the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

"Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honor goin' my way?" said a full round voice. "It 's myself that 's mighty fond of company o' nights about here."

"I don't know what *your* way may be," I replied. "I wish to go to Sligo."

"Ah! thin, an' it 's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I 'd be afther goin' to myself," answered the driver. "But you honor looks tired—manin' no offinse—an' perhaps you 'd take a lift in the gig?"

"Thank you; I will take a lift," I replied, as I stepped forward and sprang quickly to the seat. "The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say."

"An' has your honor walked far?" asked the driver as the gig rolled on towards the town.

"I 've walked from Ballina since morning," I replied quietly.

"From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!" cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. "Why, that 's a day's work for the best horse in the masther's stables."

"Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us," I answered.

"The best in all the county, your honor, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that."

"Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?"

"Yes, your honor; an' if he 'd stick to that, it 's himself 'd be the best-liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people."

"Oh, ah! I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections," I replied. "But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?"

"They 'd turn upon their own father, if he wint agin them," replied the driver solemnly. "See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he 's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!"

"Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?"

"Thrue for ye, your honor, thrue for ye," replied the man dolefully. "There niver was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who 's to be mimbir."

"Then I 'm just in time to see the fun."

"Fun, your honor?" echoed the man. "It 's not meself that 'id object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' agin. But it 's murther your honor 'll see before it 's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?"

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

"I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there," I replied. "It 's some animal, most likely."

"Down in the sate! down, for your life!" cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. "I——"

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one, if not two, bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. "Are you hurt?" I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

"I 'm kilt, kilt intirely!" he moaned.

"Aisy now, aisy there, your honor!" cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. "It 's all a mistake, your honor, all a mistake!"

"Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!" cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; "we 'll all be murthered!"

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

"What 's the meaning of this?" I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. "Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?"

"I 'm raale downright sorry, your honor," replied the

man, in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; "but ye see you 're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him.—Where 's that fellow Michael?"

As he said this the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.

"Go away with ye, go away!" moaned the driver. "Murther! thaves! murther!"

"Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril, you," said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. "You 're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up, an' take the reins, or I 'll—"

"Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven," cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. "I 'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away."

"There," replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; "will that plase ye? Now, tell me where 's Squire O'Neil?"

"He 's in the town be this," replied the driver. "O thim politics, thim politics!"

"Hum; so he 's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it 's an ounce of lead out of this he 'll be after trying to digest. Now mind."

"I 'll tell him, captain, dear! I 'll tell him," replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. "But mayn't we go on now? mayn't we go on?"

"Yis, whiniver the gentleman plases," replied the man. "An' I 'm raale sorry, as I told your honor, I 'm raale sorry at the mistake."

"Well, I 'm pleased, not sorry," I replied, laughing, "for if you 'd hit me it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night."

"Good-night, your honor, good-night," cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here

I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival I asked to be shown to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that awakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for "the sarjint." Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent out to them, "to tear him limb from limb." Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

"They don't seem over-fond of me, I see," he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

"Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," he said, in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. "You shall have the honor of my company, so soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you."

"Eh, what! what does he mean?" I asked of a person next me. "Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?"

"That is just what he is going to do," replied my companion. "There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it 's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he 's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!"

As my companion spoke he gripped me by the arm, and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then,

at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road metal and broken glass. Presently there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

"It 's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out," he said in reply. "Ah! there he is."

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

"A near nick that for our friend," said the squire in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. "But the next will be nearer still, and I 've nearly half-a-dozen still left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone!"

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

"No? you won't oblige me?" he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: "Out of my way, you scoundrels! Faugh-a-ballagh!"

At the word he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot, with head erect and bearing as proud as if she knew a conquerer sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left leav-

ing a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gayly as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another, like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
That which pale and cold you see,
Once was mine, but is not me:
Kiss no more that thing of clay,
  That as garment once I wore;
Foul, I fling it far away,
  That it soil my soul no more—
That no more it close me in
With its bands of grief and sin.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
That which you to earth convey,
Weeping, wailing on the way,
Is but as an empty shell,
  As a cage whence bird is flown,
As a hut where one did dwell
  Ever full of pain and moan,
As a mask that mocks and jeers
'Fore a face all filled with tears.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
Now at last I live in truth,
Now I feel unfading youth,

Now the world's dark ways are clear,
  Now the weary wonder dies,
Now your little doubts appear
  Mists that fail to veil the skies;—
Now your knowledge, skill, and strength,
Childish toys appear at length.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
He you weep you may not see,
But he stands beside your knee:
He who loved you loves you still,—
  Loves you with a treble pow'r,—
Loves you with a mightier will,
  Growing, growing every hour.
He you clasped in arms of clay
Tends you closely day by day.

Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comfortèd.
Where I am ye soon will come;
This, this only is our home
I am only gone before,
  Just a moment's little space;
Soon upon this painless shore
  Ye shall see me face to face;
Then will smile, and wonder why
Ye should weep that I should die.

JOHN EDWARD REDMOND.

(1856 ——)

John Edward Redmond, M.P., was born in 1856. He is the son of the late W. A. Redmond, M.P. for Ballybrent. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became a barrister of Gray's Inn in 1886 and an Irish barrister in 1887. He was M.P. for New Ross from 1881 to 1885, for North Wexford from 1885 to 1891, and has sat for Waterford since 1891. He has published a volume of historical and political addresses.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS HOME RULE.

From the Speech at the National Convention, Chicago, Aug. 18, 1886.

The duty which devolves upon my colleagues and myself of representing the Irish nation at home, at this great gathering of the Irish nation abroad, is one in which the honor is great and the responsibility heavy. Perhaps the greatest glory of our nation is to be found in the fact that our people, driven by misfortune and misrule from the land of their fathers, and coming to this land, rude, ignorant and poor, have yet been able to bear an honorable part in building up the fortunes of America, and to give to the world undeniable proof that, in addition to the qualities of fidelity and honesty, Irishmen, under a free constitution, can be worthy sons and good citizens of their adopted country. The Irish people in this great republic, no less as American citizens than as Irish Nationalists, have arrested the attention and commanded the admiration of the world. The assembly of this day is a proof of devotion to a great cause, perhaps unparalleled in history.

The hardships, the oppressions, and the miseries which drove you or your fathers from Ireland, have wedded your hearts to Ireland's cause by ties which neither prosperity, nor distance, nor time, can destroy or weaken. No selfish interests urge you to support the old cause, devotion to which brought ruin and death upon your forefathers and exile upon yourselves. Selfishness and worldly interests all point to another course as the best; but it is the undying glory of Ireland that her exiled sons, in the midst of prosperity, and in the light of liberty, have yet found time



JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

to absent themselves from felicity awhile to tell her story, and have made it a part of their daily life and nightly dream to help in working out her redemption.

The Irish soldier, whose sword was consecrated to the service of America, dreamed as he went into battle, of the day when his arm, skilled in the service of his adopted country, might strike a blow for Irish liberty. The Irish business man, who found in one of your gigantic cities scope for his enterprise and for his industry, looked forward to the day when from his store help might go across the Atlantic to sustain Ireland's champions on the old sod. The Irish laborer, whose brawny arms have built your railroads and reared your stately palaces, in the midst of his labors laid aside his daily or weekly mite to help those who were fighting, time after time, with one weapon or another, in the old cause against the old enemies of Ireland. Rich or poor, high or low, alike, the Irish in America have never forgotten the land whence they sprang, and our people at home, in their joys and their sorrows, in their hopes and in their fears, turn ever for help and encouragement, and confidence to this great republic, upon whose fortunes and whose future rest to-day the blessings of the Irish race. To assist at this great convention of the Irish nation in America, especially to stand here as we do, as the ambassadors sent here to represent the Irish nation at home, is indeed a supreme honor which we can never over-estimate and can never forget.

But it is also an honor which bears with it indeed an overwhelming sense of responsibility—the responsibility of showing to you that we who are conducting this movement at home are worthy of your confidence, and have a right to claim your continued support; the responsibility also of clearly placing before you the conditions upon which alone we can accept that support or value that confidence. Let me dwell a moment upon these two points. Are we worthy of your confidence, and have we a right to claim your continued support? In order to answer this question satisfactorily we must show, first, that we are guided by the same principle and animated by the same hopes as yourselves; and in the second place, that our movement is conducted on a wise and honest policy. What is the principle underlying this movement? It is

the unquestioned recognition of the nationality of Ireland. We are working not simply for the removal of grievances or the amelioration of the material condition of our people. Nothing, I think, is plainer than if Ireland had in the past abandoned principle, she could easily have bartered her national rights to England, and in return have obtained a certain amount of material prosperity. If only our forefathers had meekly accepted the yoke of an alien rule, Ireland's fetters would have been gilded, and the hand which for centuries has scourged her would have given her, as a slave, indulgences and favors which would have perhaps saved her from sufferings which are without a parallel in the history of oppression. If, at the bidding of England, Ireland had ages since abandoned her religion, and consented to merge her nationality, we might to-day be the sleekest of slaves, fattened by the bounty of our conquerors. Scotland, by even a smaller compromise of her national existence, has secured for herself comparative prosperity. But Ireland has preferred rags and an unconquered spirit of liberty to favors won by national dishonor.

The principle embodied in the Irish movement of to-day is just the same principle which was the soul of every Irish movement for the last seven centuries—the principle of rebellion against the rule of strangers; the principle which Owen Roe O'Neil vindicated at Benburb; which animated Tone and Fitzgerald, and to which Emmet sacrificed a stainless life. Let no man desecrate that principle by giving it the ignoble name of hatred of England. Race hatred is at best an unreasoning passion. I, for one, believe in the brotherhood of nations, and bitter as the memory is of past wrongs and present injustice inflicted upon our people by our alien rulers, I assert the principle underlying our movement is not the principle of revenge for the past, but of justice for the future. When a question of that principle arises there can be no such thing as compromise. The Irish leader who would propose to compromise the national claims of Ireland, who would even incline for one second to accept as a settlement of our demand any concession short of the unquestioned recognition of that nationality which has come down to us sanctified by the blood and tears of centuries, would be false

to Ireland's history and would forfeit all claims upon your confidence or support. Such a contingency can never arise, for the man who would be traitor enough to propose such a course would find himself no longer a leader. No man can barter away the honor of a nation. The one great principle of any settlement of the Irish question must be the recognition of the divine right of Irishmen and Irishmen alone, to rule Ireland. This is the principle in support of which you are assembled to-day; this is the principle which guides our movement in Ireland. But consistently with that principle we believe it is possible to bring about a settlement honorable to England and Ireland alike, whereby the wrongs and miseries of the past may be forgotten; whereby the chapter of English wrongs and of Irish resistance may be closed; and whereby a future of freedom and of amity between the two nations may be inaugurated.

Such a settlement, we believe, was offered to us by Mr. Gladstone, and quite apart from the increased strength which Mr. Gladstone's proposals, even though temporarily defeated, have given to our cause, we have, I think, reason to rejoice at the opportunity which they afforded to our suffering and exasperated people to show the magnanimity of their natures and the unalloyed purity of their love of liberty. What a spectacle Ireland afforded to the world, when at last one great Englishman arose bold enough and wise enough to do justice to her character! Ages of heartless oppression and bitter wrong, hundreds of thousands of martyrs to Irish freedom, ages of stupid religious persecution, ages of depopulation and state-created famine, never-ending insult, and ruthless calumny —all in that one moment were forgotten, and the feelings uppermost in the hearts of the Irish race at home and abroad were gratitude to the aged statesman who simply proposed to do justice, and anxiety for a " blessed oblivion of the past." Who, in the face of the reception given to the Bill of Mr. Gladstone, cramped and deformed as it was by humiliating safeguards and unnecessary limitations, will dare to say that the principle of our movement is merely race hatred of England?

No! Last April Ireland was ready to forget and forgive. She was ready to sacrifice many things for peace, as long

as the one essential principle for which she struggled was conceded. She was willing, on the day when the portals of her ancient senate-house were reopened, to shake hands with her hereditary foe, and to proclaim peace between the democracies of two nations whom the Almighty placed side by side to be friends, but who had been kept apart by the avarice, the passions, and the injustice of a few. What centuries of oppression had failed to do seemed about to be accomplished by one word of conciliation, by one act of justice.

Almost one hundred years before a similar opportunity arose. Wolfe Tone and the Society of United Irishmen demanded Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, and in 1795 Lord Fitzwilliam came to Ireland to carry out a policy of justice. Then, just as last April, the Irish question was on the very brink of settlement. The passion of revenge died out, ancient wrongs were forgotten, faction faded at the approach of liberty, and for one brief moment the clouds lifted over Ireland. But the moment was brief.

Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, and Lord Camden went to Ireland and deliberately commenced the policy which culminated in the rebellion of 1798. Fatally alike in almost all its details was the crisis of that day to the crisis of to-day. Once again the policy of conciliation has been cast aside by England. The English Viceroy who represented the policy of liberty, and who was the first English Viceroy since 1795 who was greeted with the acclamations of the populace in Dublin, has left our shores, and in his place has come one bearing the hated name of Castlereagh. Once again all thought of amity with England has been banished from the minds of Irishmen, and to-day we are once more face to face with our hereditary foes. The storm cloud has descended once more upon our land, but we have a right to call on the world to remember, when by and by it perhaps shudders at the darkness and gloom and horror of the scene, how brightly and peacefully the Irish landscape smiled during the brief sunshine of the last few months.

The duty of the moment is clear. We have given England the most convincing proof that on the concession of liberty we can be trusty friends; it now remains for us

to prove for the thousandth time that as slaves we can be formidable foes. I assert here to-day that the government of Ireland by England is an impossibility, and I believe it to be our duty to keep it so. Were our people tamely to submit to the yoke which has been once again placed on their necks they would be unworthy of the blood which they have inherited from fathers who preferred poverty to dishonor and death to national slavery.

MAYNE REID.

(1819—1883.)

Captain Mayne Reid, the prince of story-tellers for boys, was born in Kloskilt, County Down, in 1819. His father, a Presbyterian clergyman, intended him for the Church, but he ran away from home and came to this country in 1838, more with the idea of seeing the world and finding adventures than with any definite plan. He landed at New Orleans and went on several excursions on the Red River and the Missouri. During this period he traded and hunted with the Indians, and for more than five years he enjoyed the wild adventures, the strange and eccentric scenes, and the bracing freedom of the prairie. It was at this stage of his life that he obtained that intimate acquaintance with the Indian character and wild scenery which he has so well reproduced in several of his works. Afterward he went on a systematic tour, visiting almost every part of the country.

He had already begun to use his pen, but the outbreak of the war between the United States and Mexico in 1845 supplied a new and, at the moment, more attractive field of activity. He obtained a commission and passed through some of the most exciting and dangerous scenes of the war. He was present at the capture of Vera Cruz; he led the last charge of the infantry at Cherubusco, and as one of the forlorn hope at Chapultepec he was severely wounded and reported killed. At the close of the war he resigned his commission, and his next idea was the organization of the American legion to help the Hungarians in their insurrection against the then oppressive rule of Austria. When he arrived at Paris he found that the rebellion had been suppressed. He now devoted himself to literature, and works came from his pen with extraordinary rapidity. The popularity of his writings has been remarkable. Of 'The Scalp Hunters' alone a million copies are said to have been sold. In Russia he was more popular than even Scott or Dickens. In France, Spain, and Italy several authors have produced different translations of his works. The most remarkable of his books are 'The Rifle Rangers,' 'The Scalp Hunters,' 'The War Trail,' 'The Quadroon,' 'The White Chief,' and 'The Headless Horseman.'

He died in London, Oct. 22, 1883. Though he did not write especially for boys, his books have been eagerly appropriated by them. The simplicity of his plots, the variety of incident, and the rapid movement in his stories are precisely the elements which attract and hold the attention of youth.

CAPTURE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

From 'The Scalp Hunters.'

Our eyes rolled over the prairie together, eastward, as the speaker pointed. An object was just visible low down

on the horizon, like a moving blazing star. It was not that. At a glance we all knew what it was. It was a helmet, flashing under the sunbeam, as it rose and fell to the measured gallop of a horse.

"To the willows, men! to the willows!" shouted Seguin. "Drop the bow! Leave it where it was. To your horses! Lead them! Crouch! crouch!"

We all ran to our horses, and seizing the bridles, half-led, half-dragged them within the willow thicket. We leaped into our saddles, so as to be ready for any emergency, and sat peering through the leaves that screened us.

"Shall we fire as he comes up, captain?" asked one of the men.

"No."

"We kin take him nicely, just as he stoops for the bow."

"No; not for your lives!"

"What then, captain?"

"Let him take it and go," was Seguin's reply.

"Why, captain? what 's that for?"

"Fools! do you not see that the whole tribe would be back upon our trail before midnight? Are you mad? Let him go. He may not notice our tracks, as our horses are not shod. If so, let him go as he came, I tell you."

"But how, captain, if he squints yonder-away?"

Garey, as he said this, pointed to the rocks at the foot of the mountain.

"*Sac-r-ré Dieu!* the Digger!" exclaimed Seguin, his countenance changing expression.

The body lay on a conspicuous point, on its face, the crimson skull turned upward and outward, so that it could hardly fail to attract the eye of any one coming in from the plain. Several coyotes had already climbed up on the slab where it lay, and were smelling around it, seemingly not caring to touch the hideous morsel.

"He 's bound to see it, captain," added the hunter.

"If so, we must take him with the lance, the lasso, or alive. No gun must be fired. They might still hear it, and would be on us before we could get round the mountain. No! sling your guns! Let those who have lances and lassoes get them in readiness."

"When would you have us make the dash, captain?"

"Leave that to me. Perhaps he may dismount for the

bow; or, if not, he may ride into the spring to water his horse, then we can surround him. If he see the Digger's body he may pass up to examine it more closely. In that case we can intercept him without difficulty. Be patient! I shall give you the signal."

During all this time the Navajo was coming up at a regular gallop. As the dialogue ended he had got within about three hundred yards of the spring, and still pressed forward without slackening his pace. We kept our gaze fixed upon him in breathless silence, eying both man and horse.

It was a splendid sight. The horse was a large coal-black mustang, with fiery eyes and red open nostrils. He was foaming at the mouth, and the white flakes had clouted his throat, counter, and shoulders. He was wet all over, and glittered as he moved with the play of his proud flanks. The rider was naked from the waist up, excepting his helmet and plumes, and some ornaments that glistened on his neck, bosom, and wrists. A tunic-like skirt, bright and embroidered, covered his hips and thighs. Below the knee his legs were naked, ending in a buskined moccasin that fitted tightly around the ankle. Unlike the Apaches, there was no paint upon his body, and his bronze complexion shone with the hue of health. His features were noble and warlike, his eye bold and piercing, and his long black hair swept away behind him, mingling with the tail of his horse. He rode upon a Spanish saddle with his lance poised on the stirrup, and resting lightly against his right arm. His left was thrust through the strap of a white shield, and a quiver with its feathered shafts peeped over his shoulder.

His bow was before him.

It was a splendid sight, both horse and rider, as they rose together over the green swells of the prairie; a picture more like that of some Homeric hero than of a savage of the "wild west."

"Wagh!" exclaimed one of the hunters in an undertone; "how they glitter! Look at that 'ar head-piece! it 's fairly a-blazin'!"

"Ay," rejoined Garey, "we may thank the piece o' brass. We 'd have been in as ugly a fix as he 's in now if we hadn't sighted it in time. What!" continued the trapper, his

voice rising into earnestness; "Dacoma, by the Eternal! The second chief of the Navajoes!"

I turned toward Seguin to witness the effect of this announcement. The Maricopa was leaning over to him, muttering some words in an unknown tongue, and gesticulating with energy. I recognized the name "Dacoma," and there was an expression of fierce hatred in the chief's countenance as he pointed to the advancing horseman.

"Well, then," answered Seguin, apparently assenting to the wishes of the other, "he shall not escape, whether he sees it or no. But do not use your gun: they are not ten miles off: yonder behind the swell. We can easily surround him. If not, *I* can overtake him on this horse, and here 's another."

As Seguin uttered the last speech he pointed to Moro. "Silence!" he continued, lowering his voice; "Hish-sh!" The silence became death-like. Each man sat pressing his horse with his knees, as if thus to hold him at rest.

The Navajo had now reached the border of the deserted camp; and inclining to the left, he galloped down the line, scattering the wolves as he went. He sat leaning to one side, his gaze searching the ground. When nearly opposite to our ambush, he descried the object of his search, and sliding his feet out of the stirrup, guided his horse so as to shave closely past it. Then, without reining in, *or even slacking his pace,* he bent over until his plume swept the earth, and picking up the bow, swung himself back into the saddle.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the bull-fighter.

"By gosh! It 's a pity to kill him," muttered a hunter; and a low murmur of admiration was heard among the men.

After a few more springs the Indian suddenly wheeled, and was about to gallop back, when his eye was caught by the ensanguined object upon the rock. He reined in with a jerk, until the hips of his horse almost rested upon the prairie, and sat gazing upon the body with a look of surprise.

"Beautiful!" again exclaimed Sanchez; "*carambo,* beautiful."

It was, in effect, as fine a picture as ever the eye looked upon. The horse with his tail scattered upon the ground,

with crest erect and breathing nostril, quivering under the impulse of his masterly rider; the rider himself, with his glancing helmet and waving plumes, his bronze complexion, his firm and graceful seat, and his eye fixed in the gaze of wonder.

It was, as Sanchez had said, a beautiful picture—a living statue; and all of us were filled with admiration as we looked upon it. Not one of the party, with perhaps an exception, should have liked to fire the shot that would have tumbled it from its pedestal.

Horse and man remained in this attitude for some moments. Then the expression of the rider's countenance suddenly changed. His eye wandered with an inquiring and somewhat terrified look. It rested upon the water, still muddy with the trampling of our horses.

One glance was sufficient; and, with a quick strong jerk upon the bridle, the savage horseman wheeled and struck out for the prairie.

Our charging signal had been given at the same instant; and, springing forward, we shot out of the copsewood in a body.

We had to cross the rivulet. Seguin was some paces in advance as we rode forward to it. I saw his horse suddenly balk, stumble over the bank, and roll headlong into the water!

The rest of us went plashing through. I did not stop to look back. I knew that *now* the taking of the Indian was life or death to all of us; and I struck my spur deeply and strained forward in the pursuit.

For some time we all rode together in a dense "clump." When fairly out on the plain we saw the Indian ahead of us about a dozen lengths of his horse; and one and all felt with dismay that he was keeping his distance, if not actually increasing it.

We had forgotten the condition of our animals. They were faint with hunger, and stiff from standing so long in the ravine. Moreover, they had just drunk to a surfeit.

I soon found that I was forging ahead of my companions. The superior swiftness of Moro gave me the advantage. El Sol was still before me. I saw him circling his lasso; I saw him launch it and suddenly jerk up; I saw the loop sliding over the hips of the flying mustang. He had

missed his aim. He was recoiling the rope as I shot past him, and I noticed his look of chagrin and disappointment.

My Arab had now warmed to the chase, and I was soon far ahead of my comrades. I perceived, too, that I was closing upon the Navajo. Every spring brought me nearer, until there were not a dozen lengths between us.

I knew not how to act. I held my rifle in my hands, and could have shot the Indian in the back; but I remembered the injunction of Seguin, and we were now closer to the enemy than ever. I did not know but that we might be in sight of them. I dared not fire.

I was still undecided whether to use my knife or endeavor to unhorse the Indian with my clubbed rifle, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw that I was alone.

Suddenly he wheeled, and throwing his lance to a charge, came galloping back. His horse seemed to work without the rein, obedient to his voice and the touch of his knees.

I had just time to throw up my rifle and parry the charge, which was a right point. I did not parry it successfully. The blade grazed my arm, tearing my flesh. The barrel of my rifle caught in the sling of the lance, and the piece was whipped out of my hands. The wound, the shock, and the loss of my weapon had discomposed me in the *manège* of my horse, and it was some time before I could gain the bridle to turn him. My antagonist had wheeled sooner, as I knew by the "hist" of an arrow that scattered the curls over my right ear. As I faced him again another was on the string, and the next moment it was sticking through my left arm.

I was now angry; and drawing a pistol from the holster I cocked it and galloped forward. I knew it was the only chance for my life.

The Indian, at the same time, dropped his bow, and, bringing his lance to the charge, spurred on to meet me. I was determined not to fire until near and sure of hitting.

We closed at full gallop. Our horses almost touched. I leveled and puller trigger. The cap snapped upon my pistol!

The lance-blade glittered in my eyes; its point was at my breast. Something struck me sharply in the face. It was the ring-loop of a lasso. I saw it settle over the

shoulders of the Indian, falling to his elbows. It tightened as it fell. There was a wild yell, a quick jerk of my antagonist's body, the lance flew from his hands, and the next moment he was plucked out of his saddle and lying helpless upon the prairie.

His horse met mine with a concussion that sent both of them to the earth. We rolled and scrambled about and rose again.

When I came to my feet El Sol was standing over the Navajo with his knife drawn, and his lasso looped around the arms of his captive.

"The horse! the horse! secure the horse!" shouted Seguin, as he galloped up; and the crowd dashed past me in pursuit of the mustang, which, with trailing bridle, was scouring over the prairie. In a few minutes the animal was lassoed, and led back to the spot so near being made sacred with my grave.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

(1770—1802.)

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS was born at Letterfyan, County Leitrim, about 1770 ; the son of a landowner in that county, he became a yeomanry officer and had considerable reputation as a wit. He wrote numerous songs and poems for the Dublin magazines between 1792–95 ; published a musical prelude called 'Bantry Bay' in 1797, which was performed at Covent Garden, and a poem in four cantos entitled 'The Panthead' in 1791. Several pieces have been attributed to him which he did not write. He died at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, England, in 1802.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
  My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new—
  So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
  So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon—
  So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower;
It chilled my poor Kathleen; she drooped from that hour
  And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest;
  For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
    My Kathleen O'More!

GRACE RHYS.

(1865 ——)

Mrs. Rhys (née Little) was born at Knockadoo, Boyle, County Roscommon, July 12, 1865. She is the youngest daughter of J. Bennett Little, and married in 1891 Ernest Rhys, the poet. She has edited 'Cradle Songs' (Canterbury Poets) and 'The Banbury Cross Series,' for children. Her first novel, 'Mary Dominic,' was published in 1898. It is a book not only of remarkable promise but of remarkable performance as well. 'The Wooing of Sheila,' her second novel, has more than fulfilled the promise of her first and her third, 'The Prince of Lismore,' was published in 1904. They deal with Irish life, which she knows well, and are written with sympathetic insight, tenderness, and tragic power.

THE HONEY FAIR.

From 'The Wooing of Sheila.' [1]

That same morning old Theresa and Sheila had been up with the dawn. They had borrowed a small gray ass and creels to take their honey to the autumn fair of Gurt.

He was an old ass and very cunning, said his owner, and was in the habit of playing on every woman he had to do with. So they must rise early and put a nail in the end of a stick if they wanted to be in time for the fair.

The honey was in two great earthen pots, and they lifted Theresa's into one creel and Sheila's into another, and covered each with a fair white cloth.

As they were going to the town, Sheila must wear her long black dress, and her boots too; but as she had the ass to drive, she could not take the wide black shawl; so she loosely tied on a little drab-colored head-shawl and let it fall back on her shoulders.

It was a very cheerful young face that looked up to the sky to discover the promise of the day. Old Theresa, too, was in fine spirits; it was a good honey year, none better. She trundled along behind Sheila and the ass in her handsome red cloak, the frilled cap under her little round hat of black straw shining as white as snow.

They got down the hill path and out along the road before the sun fairly rose; the air was fresh with an au-

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MARKET DAY IN AN IRISH TOWN

tumnal chill, and from twig to twig in the hedges hung a tapestry of spiders' webs wonderfully beaded with dew.

Theresa had armed herself with a holly branch, then when the old gray ass desired to go home to his owner and went sideways across the road, looking at Sheila with a cautious eye, Theresa would correct him with a loud screech and a blow from the holly branch.

In this way they got on very comfortably together a good piece of the road. Then the warm sun came up and, flashing through the hedges, turned the gray dew-drops to many-colored flaming jewels. Soon it woke up flies or wasps from their sleep, and, smelling the sweet heather honey as it passed, they followed after Sheila in an increasing swarm.

Carts and donkeys laden with honey and butter and eggs began to overtake them, and Sheila and Theresa received many greetings and kind words, for in their slow traveling all the fair that took that way must pass them.

As they drew on to the town, the air was alive with the noise of men's voices shouting, of the screaming of poultry and the squealing of pigs. They could hardly find a way to guide their ass and precious creels through the people to the great wall of the convent garden beneath which always sat the women with their eggs and butter and the honey of the autumn fair.

Theresa had secured a board and trestles, and they set out their two pots side by side and tethered the ass near by. So much business done, Theresa fell to talking at a great rate with the women right and left of her. Sheila found a block of wood for a seat and leaned back against the wall, excited and bewildered.

This was the first time she had been at a fair; her mother, come of a strict and respectable family herself, had never allowed her daughter even to the market; so that this was only the second time she had been to Gurt.

From her seat she looked across the wide sunny market-place, feeling somewhat forlorn, for Theresa was not of her blood; and then her talk was that of an old woman, and Sheila had the thoughts of a young girl who still fears the mysteries of life.

The market-place was fast filling, and her ears were almost deafened by the noise that rose up from the crowd.

To her right, across the slated roofs of the better-class houses, she could see the Chapel Tower, in the shadow of which her parents were resting. Right across the market-place was the ancient Abbey of Gurt, showing now only a ruined arch or two shadowed in tree-tops that appeared above the edge of the hollow in which it had hidden secure during hundreds of years.

On the left hand, whitewashed cottages, their roofs of every shade from dun to gold, climbed up the slope.

On the far side of the market-place a man was putting his head out of a barrel and inviting the young men to take shots at it. In front of Sheila and a little distance off, a cheap Jack had pulled up his cart. He had raised a white canvas awning over it, and now he was shouting and dancing upon it in the middle of his wares.

The crowd grew thicker and the noise greater every moment; it seemed a good-humored crowd and well clothed, the men in their gray-blue frieze, the women in their scarlet cloaks or petticoats, greeting, talking, and bargaining together.

Sheila had lived so lonely upon her hill that she knew little or nothing of what was in the public mind of the people. She had heard now and then a talk of the Protestant tithes; Theresa had told her a tale of how soldiers, horse and foot, had been sent into the next county to take a Catholic widow's cow. But Sheila had lived too remote, and the signs of a secret discontent, shared here and there among little dark-faced groups, passed unnoticed by her.

As she gazed about her, the traveling merchant having assembled a fine company about his cart by his antics, commenced business by dangling an article of clothing before their eyes.

"Look at this, now," he shouted in a powerful roar, now using English, now Irish. "What do ye call this? I won't make so bold as to name it, but I 'll just ask ye to look at the beauty of it. There 's cut for ye and patthern. Sure the red soldiers themselves don't have a better shape to them than this, and no offense. How much? Six shillin's? Ah, take shame to yourself. Will six shillin's pay the sheep that carried it, and the man that wove it, and the ship that took it over the say, and me for the trouble I 'm at to improve yer appearance? Sure this is

rale English. Eight shillin's? Eight dhivils! Aren't I after telling ye it's rale English? None of your dirty Irish factory stuff, as thick as a board, that the girls is tired of beholdin'. Eight and six, nine shillin's. Look at the check on it. Ten and six. Here ye are, me boy, and that ye may never repint it!"

And rolling up the article, in a moment he had sent the little bundle flying over the heads of the people in the direction of a bashful young peasant in the background.

Sheila was still smiling at the antics of the little black-browed man, when a sudden strange misgiving came upon her. It was like the rising of a cloud that darkens a sunny day. She felt as though some ill-wishing person were near, or as though she were somewhere evilly spoken of.

At the same moment she saw people's heads all turning in one direction; some were laughing and others gaping. Sheila looked, and in the distance across the market-place she saw moving a strange purple-colored dress. The people between hindered her view of the woman that wore it, and she had just stood up to look, when Theresa spoke in her ear.

"Sheila," she said in a hurry, "I'm just goin' round the fair, and it'll not be wan minute before I'm back. I've sold me honey, pot and all, to Mrs. Muldoon, and I'd advise you to be lookin' after your own in place of gapin' about ye."

There was a tone of sharp familiarity in Theresa's voice, yet Sheila in her new unrealized anxiety took her by the sleeve, saying,

"Oh, Theresa, why would ye leave me? See, now, I don't know the place nor the people, nor yet how to sell the honey."

Theresa looked cross.

"Don't I tell ye I'll be back in a minute?" said she. "To hear ye talk, annybody would think ye were a baby, and you nigh eighteen years old."

Sheila took away her hand nd drew up her head. "And look at here, now," went on Theresa more kindly, "the wasps is something to frighten you. I never seen the like of them. They're into the honey in spite of ye. Here's for ye, now, and Mrs. Mulcahy'll mind ye while I'm gone." Thrusting a stick with a piece of leather on

the end of it into Sheila's hand, she went off hastily to join two other women, and Sheila was left alone.

With a beating heart she stood up by her big honey-pot, noticing for the first time the number of wasps that crawled upon the board and flew round about it, making a sharp hum that could be heard through the shouting of the fair.

Sheila looked down and up the row of honey-sellers, and there were all the women guarding their faces, while with colored handkerchiefs and sticks like Sheila's they struck away the swarm.

Sheila turned about to look for the Mrs. Mulcahy that Theresa had said was to mind her. She saw a little old woman with a witch-like look, untidy gray hair, and a long sharp nose. She was talking confidentially to a middle-aged farmer, while with a wry smile she laid out in patterns on her board the dead bodies of the wasps she had killed.

Sheila thought they seemed to be glancing at her as they talked, and felt still more uneasy. But that moment she caught sight again of the purple-clad figure moving through the fair, looking, so Sheila thought, like a princess out of a book.

She forgot her shyness and ran across to her neighbor.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulcahy!" she said, "look at the wonderful lady! Did you ever see the like of her before?"

Mrs. Mulcahy looked up sharply into Sheila's innocent face without speaking. But the sharpness soon melted out under the glance of Sheila's shining eyes.

"Lady?" she said, "and on foot in the fair in that dress? That's no lady. Sure I lived ten years up at the Castle, and I can tell a lady be the kick of her skirt."

Sheila stood still by Mrs. Mulcahy's board and looked across at the purple-clad woman, whom she could see more plainly now. She was both stout and tall, and her dress of flowered puce muslin was covered with many strange frills; her tiny hat rode upon a mass of bright-colored hair, and as she swam along she rolled her shoulders and laughed.

There were two gentlemen by her side, one a young officer in undress uniform, the other Sheila looked at with some anxiety; in a moment he turned and she saw it was

Hawks. At the same moment he caught sight of her and, smiling widely, kissed his hand to her across the space between. Sheila turned pale. Mrs. Mulcahy and the farmer had both seen it, and it seemed to her they looked at her suspiciously. She was just going to beg Mrs. Mulcahy to take care of her honey and let her go away home by herself, when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

A stout motherly-looking country body had come up and wanted to taste Sheila's honey, so she had to go and attend upon her and talk and offer her a piece of the comb, knocking away the wasps that swarmed about it; but all the time her heart within her was fluttering with anxiety lest Hawks should make his way in her direction.

"Beautiful honey, my dear," said the country-woman, "as sweet as the flowers; but fourpence a pound! Everything is as dear to-day as if it was set out for a nation of princes to be buyin'. But, holy Virgin, who at all is this?"

Sheila dared not raise her eyes; she held by the board with both hands and felt rather than saw that the purple-clad lady and her companions were descending upon her.

She heard a harsh laugh and saw the country-woman backing away, and looked up at last to see herself surrounded.

Right in front of her stared and laughed the face of the woman; it was of a strange whitish color, with a wide smile—such a face as Sheila had never imagined, even in dreams. Instinctively she made the sign of the cross on her bosom, and "Christ be between us and harm!" she murmured to herself.

"This is the young woman I told you about," Hawks was saying loudly. "'Pon me word, for as simple as she looks, it would be a good job if she was put out of the fair!"

Sheila looked up in horror. A crowd had gathered behind Hawks and round about her table; some of the young people were laughing and staring at the strange woman, but the older faces behind were serious enough.

"Ow, Mr. Hawks!" laughed the strange woman, "don't ask me to believe in a face! The greatest little wretches ever I seen had the sweetest looks in the world. Lard, wat

a parcel of wasps! They're after the honey. I declare I dote upon honey meself."

"Have some now," said the lively officer.

"Give the good lady some honey, my dear," said Hawks, smiling.

Sheila's anger began to rise, and with it her courage; she looked straight into her enemy's face, and said quietly:

"I could not give you any honey, even if you had manners in the asking. If I break the comb, I cannot sell it after."

With a loud laugh the young officer snatched up a long-handled spoon and drove it into Sheila's honey, breaking the comb and spoiling more than he took, while Hawks began working his way round to Sheila. "I 'll sell the honey for you fast enough," he said. Sheila did not see that Mrs. Mulcahy and the farmer were making their way over to her, nor did she notice that many people in the crowd were scowling angrily at Hawks; she only saw the many eyes that looked and looked. She glanced despairingly round, and catching sight at the same moment of a familiar face, she ran from her place and pressed forward, calling, "Oh, Nora, Nora, let me go with you! Theresa has left me, and I 'm all alone!" Her face was white and she was greatly affrighted.

But in place of the friendly welcome she had always had from Nora, she was treated to a new manner, a high and mighty stare.

"Well, and hasn't she the face!" said Mrs. O'Hea, her round red countenance growing redder, and her voice audible to all around. "Nice tales they're telling about you, young woman, and from all I see I think them true. Come along, Nora; what would Mylotte say?"

"Shame on ye, woman," said a voice Sheila did not know, and a tall strapping woman put her arm about her and threw the corner of a wide shawl round her. "Come with me, my dear; I knew your mother well; it's a shame for you to be left like this to run like a rabbit through the fair. Never take on, agra," she said as Sheila turned and wept under the friendly shawl. "What's this now? Saints alive! there's Mick-a-Dandy. He's goin' to sell the honey for ye and, troth, he's more than a match for them Hawkses. Husht now, and listen."

Sheila looked out from her shelter, and there was Mick-a-Dandy standing on a tub behind her board, with his hands raised to heaven, and his face beaming with delight, as he confronted her enemies, who seemed to be trying to escape but could not for the crowd behind.

"Ah, then!" Mick-a-Dandy was saying, "who 'd have thought it? The Lord be praised! If it isn't Bould Bridget, the publican's daughter out of Bawnboy that ran off with the tide-waiter! Ah, but you 're lookin' grand! Ah, yerra, where at all did ye get the dhress, woman dear, and the little hat? Ah, Bridget darlin', many 's the day I seen your mother, decent woman, waitin' for ye in the back yard with her ould besom; for, says she, the bould strap 'll be afeared to come in the front way because of her dada, but she 'll think to play on her mammie, and little she knows the sort of sweepin' I have ready for her. Arrah, Captain, your honor, what at all are ye goin' on that way for? Sure, why wouldn't I be glad to see Bridget Flannery? Haven't I known her since the days she was runnin' the linth of the gutter in Bawnboy, before your honor's father so much as had the news of ye for good or evil? More betoken, yer honor had better be goin' home: sign is on it, I met your honor's father out raisin' the country after ye, and a blackthorn stick in the trap behind him." The crowd roared with laughter, and Mick-a-Dandy stood for a minute enjoying himself; he dipped his finger in the spilt honey and waved it in the air while three or four wasps flew and tried to settle upon it. Then he turned and shouted after Hawks, who was making his way through the crowd:

"Ah, your worship, glad and thankful I am to see ye laughin' and jokin' this mornin', and the bailiffs gone out to Killaraa. 'Deed the whole country 's sorry for yer honor, to think the noble house of Killaraa should come to disgrace for half a hundred dirty debts to poor tradespeople and farmers like. Troth and I think," he went on, raising his voice higher and higher as his victims escaped, "yer honor might find a better mornin's work to do than stravagin' the country with Bridget Flannery.—Ah sure, they 're gone," he said, looking about him with a smile, "and I might as well quit."

The crowd laughed and cheered him. "Now," said he,

"who 'll buy the orphan's honey? Mountain honey from Swanlabar: look at all them wasps come after it. Troth, and there 's been another kind of wasps about in the fair this mornin', and it 's after something else than the honey they were. Let them that has a feelin' heart buy the orphan's honey, fourpence a pound!"

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

(1832 ——)

Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Charlotte Eliza Lawson) was born at Carrickfergus, Country Antrim, Sept. 30, 1832. She is the daughter of James Cowan, Carrickfergus, high sheriff for the county of that town. She married J. H. Riddell, the grandson of Luke Riddell, of Winson Green House, Staffordshire, in 1857.

She wrote at first under a pseudonym, but after the publication of 'George Geith' her books came out with her own name. They are as follows: 'The Ruling Passion,' 'The Moors and the Fens,' 'Too Much Alone,' 'City and Suburb,' 'The World in the Church,' 'Maxwell Drewitt,' 'Phemie Keller,' 'The Race for Wealth,' 'Far Above Rubies,' 'Austin Friars,' 'A Life's Assize,' 'The Earl's Promise,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Mortomley's Estate,' 'Above Suspicion,' 'Her Mother's Darling,' 'The Mystery in Palace Gardens,' 'Alaric Spencely,' 'The Senior Partner,' 'Daisies and Buttercups,' 'A Struggle for Fame,' 'Berna Boyle,' 'Mitre Court,' 'Miss Gascoigne,' 'A Mad Tour,' 'The Nun's Nurse,' 'The Head of the Firm,' 'A Silent Tragedy,' 'Did He Deserve It?' 'A Rich Man's Daughter,' and 'Football and Fate.'

A BUSINESS QUARTER AND A BUSINESS MAN IN LONDON.

From 'George Geith of Fen Court.'

Fen Court is far from cheerful now, and except that it was fifteen years younger—which fact could not have made any material difference in its appearance—I do not know that it looked any brighter when George Geith tenanted the second floor of the house which stands next but one to the old gateway, on the Fenchurch Street side, and transacted business there, trading under the firm of "Grant and Co., accountants."

If quietness were what he wanted, he had it. Except in the summer evenings, when the children of the Fenchurch Street housekeepers brought their marbles through the passage, and fought over them on the pavements in front of the office doors, there was little noise of life in the old churchyard. The sparrows in the trees, or the footfall of some one entering or quitting the Court, alone disturbed the silence. The roar of Fenchurch Street on the one side, and of Leadenhall Street on the other, sounded in Fen

Court but as a distant murmur; and to a man whose life was spent among figures, and who wanted to devote his undivided attention to his work, this silence was a blessing not to be properly estimated save by those who have passed through that maddening ordeal, which precedes being able to abstract the mind from external influences, and to keep it steady to one object, in spite alike of the rattle of a fire-engine and the thunder of a railway van.

For the historical recollections associated with the locality he had chosen, George Geith did not care a rush.

It was the London of to-day in which he lived and moved and had his being. The London of old was as a sealed book unto him; and if any one had opened its pages for his benefit, he would not have read a line of the ancient story.

Passing every day by places famous in former times, he never paused to inquire how and when and why they ceased to be of note. In the present he thought of nothing, cared for nothing, save his business; and for the rest, his dreams, when he had any, were of the future, not of the past.

What the past held of his—what of the struggle, sorrow, resolve, grief, fear—no one was ever likely to learn from George Geith. The people with whom he talked most did not know whence he had come, what he had been, whither he was bound.

Never a vessel hoisted fewer signals than the accountant. When other men hung out all their poor rags of colors, when they spread the stories of their lives out for public inspection, this auditor remained obstinately mute. Not a word had he to say about home, or friends, or relatives. He made no pretension to having seen better days —to having ever been anything different from what the world then saw him—a struggling man, who worked from early in the morning till late at night, and who seemed to have no thought nor care for anything save making of money and extending his connection.

He lived with his work, slept in his back office, ate his breakfast while he read his letters, and swallowed his tea surrounded on all sides by books and balance-sheets, and labyrinths and mazes of figures.

As for his dinner, at whatever hour in the day he could best spare ten minutes, he went to the nearest coffee-house,

and had a chop or steak, as the case might be. From which it will be clearly seen, that the accountant was not laboring for creature comforts—for rich dishes and old wines, for soft couches and idle hours; but that he was working either for work's sake, or for some object far outside the round of his daily and yearly existence.

And what an existence that was! What a dull, monotonous road it would have seemed to most, unrelieved as it was by social intercourse, unlightened by domestic ties; with no friend to talk to, no wife to love, no child to caress, no parent to provide for. A lonesome, laborious life, which had little in it, even of change of employment; for, so soon as one man's books were balanced, or schedule prepared, another merchant or bankrupt stood at the door, and behold, the same routine had to be gone through again. But monotony did not weary the accountant. Give him work enough, and strength sufficient to toil eighteen hours a day, and he was content. If he could have taken more out of himself he would have done it; but, as that was impossible, he labored through all the working days of the week, and up to twelve o'clock on Saturday nights; as I hope you, my reader, may never have to labor for any cause whatsoever.

As is the fashion of the Londoners, those who knew Mr. Geith—whom they called Mr. Grant—ever so slightly, asked him to come to dinner, tea, supper, what he would, on Sunday, and because he persistently declined these invitations, people said the accountant worked seven days in the week on his treadmill in Fen Court.

But in this instance people were wrong. Whether he were a saint or a sinner, George Geith still kept the Sabbath day holy, so far as refraining from labor could keep it so. He put aside his business, and laid down his pen. He went to church, moreover, in the mornings regularly. Sometimes, too, he walked to Westminster Abbey, or to St. Paul's, for afternoon service; but that was seldom, for he usually slept until tea; after which meal he started off to one or other of the City churches, making in this way quite a little visitation of his own during the course of a twelvemonth.

A strange life—one so apparently terrible to an outsider in its voluntary loneliness, that his clients marveled how

he could support it. And yet, my reader, if I can succeed in putting you on friendly terms with this solitary individual, you will come gradually to understand why this existence was not unendurable to him.

It is getting dark in Fen Court, as we stand beside the railings in the gathering twilight. The offices have long been closed; the housekeepers' children have left their marbles and their skipping-ropes, and are gone home to bed. The twitter of the sparrows is hushed, and there is nothing to be heard save the faint hum of the city traffic, and the rustling of the leaves, as the evening breeze touches them caressingly.

It is getting darker and darker, so dark in fact that there is little more to be seen of Fen Court to-night; but still, have patience for a moment. This man, whose story I have undertaken to tell as well as I am able, has just separated himself from the living stream flowing eastward along Fenchurch Street, and is coming up the passage. You can hear his footsteps ringing through the silence. Hark! how they echo beneath the archway—quick, firm, even, unhurried. There is no shadow of turning or wavering about that tread. Listen to the footfalls; you cannot distinguish the left from the right; there is no drag, no twist, no irregularity. Do you think the man whom nature has taught to walk like that would be a person to refrain from using whip and spur if he had an object to compass?

I tell you, no. As he passes us in the gloom of the summer evening, unmindful of the graves lying to his left, and deaf to the low sad tale the wind is whispering among the leaves, I tell you he is a man to work so long as he has a breath left to draw; who would die in his harness rather than give up; who would fight against opposing circumstances whilst he had a drop of blood in his veins; whose greatest virtues are untiring industry and indomitable courage, and who is worth half-a-dozen ordinary men, if only because of his iron frame and unconquerable spirit.

He has let himself in by this time with his latch-key, taken such letters as are intended for his firm out of the box, and proceeded up the easy, old-fashioned staircase, past the painting hanging on the first landing, and so into his own office, where he lights the gas, which, flaring out

across the churchyard, clears a little space for its reflection out of the blackness of the opposite wall.

Night after night the flare and reflection tell the same tale of patient labor, of untiring application.

It seemed strange that the figures did not dance before his eyes, and chase each other up and down his desk. With many a one the pence would have nodded across to the pounds, and the shillings become confused with their neighbors' columns; but the accountant suffered his puppets to take no such liberties.

In the course of a year he went through miles of addition without a stumble; what he carried never perplexed him; midway up the shillings he never got crazed as common mortals might, but mounted gallantly to the summit as a racer goes straight to the winning-post, without a pause.

The skeins of silk which, in the old fairy tale, the godmother gave to her godchild to disentangle were nothing compared to the arithmetical confusion out of which George Geith produced order. The chaos of figures from whence he managed to extract a fair balance-sheet would have seemed hopeless to any person untrained to passages of arms with the numeration table.

The mass of accounts through which he waded in the space of twelve months was of itself almost incredible. Alps on Alps of figures he climbed with silent patience, and the more Alps he climbed the higher rose great mountains of arithmetic in the background—mountains with gold lying on their summits for him to grasp and possess.

If you would like to see the man who thus labored through the monotonous routine of an accountant's daily life, I do not know that any better opportunity than the present is likely to occur; for, with one foot stretched wearily on the floor, and the other resting on the rail of his office-stool, he is sitting beside his desk, with the gaslight streaming full on his face, sorting out the letters he has just brought upstairs with him.

There are eight in all—seven of them he places in a little heap ready to his hand, whilst the other is pushed on one side till the last. He is not handsome, certainly! Too commonplace looking to be the hero of a novel, you object, perhaps; but you are wrong here. Somehow it is

these rough-hewn men who stand at the helms of the best craft that sail across the ocean of existence. Looking over the portraits of those who have labored hardest and longest in the fields of science, literature, theology, and human progress, we find that nature has been niggardly with them in the matter of beauty. Possibly the better the quality of her coin, the less pains she takes in stamping it for the world's market: but let this be as it may, I would rather accept George Geith's stern hard face for that of my hero, than have to tell the life's story of a handsomer man.

He was fit for the fight he had to wage; and it is something to be permitted to tell of the struggles of one who, having elected to go down into the battle, bore the heat and burden of the day, and the agony of the wounds he received during the conflict, without a murmur.

A man, moreover, who was able to work, not merely fiercely, but patiently; for whom no task was too long, no labor too severe. Look in his face and see how it is scored all over with the marks of determination and energy; look at the square forehead with two deep vertical lines graven on it, at the dark resolute eyes, at the well-marked unarched brows, at the straight decided nose, at the nostrils that expand and quiver a little when he is struck hard, as will sometimes happen in business—the only sign of feeling ever to be traced in his features.

As for his mouth, were that mass of disfiguring hair away, you would see how naturally, as his thoughts get to work, his lips compress and harden, not with the mannerism to be noted in weak women and weaker men, but with that fixed rigidity of the muscles never to be found save in a person who is strong mentally and physically; strong in planning, in executing, in loving, in hating, for good or for evil.

There are the outward and visible signs of this strength in George Geith, in his face, in his carriage, in his speech, in his movements. As he now sits reading his letters, his disengaged hand lies on the desk clenched, as though he held the purpose and fruition of his life within it.

There is a significance likewise about the fashion of his beard, which he wears cut and trimmed carefully; not a straggling hair is to be seen in the brown mass which covers the lower part of his face like a gorse hedge.

In the days when you, my reader, make this man's acquaintance, hair was no passport to credit, and people wondered at the accountant's defiance of City prejudices; but they need not have wondered, for he had suffered his beard to grow under the same impulse as that which induces a criminal to stain his skin, and don strange clothes when the police are on his track. In his despair he had dived into the great sea of London life, and when he rose to the surface again he was so changed that not even the parish clerk of Morelands would have recognized him, had he seen the accountant sitting under his official nose.

And yet, seven years before, the Reverend George Geith had been well known at Morelands; but that was in the days when he was curate there, before the night when the one great folly of his youth came home to him in all its bitterness, when he tore the white neckcloth from his throat and flung aside the surplice, and fled from the Church, to recross her portals, as a servant of God, no more.

To London he came to seek his fortune. In a feigned name he sought employment, which he found at last in the offices of Horne Brothers, accountants, Prince's Street, City. For five weary years he stayed there, wandering through labyrinths of figures, and applying himself so closely to learn his business thoroughly, that, when at length he summoned up courage to start on his own account, he carried with him to Fen Court a very respectable number of clients, profitable to him, but so small in the estimation of the great house, that Hornes suffered them to drop through the large meshes of their trade-net without a regret.

Very patiently he had worked his way on; no business was too paltry or insignificant for him, and thus it came to pass that one man brought another, and one transaction led to more. He had succeeded; he was doing well. Let that suffice for our purpose, without speaking further of the weary toil, of the incessant labor, by which success had been achieved.

Even as Jacob served Laban for Rachel, so George Geith was serving fortune for something which was dear to him as the maid to the patriarch—Freedom. Money could give him freedom, and accordingly for money he toiled.

Let the day be never so long, he fainted not; let the heat be never so intense, he sought no cool shade in which to rest. Onward, ever onward, from early morning till late at night he hasted, turning not to the right hand nor to the left; but, keeping the goal of emancipation ever in view, toiled steadily on.

People marveled how he was able to continue the pace, but they did not know of the whip which was lashing him on. If he were ever to taste the sweets of liberty; if he were ever to resume his proper name and his rightful station in the future, he must work like a slave in the present.

And as a traveler, when seeking some far-off land of golden promise, pauses not to seek rest or companions, in the country through which he is passing, so George Geith, hurrying on his road to freedom, took no heed of the roughness and loneliness of the path he was traversing.

Money was what he lacked; money what he hoped to gain; and rocks and stones seemed like smoothest turf under his feet whilst he pressed onward to obtain it. . . .

Talk of the imagination of poets; what are their wildest fancies in comparison to those which fill the brains of speculators?

And this is the true fascination of business. Beyond its weary details, beyond its toils, beyond its certainties, beyond its endless necessities and countless annoyances, lies the limitless region of possibility, which is possessed in fancy by thousands who might seem to you, my reader, commonplace men enough.

That land is boundless, beautiful, happy. It is the El Dorado of struggling men, the heaven of inventors; it is the sun which shines into dingy offices, which gilds dark clouds that would otherwise overwhelm with their blackness tired and anxious hearts.

Into this land the minds of silent and undemonstrative men pass the most readily. And it was because George Geith was to a great extent self-contained and unconfiding, that he clothed the future with such glorious hues and radiant apparel.

And yet as this future had to be won with work, the glimpses he caught of it, instead of inducing idleness, only made him labor more determinedly in the present.

There was nothing in the prospect of rest which caused him to loathe his harness. At sight of the distant pastures, and the far-off streams, he merely quickened his pace onward.

Every step he took over the City stones, every letter he wrote, every piece of business he completed, brought the end closer, the journey nearer to a conclusion.

Freed from the danger of detection, George Geith once again made himself a bondsman.

Never a master lashed on a slave to labor as business now lashed on the accountant. It drove him, it hurried him, he lived in it and for it, far more than he lived by it.

He had worked so long fiercely, that his mind seemed cramped unless his body was always laboring a little beyond its strength. The object for which he had toiled was gone, but it is easy to install a pleasant object in the place of an unpleasant one; and so for wealth instead of for freedom he began to labor, and soon every faculty was stretched in the race he had set himself to run.

He had not a near relation living. Without wife, child, father or mother, sister or brother, he slaved for himself, as few men slave for their families. He made a god out of that which was sapping his health and strength; and he fell down and worshiped it, day after day, and night after night, whilst the wind sobbed among the leaves of the trees, and the dead, who, it might be, had some of them worshiped Mammon too, slept inside the dusty railings forgotten and forsaken.

So passed the autumn, and it was winter. The finest season of the year had departed, and George Geith was glad. The most profitable time was at hand—and the footsteps of clients, old and new, made pleasant music in the accountant's ear, as they ascended the stairs, leading to his second floor.

Bankrupts, men who were good enough, men who were doubtful, men who were (speaking commercially) bad, had all alike occasion to seek the accountant's advice and assistance. Retailers, who kept clerks for their sold books, but not for their bought; wholesale dealers, who did not want to let their clerks see their books at all; shrewd men of business, who yet could not balance a ledger; ill-educated traders, who, though they could make money,

would have been ashamed to show their ill-written and worse-spelled journals to a stranger; unhappy wretches shivering on the brink of insolvency; creditors who did not think much of the cooking of some dishonest debtor's accounts—all these came and sat in George Geith's back-office, and waited their turn to see him.

First come, first served, was the accountant's rule in business; and one which I rather think contributed largely to his success. One of the blood-royal would not in that office have taken precedence of John Oakes and Tom Styles; and it is these latter gentlemen who, after all, are more profitable customers than the Upper Ten Thousand, if tradespeople could only think so.

Country gentry indeed, who came to the City by rail, and west-end folks who made the City more crowded with their cabs, were somewhat disgusted at a regulation which failed to recognize their superiority over the east-end herd; but never was any one more indignant than an individual who, having made a journey to town solely on purpose to visit the office of Grant and Co., found himself left in the background, whilst common people were ushered into the presence chamber—vulgar people evidently in trade, who, the clerk would have hinted to any less stately customer, were a "muslin, two teas, and a cheese."



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

(1847 ——)

James Jeffrey Roche, editor-in-chief of *The Pilot* since 1890, was born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, May 31, 1847. He is the son of Edward and Margaret (Doyle) Roche, who removed to Prince Edward Island in his infancy. He took the classical course at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, and was made LL.D. of Notre Dame, Ind., in 1891. He was engaged in commercial pursuits in Boston from 1866–1883. He was assistant editor of *The Pilot* under the late John Boyle O'Reilly from 1883–1890. He was a member of the Metropolitan Park Commission, Boston, 1893.

He is the author of 'Songs and Satires,' 'The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly,' 'The Story of the Filibusters,' 'Ballads of Blue Water,' 'Her Majesty the King,' and 'By-Ways of War,' etc.

HER MAJESTY THE KING.

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM. DONE INTO AMERICAN FROM THE ARABIC.

"He that repenteth too late may sometimes worry too soon."
—*The Kâtâmarana.*

The Pasha Muley Mustapha was unhappy. He was a peace-loving, easy-tempered man, as Pashas go, and, when allowed to have his own way, was never inclined to ask for more. But now, after seven years of wedded life, he found his wishes thwarted, not for the first time, by the caprice of a woman, and that woman his only wife Kayenna, well surnamed the Eloquent. The misunderstanding had arisen, innocently enough, in this way:—

"I think, my dear," said Muley Mustapha, as he sat smoking his nargileh one day at the beginning of this history, while his wife reclined on a divan,—"I think, my dear, that my parents (may their memory be blessed!) made a great mistake in their treatment of me in my youth. I was brought up too strictly. They gave me no opportunity of seeing life in all its phases. Consequently, I find myself, in middle age, almost a stranger among my own subjects. I mean to adopt an entirely different system with little Muley."

"In what way?" asked his wife, rising on her elbow, and casting a suspicious look at her lord.

"Well, in this way," replied Muley Mustapha, deliberately,—"in this way. I intend to let him go out into the world, mingle with the youth of his own age, share in their sports, and, as the Giaours say, 'sow his wild oats.'"

"Muley Mustapha," said his wife, sitting bolt upright, "you shall do nothing of the sort. 'Sow his wild oats,' indeed! He shall never leave my sight, not for a single moment, until he is a grown man and I have provided him with a wife to take my place as guardian of his morals. It ill becomes a trusted vassal of my noble father, the Sultan of Kopaul, to talk thus of corrupting the child who is to be one day ruler of a mighty empire. You forget that fact, Muley Mustapha."

"On the contrary," retorted the Pasha, a little tartly, "I am not likely to forget it, so long as the daughter of the Sultan of Kopaul condescends to remain the wife of the Pasha of Ubikwi."

For Muley Mustapha had married above his station, and the circumstance had not been permitted to escape his memory. He never complained of his lot; but, when his faithful Vizier once hinted that the Koran allowed each true believer the blessing of four wives, he answered with a sigh, "I find one enough for this world: the rest I will take in houris."

Some subtle reflection of that sentiment must have made itself visible on the face of the Pasha at this moment; for his worthy spouse, with apparent irrelevance, suddenly exclaimed,—

"Muley Mustapha, if you are going to cast your vagabond Vizier in my face, I will leave the room—until I have time to go home to my father, who will protect me from insult."

"Great Allah!" cried the Pasha, "Who is casting anybody in your face? And who had mentioned the name of the Vizier?"

But the virtuous Kayenna had risen to her feet, and in low, intense tones began:—

"Sir, there is a limit to what even a wife may endure. When I think that a son of mine is threatened with contamination at the hands of a low, disreputable, adventurous vagabond, like your worthless underling—"

Here the good lady was so overcome by her feelings that

she burst into a flood of tears, and had to be borne, shrieking, to her apartments.

"I foresee that I shall have trouble in bringing up that boy," mused Muley Mustapha, as he relighted his nargileh, and stroked his flowing beard.

Braver man there was not in all Islam than the dauntless young Pasha of Ubikwi, whose valor on many a hard-fought field finally won him the favor of the Sultan of Kopaul, and the fair hand of that Sultan's only child. Once, some years after his marriage, he propounded to Shacabac the Wayfarer, then a sage, whose merits had not been appreciated by a dull generation, the old paradox of the Frankish schoolmen: "When an irresistible force meets with an immovable object, what happeneth?" And the wise man answered, "In case of matrimony, the Force retireth from business." Struck by the aptness of the reply, Muley Mustapha made the sage his Vizier on the spot.

From that day forth the Pasha had peace in his household. There is much virtue in self-abnegation; but, like most unconditional surrenders, it does not always evoke the admiration of the victors. Yet was Muley Mustapha not without his reward. Kayenna knew just how far she might venture in dictating to him, and, by judiciously yielding that for which she cared naught, managed ever to obtain that which she desired. Thus doth the wise spouse gain new raiment by denying to her lord the society of an unbeloved mother-in-law.

THE FIGHT OF THE ARMSTRONG PRIVATEER.

From 'Ballads of Blue Water.'

Tell the story to your sons
  Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
  Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight
  In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

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Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.
Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
There was loot for British valor on the Mississippi coast
In the beauty and the booty that the Creole cities boast;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the King!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen gun Carnation, and the Rota, forty-four,
And the tripled-decked Plantagenet an admiral's pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersman said, "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the Armstrong, grim and dark and ready, lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke;
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;
And he gave the word "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little Armstrong in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest, the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.

Once in the deadly strife
The boarders' leader pressed
Forward of all the rest,
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"

But the privateersman laughed, and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the Armstrong answered her, gun for gun,
And the gay Carnation wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the Armstrong, looking seaward, saw the mighty seventy four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.

And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the Armstrong's days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck, and no flag above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to land
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the good sword in his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,

How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

THE KEARSARGE.

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,

Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

ANDROMEDA.

They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'T is Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main:
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

We summoned not the Silent Guest,
And no man spake his name;
By lips unseen our Cup was pressed,
And mid the merry song and jest,
The Uninvited came.

Wise were they in the days of old,
  Who gave the Stranger place;
And when the joyous catch was trolled,
And toasts were quaffed and tales were told,
  They looked him in the face.

God save us from the skeleton
  Who sittest at the feast!
God rest the manly spirit gone,
Who sat beside the Silent One,
  And dreaded him the least!

AT SEA.

Shall we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
  For those who may not sail again;
Or wisely envy them, and keep
  Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
  Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to thee
  Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
  So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
  To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
  For each to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
  And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
  Whate'er its end—or port or reef;
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
  For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

THE V–A–S–E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And one might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'T is, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.[1]

[1] It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

THOMAS W. HAZEN ROLLESTON.

(1857 ——)

THOMAS W. H. ROLLESTON was born in 1857 near Shinrone, King's County, the youngest son of Charles Rolleston Spunner, Q. C., County Judge of Tipperary. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse, and was graduated in 1878. He has lived much in Europe, chiefly in Dresden. He has translated Walt Whitman into German and is a critic of great refinement. He has written 'The Teaching of Epictetus' and a 'Life of Lessing'; has contributed poems to *The Academy*, *The Speaker*, and other reviews, and is represented in every modern Irish anthology. Two small volumes of his poems have been issued by The Rhymers' Club. He was first Honorary Secretary of the London Irish Literary Society, and is a Vice-President of the National Literary Society of Dublin. He has edited 'The Prose Writings of Thomas Davis,' 'Selections from Plato,' and Ellen O'Leary's poems.

ON THE 'COLLOQUY OF THE ANCIENTS.'

From a Lecture on 'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature.'

Imaginative literature has two themes to deal with—Mankind and Nature. I do not speak in this connection of purely religious literature, embodying a definite creed, which has a place apart and laws and conditions of its own. But, of course, a literature dealing with mankind must be judged among other things, by the nature of the spiritual laws, if any, which it recognizes as living forces in human society, and to that extent it looks out upon the divine as well as upon the human world.

Now we have in the works I have mentioned a very rich and interesting collection both of the nature poetry of the Gael and of that which deals with humanity. As regards the former—nature poetry—the principal work translated in 'Silva Gadelica'—the long prose piece known as the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'—must have been quite a revelation to many readers. This work is one of the Ossianic cycle of Irish prose romances, but it is rather a collection of tales than an individual work of literary art, and thus illustrates what the explorer will so often meet with—the inability of the Celtic writer to give form and



T. W. HAZEN ROLLESTON

composition to a work of any length. The 'Colloquy' opens by presenting us with the figures of Caeilte MacRonan and Oisin, son of Finn, each accompanied by eight warriors, all that are left of the great fellowship of the Fianna after the battle of Gabhra, and their later dispersion and melting away through old age and sorrow. A vivid picture is given us of the gray old warriors who had lived on into a new age, meeting for the last time at the dun of a once famous chieftainess named Camha, and their melancholy talk of old days, till at last a great silence settled on them all. Finally Caeilte and Oisin resolved to part, Oisin, of whom we hear little more, going to his mother, Blai, a woman of the Sidhe, whilst Caeilte takes his way over the plains of Meath till he comes to Drumderg, where he lights on St. Patrick and his monks. "The clerics," says the writer, "saw Caeilte and his band draw near them, and fear fell on them before the tall men with the huge wolf-hounds that accompanied them, for they were not people of one epoch or of one time with the clergy." Patrick then sprinkles the heroes with holy water, whereat legions of demons who had been hovering over them fly away into the hills and glens, and "the enormous men sat down." Patrick, after inquiring the name of his guest, then says he has a boon to crave of him—he wishes to find a well of pure water from which to baptize the folk of Bregia and of Meath. Caeilte, who knows every brook and rath and wood and hill in the country, thereon takes Patrick by the hand, and leads him away till, as the writer says, "right in front of them they saw a loch-well sparkling and translucid. The size and thickness of the cress, and of the *potlact* or brooklime that grew on it was a wonderment to them; then Caeilte began to tell its fame and qualities, in doing of which he said:— And then follows an exquisite little lyric on the well:

"O well of *Traig da ban* beautiful are thy cresses, luxurious, branching; since thy produce is neglected on thee thy brooklime is not suffered to grow. Forth from thy banks thy trout are to be seen, thy wild swine in the wilderness; the deer of thy fair hunting cragland, thy dappled and red-chested fawns! Thy mast all hanging on the branches of thy trees; thy fish in estuaries of the rivers; lovely the color of thy purling streams, O thou that

art azure-hued, and again green with reflection of surrounding copse wood!"

After the warriors have been entertained, Patrick asks, "Was he, Finn mac Cumall, a good lord with whom ye were?" Upon which Caeilte replies:

"Were but the brown leaf which the woodland sheds from it gold—were but the white billow silver—Finn would have given it all away."

He then goes on to enumerate the glories of Finn's household, whereon Patrick says:

"Were it not for us an impairing of the devout life, an occasion of neglecting prayer, and of deserting converse with God, we, as we talked with thee would feel the time pass quickly, warrior!"

Caeilte goes on with another tale of the Fianna, and Patrick now fairly caught in the toils of the enchanter, cries, "Success and benediction attend thee, Caeilte, this is to me a lightening of spirit and mind; and now tell us another tale."

And so ends the exordium of the 'Colloquy.' Nothing could be better contrived, the touch is so light, there is so happy a mingling of pathos, poetry, and humor, and there is so much dignity in the sketching of the human characters introduced that one is led to expect something very admirable when the plan of the writer develops. Unfortunately, the expectation is not wholly fulfilled. The rest of the piece consists in the exhibition of a vast amount of topographical and legendary lore by Caeilte, punctuated with the invariable "success and benediction attend thee" of Patrick. They move together, on Patrick's journey to Tara, and whenever Patrick or some one else in the company sees a town or a fort, or a well he asks Caeilte what it is, and Caeilte tells its name and a Fenian legend to account for the name, and so the story wanders on through a maze of legendary lore, good, bad, or indifferent, until the royal company meet them, and the King takes up the role of questioner. The 'Colloquy,' as we have it now, breaks off abruptly as Oisin is about to relate how the Lia Fail was carried away out of Ireland. A few fresh characters are introduced in the person of provincial kings whom Patrick meets with, but they have no dramatic or other significance, and are merely names. The interest of

the 'Colloquy,' then, lies in the tales of Caeilte and in the lyrics introduced in the course of them. Of the tales there are about a hundred, telling of Fenian raids, and battles, and love-makings, and feastings, but the greater number of them have to do with the intercourse between the fairy folk, the Tuatha de Danann, and the Fenians. With these folk, the people of the Sidhe, the Fenians have constant relations both of war and love. Some of these tales are of great elaboration, and evidently wrought out in the highest style of the literary art known to the writer, whom, according to Nutt, we are to place towards the end of the thirteenth century. One of the best is that of the fairy Brugh of Slievenamon, which Caeilte and Patrick chance to pass by, and of which Caeilte tells the following history:—One day as Finn and Caeilte and five other champions of the Fianna were hunting at Torach, in the North of Ireland, they roused a beautiful and timorous fawn which fled from them, they holding it chase all day till they reached Slievenamon towards evening, when it vanished underground. A night of snow and storm came on, and searching for shelter they found a great illuminated mansion, and entering it discover themselves in a bright and spacious hall, with eight and twenty warriors and as many fair and yellow-haired maidens, and one maiden sitting on a chair and playing wonderful music on a harp. After the Fianna have been seated on chairs of crystal and entertained with the finest of viands and liquors, it is explained to them that their hosts are sons of Midir, son of the Daghda, of the Tuatha de Danann—and that they are at war with the rest of the fairy folk, and have to do battle with them thrice yearly on the green before the Brugh.

At first each of the twenty-eight had one thousand warriors under him—now all are slain but the sons of Midir—for it seems that the Danann race, though no liable to old age or sickness, can suffer violent death. Accordingly they have sent out one of the maidens in the shape of a fawn to entice the Fenian warriors to their fairy palace, and gain their aid in the battle that must be delivered tomorrow. Finn and his companions are ready for any fray, and a desperate battle ensues, which last from evening till morning; for the fairy host attack at night. The assailants are beaten off, losing over a thousand of their

number, but Oscar Dermot and MacLugach of the Fenians were sorely wounded.

And so the tale goes on through various adventures till after more than a year the chieftains go forth from the Brugh and rejoin their fellows, during the feast of Tara, after having made peace and taken hostages from the hostile army of the Sidhe. No sooner has Caeilte finished his tale, standing on the spot where they had found the fairy palace on the night of the snow, than they see approaching them a young warrior, who is thus described:—"A shirt of king's satin was next to his skin, over and outside it a tunic of the same soft fabric, and a fringed crimson mantle confined with a bodkin of gold upon his breast; in his hand a gold-hilted sword, a golden helmet on his head."

A delight in the color and the material splendor of life is a very marked feature in all this literature. This splendid figure turns out to be Donn Mac Midir—one of the eight-and-twenty whom Finn had succored, and he comes to do homage for himself and his people to Patrick, who accepts entertainment from him for the night; for in the 'Colloquy' the relations of the Church and of the fairy world are very kindly.

This history of which, of course, I have merely given a bald summary, is a good specimen of the kind of tales of which the 'Colloquy' is made up, and of which a great part of ancient Irish literature is made up. There is one general characteristic about them all—the predominance of the folk-lore element.

In folk-tale it is the happenings that are the great thing, not the persons to whom they happen. The story moves on its appointed course, and everything else is subordinate to that—men and women are merely part of the mechanism of the tale. So it is with the 'Colloquy.' An element of physical beauty is added which does not necessarily belong to folk-lore, and occasionally—as in the introduction to the 'Colloquy'—we have a transitory attempt to render character and incident with truth both to nature and to an ideal conception; but, on the whole, the folk-tale element dominates, and though folk-lore is, no doubt, at the root of all national literature, it should not be forgotten that literature proper begins when folk-lore ends.

To study these Gaelic tales in connection with the Norse

sagas is a very instructive experience. The work of the Norsemen was rough and harsh in texture, and, though not without a sense of beauty, there is none of that delight in it which we find in Irish tales. But the Norsemen created men and women, living in the actual world, having normal human relations with their fellows, and having strongly marked characters and passions; and these characters and passions of theirs, acted upon by circumstance and reacting on it, *make the story.* In the Irish tales, on the contrary, we are in a dream-world—a very beautiful world, full of the magic of nature and of forms belonging to fairer realms than ours, but still a world of dream, where nothing is constant, but events drift at the whim of the narrator, and the laws of nature and human character all dissolve and change and re-form again like wreaths of mist on the mountain side; and when this vision has passed us by we feel as if we had seen something beautiful, or terrible, or wonderful, but in any case something that has no discoverable relation to life.

The moral conceptions which give meaning and coherence to life have simply no existence in the world of the 'Colloquy." We rarely gain any sense of human power or valor, because we do not see them really matched with hostile forces. Warriors go forth to battle and slay hundreds of enemies as if they were the puppets that Don Quixote fought with, or leap over whole armies; and if they are wounded the wound closes again by magic art; they are "such stuff as dreams are made of." And I confess it 's somewhat disappointing to find a long and important work of this kind, a work written by a master of language and of the lore of his country eight centuries after the introduction of Christianity, six centuries after the bloom of that civilization which produced the Book of Kells and other great works of decorative art, and four or five centuries after the period when Ireland had justly been called the University of Europe, still so largely unable to free itself from folk-lore, and to put off the things pertaining to the childhood of a nation.

On the other hand, if Irish literature was backward in this respect, there was another in which it was many centuries in advance of its time. I refer to the love of natural beauty.

I have already quoted one of the nature lyrics of the 'Colloquy.' The piece contains several poems of this description, recited on various occasions by Caeilte, and they show a minute and loving observation of nature, and more than that, an ecstatic blending of the human emotion with the great cosmic life, that did not appear in any other European literature till the present century, with Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley. Chaucer, who lived not far from the time of the 'Colloquy,' is sometimes spoken of as a nature poet, but high as he stands beyond the Celtic writer in his treatment of humanity, his references to nature and the life of forests and streams and the creatures that inhabit them are conventional and tame compared with those of the 'Colloquy.'

Another point to be noticed is the love of wonder and mystery, which is indeed an element in all true romance, but which inspired the Celt, I think, more than any other man. He was a master of the touch that makes, as it were, the solid framework of things translucent, and shows us, through it, gleams of another world, mingled with ours yet distinct, and having other laws and characteristics. We never get a clue to what these laws are. The Celt did not systematize the unknown, but he let it shine for a moment through the opaqueness of earth, and then withdrew the gleam before we understood what we had seen. Take, for instance, this incident in the story of the Fianna. Three young warriors came to take service with Finn, accompanied by a gigantic hound, of which it is said that there was no color in the world that was not in his hide. They make their agreement with Finn, saying what services they can render and what return they expect, and one of the conditions is that they shall camp apart from the rest of the host and when night has fallen no man shall come nigh them or see them. Finn asks the reason for this prohibition, and it is this: of the three warriors one of them dies each night and the other two have to watch him; therefore they would not be disturbed. There is no explanation of this—possibly the folk-lorist or the occultist may have one, but as it appears in the 'Colloquy' it gives that peculiar thrill of mystery which is better, perhaps, not explained or explained away, because it brings home to our consciousness what is a very real fact, that

the world we live in is a profound mystery quite incapable of being forced in its completeness into any framework of mechanical law.

THE LAMENT OF MAEV LEITH-DHERG[1]

FOR CUCHORB: SON OF MOGHCORB, KING OF IRELAND.

Raise the Cromlech high!
  MacMoghcorb is slain,
And other men's renown
  Has leave to live again.

Cold at last he lies
  Neath the burial-stone;
All the blood he shed
  Could not save his own.

Stately-strong he went,
  Through his nobles all
When we paced together
  Up the banquet-hall.

Dazzling white as lime
  Was his body fair,
Cherry-red his cheeks,
  Raven-black his hair.

Razor-sharp his spear,
  And the shield he bore,
High as champion's head—
  His arm was like an oar.

Never aught but truth
  Spake my noble king;
Valor all his trust
  In all his warfaring.

As the forkèd pole
  Holds the roof-tree's weight,

[1] From an ancient Irish poem in the Book of Leinster. See O'Curry's 'Manuscript Materials of Irish History,' p. 480. This Maev was Queen of Ireland about A.D. 20. Cucorb (Chariot-Hound) was slain on Mount Leinster on the borders of Wexford.

So my hero's arm
  Held the battle straight.

Terror went before him,
  Death behind his back;
Well the wolves of Erinn
  Knew his chariot's track.

Seven bloody battles
  He broke upon his foes;
In each a hundred heroes
  Fell beneath his blows.

Once he fought at Fossud,
  Thrice at Ath-finn-Fail;
'T was my king that conquered
  At bloody Ath-an-Scail.

At the Boundary Stream
  Fought the Royal Hound,
And for Bernas battle
  Stands his name renowned.

Here he fought with Leinster—
  Last of all his frays—
On the Hill of Cucorb's Fate
  High his Cromlech raise.

TO MY BICYCLE.

In the airy whirling wheel is the springing strength of steel,
  And the sinew grows to steel day by day,
Till you feel your pulses leap at the easy swing and sweep
  As the hedges flicker past upon your way.
    Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
      And the rose of the morning sky,
    And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
      Slips off as the leagues go by!

Black-and-silver, swift and strong, with a pleasant undersong
  From the steady rippling murmur of the chain,
Half a thing of life and will, you may feel it start and thrill
  With a quick elastic answer to the strain,
    As you ride to the kiss of the morning breeze

And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Miles a hundred you may run from the rising of the sun,
To the gleam of the first white star.
You may ride through twenty towns, meet the sun upon the downs,
Or the wind on the mountain scaur.
Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Down the pleasant country-side, through the woodland's summer pride,
You have come in your forenoon spin.
And you never would have guessed how delicious is the rest
In the shade by the wayside inn,
When you have sought the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

There is many a one who teaches that the shining river-reaches
Are the place to spend a long June day,
But give me the whirling wheel and a boat of air and steel
To float upon the King's highway!
Oh give me the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

EVENSONG.

In the heart of a German forest I followed the winding ways
Where the cushioned moss was barred with the sunset's slanting rays,

When I heard a sound of singing, unearthly sad and clear,
Rise from the forest deeps and float on the evening air.

I thought of the spirits told of in dark old forest lore
Who roam the greenwood singing for ever and evermore;

And stopped and wondered and waited, as nearer the music grew,
Louder and still more loud, till at last came into view

A troop of Saxon maidens, tanned with the rain and sun,
A burden of billeted wood on the shoulders of every one.

The strong steps faltered not, and the chanting passed away
In the fragrant depths of the pinewood, and died with the dying day.

No spirit in truth! yet it seemed, as while in dreams I stood,
That a music more than earthly had swept through the darkening wood.

And it seemed that the Day to the Morrow bequeathed in that solemn strain
The whole world's hope and labor, its love and its ancient pain.

THE SPELL-STRUCK.

She walks as she were moving
  Some mystic dance to tread,
So fall her gliding footsteps,
  So leans her glistening head.

For once to fairy harping
  She danced upon the hill,
And through her brain and bosom
  The music pulses still.

Her eyes are bright and tearless,
  But wide with yearning pain;
She longs for nothing earthly.
  But O! To hear again

The sound that held her listening
  Upon her moonlit path!
The rippling fairy music
  That filled the lonely rath.

Her lips, that once have tasted
  The fairy banquet's bliss,
Shall glad no mortal lover
  With maiden smile or kiss.



AT CLONMACNOISE

She 's death to all things living,
Since the November eve;
And when she dies in autumn
No living thing shall grieve.

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS.

In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair:
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbré sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidé and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter,
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

THE LAST DESIRE.

When the time comes for me to die,
To-morrow, or some other day,
If God should bid me make reply,
"What wilt thou?" I shall say:

"O God, thy world was great and fair!
Have thanks for all my days have seen;
Yet grant me peace from things that were
And things that might have been.

"I loved, I toiled; throve ill and well;
—Lived certain years, and murmured not.
Now give me in that land to dwell
Where all things are forgot.

"I seek not, Lord, thy purging fire,
The loves re-knit, the crown, the palm;
Only the death of all desire
In deep, eternal calm."

SONG OF MAELDUIN.

There are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,
There are lights that beckon, and winds that call—
Good-bye!
There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,
The circling hour of the flaming gate—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone—
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown;
Good-bye!
And oh! to follow, to seek, to dare,
When, step by step, in the evening air
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair!
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread—
Good-bye!
O children of Time—O Nights and Days,
That gather and wonder and stand at gaze,
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The music calls and the gates unclose,
Onward and onward the wild way goes—
Good-bye!
We die in the bliss of a great new birth,
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,
O fading loves of the old green earth—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON

(1633—1684.)

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, born about 1633, was nephew and godson to the Earl of Stafford. He was at the Protestant College at Caen when, by the death of his father, he became Earl of Roscommon, at the age of ten. He remained abroad, traveled in Italy till the Restoration, when he came in with King Charles the Second, became captain of the Band of Pensioners, took for a time to gambling, married, indulged his taste in literature, which was strongly under the French influence, and had a project for an English academy like that of France.

He translated into verse Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' Virgil's sixth Eclogue, one or two Odes of Horace, and a passage from Guarini's 'Pastor Fido.' Of his original writing the most important piece is 'An Essay on Translated Verse,' carefully polished in the manner of Boileau, sensible, and often very happy in expression. He died Jan. 17, 1684, after a fervent utterance of two lines from his own version of 'Dies Irae'—

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end"—

and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson says "that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison," and Pope wrote:

> "To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
> And every author's merit but his own."

FROM THE ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

. . . Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites,
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humor is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he . . .
  Immodest words admit of no defense
For want of decency is want of sense. . . .
  Yet 't is not all to have a subject good,
It must delight as when 't is understood.

He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills. . . .
  On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass. . . .
  Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'T will cost you dear before he 's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few there are who understand him yet!
. . . Words in one language elegantly used
Will hardly in another be excused,
And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold. . . .
  I pity from my soul, unhappy men,
Compelled by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pampered heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse. . . .
  Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
. . . Oh may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

(1831 ——)

J. O'Donovan Rossa was born in Rosscarbery in County Cork, September, 1831. His real name is O'Donovan, but he took the name of Rossa to distinguish himself from numerous others of the same name.

He was probably one of the most uncompromising opponents of English rule in Ireland and early associated himself with the National party. He was arrested in 1865 on a charge of treason-felony, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

He was released some time after, and has resided in this country ever since, where he has been connected with literature and journalism. He is the editor of *The United Irishman* in New York, and has written on prison life, and various poems, Irish and English, in different magazines.

EDWARD DUFFY.[1]

The world is growing darker to me—darker day by day;
The stars that shone upon life's paths are vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, only one that changes never,
'T is the guiding star of liberty that blazes bright as ever.

Liberty sits mountain high, and slavery hath birth
In the hovels, in the marshes, in the lowest dens of earth;
The tyrants of the world pitfall-pave the path between,
And o'ershadow it with scaffold, prison, block and guillotine.

The gloomy way is brightened when we walk with those we love,
The heavy load is lightened when we bear and they approve;
The path of life grows darker to me as I journey on,
For the truest hearts that traveled it are falling one by one.

The news of death is saddening even in festive hall,
But when 't is heard through prison bars, 't is saddest then of all,
Where there 's none to share the sorrow in the solitary cell,
In the prison, within prison—a blacker hell in hell.

That whisper through the grating has thrilled through all my veins,
"Duffy is dead!" a noble soul has slipped the tyrant's chains,

[1] Irish patriot and fellow-prisoner, who died in an English prison.

And whatever wounds they gave him, their lying books will show,
How they very kindly treated him, more like a friend than foe.

For these are Christian Pharisees, the hypocrites of creeds,
With the Bible on their lips, and the devil in their deeds,
Too merciful in public gaze to take our lives away,
Too anxious here to plant in us the seed of life's decay.

Those Christians stand between us and the God above our head,
The sun and moon they prison, and withhold the daily bread,
Entomb, enchain, and starve us, that the mind they may control,
And quench the fire that burns in the ever-living soul.

To lay your head upon the block for faith in Freedom's God,
To fall in fight for Freedom in the land your fathers trod;
For Freedom on the scaffold high to breathe your latest breath,
Or *anywhere* 'gainst tyranny is dying a noble death.

Still, sad and lone, was yours, Ned, 'mid the jailers of your race,
With none to press the cold white hand, with none to smooth the face;
With none to take the dying wish to homeland friend or brother,
To kindred mind, to promised bride, or to the sorrowing mother.

I tried to get to speak to you before you passed away,
As you were dying so near me, and so far from Castlerea,
But the Bible-mongers spurned me off, when at their office door
I asked last month to see you—now I 'll never see you more.

If spirits once released from earth could visit earth again,
You 'd come and see me here, Ned, but for these we look in vain;
In the dead-house you are lying, and I 'd "wake" you if I could,
But they 'll wake you in Loughglin, Ned, in that cottage by the wood.

For the mother's instinct tells her that the dearest one is dead—
That the gifted mind, the noble soul, from earth to heaven is fled,

As the girls rush towards the door and look toward the trees,
To catch the sorrow-laden wail, that 's borne on the breeze.

Thus the path of life grows darker to me—darker day by day,
The stars that flashed their lights on it are vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, but that one which changes never,
The beacon light of liberty that blazes bright as ever.

MY PRISON CHAMBER.

My prison chamber now is iron lined,
An iron closet and an iron blind.
But bars, and bolts, and chains can never bind
To tyrant's will the freedom-loving mind.

Beneath the tyrant's heel we may be trod,
We may be scourged beneath the tyrant's rod,
But tyranny can never ride rough-shod
O'er the immortal spirit-work of God.

And England's Bible tyrants are, O Lord!
Of any tyrants out the cruelest horde,
Who 'll chain their Scriptures to a fixture board
Before a victim starved, and lashed, and gored. . . .

Without a bed or board on which to lie,
Without a drink of water if I 'm dry,
Without a ray of light to strike the eye,
But all one vacant, dreary, dismal sky.

The bolts are drawn, the drowsy hinges creak,
The doors are groaning, and the side walls shake,
The light darts in, the day begins to break,
Ho, prisoner! from your dungeon dreams awake. . . .

"Rossa, salute the Governor," cries one,
The Governor cries out—"Come on, come on,"
My tomb is closed, I 'm happy they are gone,
Well—as happy as I ever feel alone.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.").

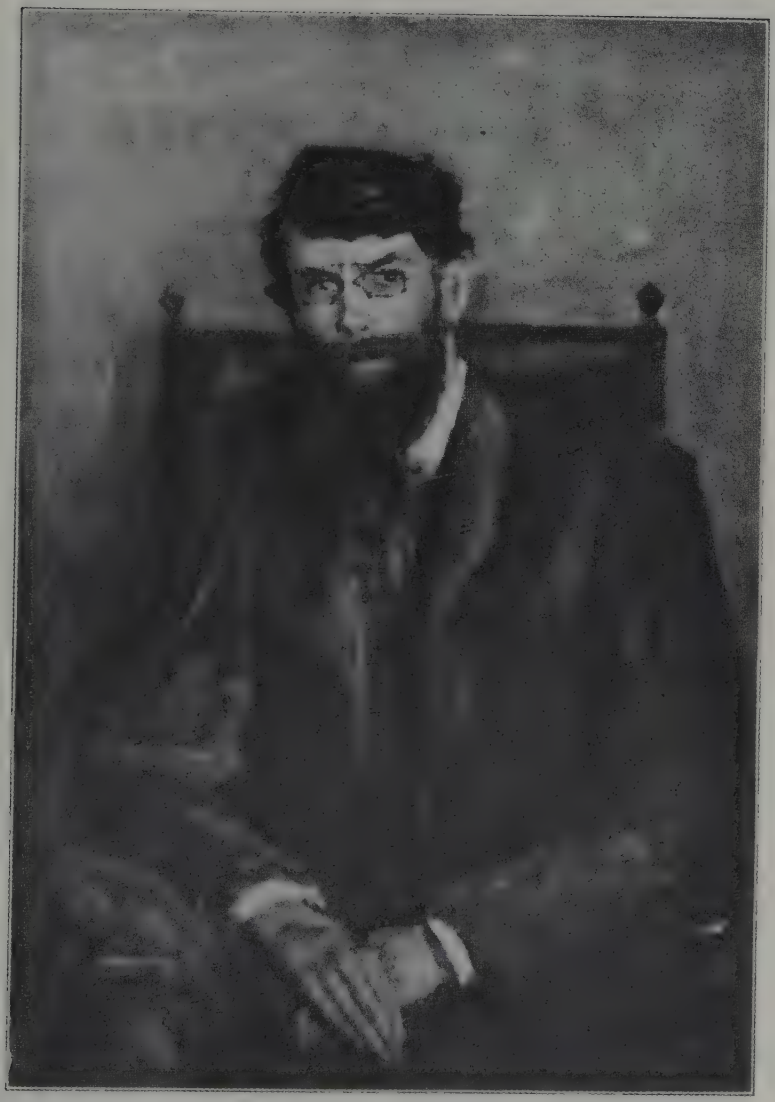
(1867 ——)

Of that remarkable group of Irish writers who have done so much in Ireland in the past fifteen years to create an imaginative literature Irish in spirit and national in its very heart-beat and fiber, two men stand forth as the chief lyric poets writing in the English tongue. One of these is W. B. Yeats, and the other his friend and associate, who writes under the name "A. E."

"A. E." is the pen-name of the poet-dreamer Mr. George W. Russell. He was born in Lurgan, County Armagh, in 1867, and was largely self-educated. For some time he was an art student in Dublin, and he is an artist of rare imagination as well as one of the most gifted of living Irish poets. He has drunk deep of the learning of the East, of the Vedas and the Upanishads, and has been a devoted student of Plato and of the mystical philosophers. Among more modern writers he has, like his friend W. B. Yeats, been an admirer and student of the works of the mystic William Blake and also of Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman. But his deepest study and best inspirations are the great epics and legends that make up the bardic history of Ireland. The wonderful deeds of Finn and Cuchulain and Ossian and Oscar and other Irish heroes have absorbed his thoughts and been a revelation to him of the real spirit of Ireland, the typical heroes of his race. For him Ireland, because she has been the mother of such heroes and because he feels as he wanders up and down her haunted hills and enchanting valleys that Tir-na-n'Ogue, the country of immortal youth, is still very near, peopled with the spirits of these mighty dead yet to him ever living ones, and also by forms young and beautiful with a shining and undying beauty—because of his belief in these things, Ireland is a holy land for him and the story of Ireland is the sacred book of his race—the book from which he has drawn his highest inspiration.

His first volume of poems was 'Homeward Songs by the Way' (1894), a priceless little volume of pure lyric joy, reissued with additional poems in the United States (1896) and republished several times since. His second volume of lyrics, 'The Earth-Breath and Other Poems,' appeared in 1897, and his third and latest volume, 'The Divine Vision and Other Poems,' in January, 1904. A selection from all his lyrics, 'Nuts of Knowledge,' was published in October, 1903, at the Dun Emer Press, Dundrum, Dublin, and is in form and spirit one of the most beautiful books that ever came out of Ireland.

Not only is he a fine lyric poet, but he is the author of a few of the noblest essays written in Ireland in recent years. He contributed two short essays of great subtlety and imaginative insight —'Literary Ideals in Ireland' and 'Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Literature'—to a small volume of essays published in Dublin in 1899, which also contained essays by W. B. Yeats, "John Eglin-



G. W. RUSSELL, "A E."

ton," and the lamented William Larminie. He also contributed to 'Ideals in Ireland' (1901) that charming book so ably edited by Lady Gregory, an essay called 'Nationality and Imperialism,' one of the most eloquent and moving, one of the noblest, appeals for the preservation of Irish ideals uttered in Ireland since the death of Thomas Davis. He is of course an ardent Nationalist, and it is said of him that once during an impassioned appeal for the preservation of the true ideals of Irish national life he exclaimed: "The Irish harp was never made to be played to the tune of 'The Absent-minded Beggar' nor can the Irish wolf-dog be trained to hunt down the enemies of the Empire."

He is also the author of two fascinating essays, now long out of print and difficult to obtain, 'The Future of Ireland and the Awakening of the Fires,' and 'Ideals in Ireland: Priest or Hero?' In 1899 he contributed to a Dublin paper a number of charming poems in prose: 'The Childhood of Apollo,' 'The Mask of Apollo,' 'The Cave of Lilith,' 'The Meditation of Parvati,' 'The Midnight Blossom,' 'The Story of a Star,' and other fascinating prose fancies, which have unfortunately not been republished. He has also written 'Deirdre,' a beautiful prose drama in three acts, founded on one of the legends of the Irish heroic age. It has frequently been performed by the Irish National Theater Society. And he has written the essays on William Butler Yeats and Standish O'Grady for the present work.

He is a man of rare nobility of character and an inspiring influence to the younger Irish writers of to-day, and has recently edited 'New Songs,' a lyric selection from the work of eight young Irish writers whose names may be well known hereafter.

But it is as a lyric poet, as the author of beautiful songs, full of intense and high vision, of touches of perfect simplicity and pathos and fire, that he is best known. Of his work W. B. Yeats has written: "The poetry of 'A. E.,' at its best, finds its symbols and its stories in the soul itself, and has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time"; and he "repeats over again the revelation of a spiritual world that has been the revelation of mystics in all ages, but with a richness of color and a subtlety of rhythm that are of our age. . . . These poems, the most delicate and subtle that any Irishman of our time has written, seem to me all the more interesting because their writer has not come from any of our seats of literature and scholarship, but from among sectaries and visionaries whose ardor of belief and simplicity of mind have been his encouragement and his inspiration."

Mr. Stephen Gwynn says of the poetry of "A. E.": "In this poet's philosophy the way to the highest beauty is through pain, the loveliness of earth and sky, of flowers and mankind, being only the phantoms of illusion. And, since no poet was ever more alive to external beauty, there are poems in which the lower, more human beauty is chosen before the cold heights and the primeval stream of quiet. But the essential characteristic of them all, whatever their tenor, is a sense of living power that pervades and permeates the earth. For 'A. E.' the dumb universe, *bruta tellus*, is charged with unspeakable properties, rife with voices. Sometimes we catch sight

in his verse of a belief that all the pageant of past life is again enacted by shadowy forms, visible to the eyes that can see. . . . The conception is one essentially Celtic, for to the Celt's mind earth and sea have always been quick with life, whether he puts that feeling into the shape of fairy myth, or merely is conscious of it in the drawing back again to the hills and waters that he first knew. And perhaps no Celtic poet has given to the soul of his race an expression more beautiful or more characteristic than this anonymous singer."

At its highest and best moments his poems are worthy to be named among the most beautiful poetry written in modern days. His verse combines the gifts and the beauties of the painter, the musician, and the seer. He sees nature with the loving eye of an artist who is also a worshiper. He takes the ancient legends of Ireland and shows us their spiritual meaning. 'A Call of the Sidhe,' 'Nuts of Knowledge,' 'The Divine Vision,' 'The Secret,' 'The Earth-Breath,' 'Aphrodite,' 'Babylon,' 'The Vision of Love,' 'The Gray Eros,' 'The Memory of Earth,' 'Reconciliation,' 'By the Margin of the Great Deep,' 'The Gates of Dreamland,' 'The Master Singer,' 'The Twilight of Earth,' 'A Farewell,' 'Children of Lir,' 'A Summer Night,' 'In Connemara,' 'An Irish Face,' and 'Hope in Failure' are among the most perfect short poems in the language, each in its own way beautiful and admirable, full of tenderness and hope, of the nobility of love and sacrifice and of ecstatic beauty. By virtue of his imaginative qualities and his mastery of the lyric form this Irishman of genius holds a place apart which cannot be taken from him. He has, because of his gift of vision, been called the Irish Swedenborg, but unlike Swedenborg everything he sees is beautiful. He has been compared to Emerson, but he possesses all the ardor and warmth of feeling and sympathy that Emerson sometimes seemed to lack. Like William Blake, he is a mystic and a seer of far-off and visionary things, but he is always in his highest flights a master of his art. His human sympathy is as boundless as was Walt Whitman's, but he is entirely without any of Whitman's too frequent grossness. He is a spiritual leader and teacher, a great moral force, and the counselor and guide of many of the most promising young Irish writers of to-day. His belief in the soul, in immortality, in the spiritual life, is no mere intellectual apprehension, but the great vital fact of his being and the inspiration and consolation of his life. This belief in the spiritual life cannot be better expressed than in the few words prefixed to his first volume of poems: "I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but, filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these homeward songs by the way."

In his paintings, he gives us a sense of the tenderness of love in children, of the wonder and mystery of the earth, of the fullness and abundance and warmth of life. He also paints pictures of his own visions, of the Enchanted Ground, of the Great Ones in Tir-na-n'Ogue, and of the spirits of the ancient gods and great kings and queens of Ireland. Like William Blake, he never paints his pictures from models, feeling perhaps as Blake did that models "enslave one" or efface from one's mind a vision or reminiscence

which was better. He has sought to paint landscape "as if it had no other existence than as an imagination of the Divine Mind; to paint man as if his life overflowed into that imagination; and to paint the *Sidhe* as mingling with his life—the unity of God and man and nature in one single being; an almost impossible idea to convey in paint." He has the vision of a Corot, and if he had devoted himself wholly to the study and practice of his art he might well be named as an artist among the greatest.

He is no mere dreamer. He is an idealist in real life. He presents the unusual combination of a mystic, an artist, a poet, and a most practical man of affairs. He is one of the most skillful organizers of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, the body founded by Sir Horace Plunkett, which has, with the aid of patriotic Irishmen in Ireland and the United States, undertaken to do for the Irish farmers what governmental departments of agriculture do for the farmers of self-governing countries. Mr. Russell's work is chiefly concerned with the founding of co-operative banks under the supervision of the Agricultural Organization Society, and in this work he has been extraordinarily successful. Sir Horace Plunkett is said to have once declared that this movement would not have been a success if it had not been for the invaluable labors of Mr. Russell. With his gifts as a speaker and his power to appeal to the imagination and emotions of his hearers, he has been able to arouse hope in the almost hopeless peasants and small farmers and to bring them into the movement which is doing so much to prepare the way for a better and more prosperous Ireland. In this work he has been in almost every part of the country, and he knows Ireland better perhaps than any other Irishman of to-day.

His heart is aglow with unshaken faith in the reality of the spiritual world and with zeal for the cause of Ireland. His poems enable us to share his dreams, and his pictures shadow forth the beautiful visions that are his. He is not a great philosopher—he is not a philosopher at all in the just sense of the word; but he is a seer, a great exponent of spiritual truth, an inspiring teacher and a friend of those who seek to live in the spirit. This is why he is admired as an artist and poet and beloved as a man.

NATIONALITY AND IMPERIALISM.

From 'Ideals in Ireland.'

The idea of the national being emerged at no recognizable point in our history. It is older than any name we know. It is not earth born, but the synthesis of many heroic and beautiful moments, and these, it must be remembered, are divine in their origin. Every heroic deed is an act of the spirit, and every perception of beauty is vision with the divine eye, and not with the mortal sense. The spirit was subtly intermingled with the shining of old

romance, and it was no mere phantasy which shows Ireland at its dawn in a misty light thronged with divine figures, and beneath and nearer to us demigods and heroes fading into recognizable men.

The bards took cognizance only of the most notable personalities who preceded them; and of these only the acts which had a symbolic or spiritual significance; and these grew thrice refined as generations of poets, in enraptured musings along by the mountains or in the woods, brooded upon their heritage of story until, as it passed from age to age, the accumulated beauty grew greater than the beauty of the hour, the dream began to enter into the children of our race, and their thoughts turned from earth to that world in which it had its inception.

It was a common belief among the ancient peoples that each had a national genius or deity who presided over them, in whose all-embracing mind they were inclosed, and by whom their destinies were shaped. We can conceive of the national spirit in Ireland as first manifesting itself through individual heroes or kings; and, as the history of famous warriors laid hold upon the people, extending its influence through the sentiment engendered in the popular mind until it created therein the germs of a kindred nature.

An aristocracy of lordly and chivalrous heroes is bound in time to create a great democracy by the reflection of their character in the mass, and the idea of the divine right of kings is succeeded by the idea of the divine right of the people. If this sequence cannot be traced in any one respect with historical regularity, it is because of the complexity of national life, its varied needs, and its infinite changes of sentiment; but the threads are all taken up in the end, and ideas which were forgotten and absent from the voices of men will be found, when recurred to, to have grown to a rarer and more spiritual beauty in their quiet abode in the heart. The seeds which are sown at the beginning of a race bear their flowers and fruits towards its close; and those antique names which already begin to stir us with their power, Angus, Lir, Deirdre, Finn, Ossian, and the rest, will be found to be each one the symbol of enduring qualities, and their story a trumpet through which will be blown the music of an eternal joy, the sentiment of an

inexorable justice, the melting power of beauty in sorrow, the wisdom of age, and the longings of the spirit.

The question arises how this race inheritance can best be preserved and developed. To some it is of no value, but these are voices of dust. To some the natural outcome is coalition with another power, and a frank and full acceptance of the imperial ideal. To some the solution lies in a self-centered national life. I will not touch here upon the material advantages of one or other course, which can best be left to economists to discuss. The literary man, who is, or ought to be concerned mainly with intellectual interests, should only intervene in politics when principles affecting the spiritual life of his country are involved. To me the imperial ideal seems to threaten the destruction of that national being which has been growing through centuries, and I ask myself, what can it profit my race if it gain the empire of the world and yet lose its own soul—a soul which is only now growing to self-consciousness, and this to be lost simply that we may help to build up a sordid trade federation between England and her Colonies?

Was our divine origin for this end? Did the bards drop in song the seed of heroic virtues, and beget the mystic chivalry of the past, and flood our being with spiritual longings, that we might at last sink to clay and seek only to inherit the earth? The mere area of the empire bewitches the commonplace mind, and turns it from its own land; yet the State of Athens was not so large as the Province of Munster, and, though dead, the memory of it is brighter than the living light of any people on earth today. Some, to whom I would be the last to deny nobility of thought and sincere conviction, would lead us from ourselves through the belief that the moral purification of the empire could be accomplished by us. I wish I could believe it. I am afraid our own political and social ethics demand all the attention we can give. There is a reservoir of spiritual life in the land, but it is hardly strong enough to repel English materialism, while we are nominally hostile to English ideas; and shall it be triumphant when we have given over our hopes of a separate national existence, and merged our dreams and longings with a nation which has become a byword for materialism? Under no rule are people so free,—we are told. A little physical

freedom more or less matters nothing. Men are as happy and as upright as we, in countries where a passport is necessary to travel from one town to another. No form of government we know is perfect, and none will be permanent.

The federation of the world and its typical humanity, exists in germ in the spiritual and intellectual outcasts of our time, who can find no place in the present social order. A nation is sacred as it holds few or many of those to whom spiritual ideas are alone worth having; the mode of life, prosperous or unfortunate, which brings them to birth and enables them to live is the best of any; and the genius of our country has acted wisely in refusing any alliance offering only material prosperity and power. Every race must work out its own destiny. England and the Colonies will, as is fit and right, work out theirs without our moral guidance. They would resent it if offered, just as we resent it from them. It may be affirmed that the English form of government is, on the whole, a good one, but it does not matter. It may be good for Englishmen, but it is not the expression of our national life and ideas. I express my ideals in literature; you, perhaps, in social reform. Both may be good; yours, indeed, may be best, but I would feel it a bitter injustice if I was compelled to order my life in accordance with your aims. I would do poorly what you shine in. We ask the liberty of shaping the social order in Ireland to reflect our own ideals, and to embody that national soul which has been slowly incarnating in our race from its cloudy dawn. The twentieth century may carry us far from Finn and Oscar and the stately chieftains and heroes of their time, far even from the ideals of Tone, Mitchel, and Davis, but I hope it will not carry us into contented acceptance of the deadness, the dullness, the commonplace of English national sentiment, or what idealism remains in us, bequeathed from the past, range itself willingly under a banner which is regarded chiefly as a commercial asset by the most famous exponent of the imperial idea.

I feel that the idea expressed by several writers lately, that with many people in Ireland patriotism and nationality are only other names for race hatred, must be combated. It may be so with a few, but the charge has been

leveled not at isolated individuals here and there, but at a much larger class who seriously think about their country.

We are told our attitude towards England and English things is a departure from the divine law of love. Let us look into the circumstances: a number of our rapidly dwindling race have their backs to a wall, they are making an appeal for freedom, for the right to choose their own ideals, to make their own laws, to govern their own lives according to the God-implanted law within them; seeing everywhere, too, the wreck of their hopes, the supremacy of an alien will,—to such people, striving desperately for a principle which is sacred and eternal, these moral platitudes are addressed. Is not freedom as necessary as love to my human soul, or to any people? Can there be any real brotherhood without it? If we are debarred from the freedom we would have, how narrow is the range for human effort! We in Ireland would keep in mind our language, teach our children our history, the story of our heroes, and the long traditions of our race which stretch back to God. But we are everywhere thwarted. A blockhead of a professor drawn from the intellectual obscurity of Trinity, and appointed as commissioner to train the national mind according to British ideas, meets us with an ultimatum: "I will always discourage the speaking of Gaelic wherever I can." We feel poignantly it is not merely Gaelic which is being suppressed, but the spiritual life of our race. A few ignoramuses have it in their power, and are trying their utmost, to obliterate the mark of God upon a nation. It is not from Shelley or Keats our peasantry derive their mental nourishment, now that they are being cut off from their own past. We see everywhere a moral leprosy, a vulgarity of mind creeping over them.

The Police Gazettes, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-nan-og and overcame men's hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music halls may be heard in places where the music of faery enchanted the elder generations. The shout of the cockney tourist sounds in the cyclopean crypts and mounds once sanctified by druid mysteries, and

divine visitations, and passings from the mortal to the immortal. Ireland Limited is being run by English syndicates. It is the descent of a nation into hell, not nobly, not as a sacrifice made for a great end, but ignobly and without hope of resurrection. If we who watch protest bitterly at the racial degradation—for we have none of us attained all the moral perfection—we are assured that we are departing from the law of love. We can have such a noble destiny if we will only accept it. When we have lost everything we hoped for, lost our souls even, we can proceed to spiritualize the English, and improve the moral tone of the empire. Some, even these who are Celts, protest against our movements as forlorn hopes. Yet what does it matter whether every Celt perished in the land, so that our wills, inviolate to the last, make obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls?

Would not that be spiritual victory and the greatest success? What would be the success we are assured of if we lay aside our hopes? What could we have or what could we give to humanity if our mental integrity is broken? God gives no second gift to a nation if it flings aside its birthright. We cannot put on the ideals of another people as a garment. We cannot, with every higher instinct of our nature shocked and violated, express ourselves as lovers of the law that rules us. We would be slaves if we did. The incarnate love came not with peace but with a sword. It does not speak only with the Holy Breath, but has in its armory death and the strong weapons of the other immortals. It is better to remain unbroken to the last, and I count it as noble to fight God's battles as to keep His peace.

I confess I do not love England. Love is a spirit which will not, with me at least, come at all. It bestows itself, and will not be commanded, having laws and an end of its own. But for that myriad humanity which throngs the cities of England I feel a profound pity; for it seems to me that in factory, in mine, in warehouse, the life they have chosen to live in the past, the lives those born into that country must almost inevitably lead now, is farther off from beauty, more remote from spirit, more alien from deity, than that led by any people hitherto in the memory of the world. I have no hatred for them. I do not think

any of my countrymen have, however they may phrase the feeling in their hearts. I think it is a spiritual antagonism they feel which they translate into terms of the more limited conscious mind. I think their struggle is in reality not against flesh and blood, but is a portion of the everlasting battle against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, which underlies every other battle which has been or will be fought by men.

I do not say that everything English is stupid, invariably and inevitably wrong. But I do say that every act by which England would make our people other than they would be themselves, is stupid, invariably and inevitably wrong. Not invariably wrong, perhaps, when judged from the external point of view, but invariably wrong when judged from the interior spiritual standpoint. How terrible a thing it is to hinder the soul in its freedom, let the wild upheavals and the madness of protest bear witness.

Though we are old, ethnologically considered, yet as a nation, a collective unit, we are young or yet unborn. If the stupefying influence of foreign control were removed, if we had charge of our own national affairs, it would mean the starting up into sudden life of a thousand dormant energies, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, social, economic, and human. The national spirit, like a beautiful woman, cannot or will not reveal itself wholly while a coarse presence is near, an unwelcome stranger in possession of the home. It is shy, hiding itself away in remote valleys, or in haunted mountains, or deep in the quiet of hearts that do not reveal themselves. Only to its own will it comes and sings its hopes and dreams; not selfishly for itself alone, but sharing in the universal human hopes, and desirous of solving some of the eternal problems. Being still so young as a nation, and before the true starting of our career, we might say of ourselves as the great American poet of his race, with which so many of our own have mingled—

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson.
Pioneers! Oh, pioneers!"

THE EARTH SPIRIT.

A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass,
And one by one the words of light as joy-drops through my being pass.
"I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the mind;
My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy tresses of the wind.
I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame that leads afar
Each burning hearted wanderer, and I the dear and homeward star.
A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest yielded breath
I woke in glory giving them immortal life though touched by death.
They knew me from the dawn of time: if Hermes beats his rainbow wings,
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-haired Apollo sings,
It matters not, the name, the land: my joy in all the gods abides:
Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness of me smiles and hides.
For joy of me the day-star glows, and in delight and wild desire
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire,
Where in the vastness too I burn through summer nights and ages long,
And with the fiery-footed planets wave in myriad dance and song."

A CALL OF THE SIDHE.

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:
Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children leave
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.
Hush, not a whisper! Let your heart alone go dreaming.
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland streaming
Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,
Starfire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!

Come thou away with them, for Heaven to Earth is calling.
These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits thronging.
Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown heavy there
Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear.
Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.
Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in elation,
Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted with the vast,
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars past
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration?

THE PLACE OF REST.

"The soul is its own witness and its own refuge."

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,
  It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
  The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;
  It folds itself around with peace,
When thoughts alike of good or ill
  In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
  For comfort for its hopes and fears:
The Mighty Mother bows at last;
  She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
  The fire of beauty smites through pain:
A glory moves amid despair,
  The Mother takes her child again.

THE GATES OF DREAMLAND.

It 's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore.
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled
Yet his sleep is filled with gold light by the masters of the world.

There 's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed to richest red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;
'T is the twilight of the ages, and it 's time to quit the plow.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed to graylight before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near;
What 's the starlight in her glance when the stars are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower face glows above?
'T is the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the mountain gates of dreamland have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men;
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with opal light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

SACRIFICE.

Those delicate wanderers—
  The wind, the star, the cloud—
Ever before mine eyes,
  As to an Altar bowed,
Light and dew-laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise:
  Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,
  Through dreamland take their flight;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
  He symbols forth His days;
In gleams of crystal light
  Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

DANA.

I am the tender voice calling "Away,"
Whispering between the beatings of the heart,
And inaccessible in dewy eyes
I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,
Lingering between white breasts inviolate,
And fleeting ever from the passionate touch
I shine afar, till men may not divine
Whether it is the stars or the beloved
They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave
My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,
Aerial arms, and twilight-dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by shore or wood,
Till filled with some vast tenderness he yields,
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart
He knew ere he forsook the starry way,
And clings there pillowed far above the smoke
And the dim murmur from the dûns of men;
I can enchant the trees and rocks, and fill
The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,
Make them reveal or hide the god. I breathe
A deeper pity than all love, myself
Mother of all, but without hands to heal,
Too vast and vague—they know me not! But yet
I am the heartbreak over fallen things,
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow;
And I am in the kiss that warriors give
Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall
Over the vanquished foe; and in the highest
Among the Danann gods I am the last
Council of mercy in their hearts, where they
Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones.

SYMBOLISM.

Now when the giant in us wakes and broods,
  Filled with home-yearnings, drowsily he flings
From his deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
  Mixed with the memory of the loved earth-things;
Clothing the vast with a familiar face,
Reaching his right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
  Stare from the blue; so shows the cottage light
To the field laborer whose heart desires
  The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the housewife long parted from at dawn—
So the star villages in God's great depth withdrawn

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,
  Though there no house-fires burn nor bright eyes gaze;
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
  Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways;
By these the soul unto the vast has wings,
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

JANUS.

Image of beauty, when I gaze on thee,
Trembling I waken to a mystery;
How through one door we go to life or death,
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.
Image of beauty, when my way I go,
No single joy or sorrow do I know;
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

And, ah! to think how thin the veil that lies
Between the pain of hell and paradise!
Where the cool grass my aching head embowers,
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers.

CONNLA'S WELL.[1]

A cabin on the mountain-side hid in a grassy nook,
With door and window open wide, where friendly stars may look,
The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may enter free—
Who throng around the mountain throne in living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve, and purple fills the air,
I think the sacred hazel-tree is dropping berries there,
From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's well o'erflows;
For, sure, the immortal waters run through every wind that blows.

I think, when night towers up aloft and shakes the trembling dew,
How every high and lonely thought that thrills my spirit through
Is but a shining berry dropped down through the purple air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls everywhere.

OUR THRONES DECAY.

I said my pleasure shall not move;
It is not fixed in things apart;
Seeking not love—but yet to love—
I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep
Wells up with living joy, unfed;
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,
And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime—
But oh! For my heart, shed tears, shed tears!
Not it, but love, has scorn of time—
It turns to dust beneath the years.

[1] "Sinend, daughter of Lodan Lucharglan, son of Ler, out of the Land of Promise, went to Connla's Well, which is under sea, to behold it. That is a well at which are the hazels of wisdom and inspirations, that is, the hazels of the science of poetry, and in the same hour their fruit and their blossom and their foliage break forth, and then fall upon the well in the same shower, which raises upon the water a royal surge of purple."—*The Voyage of Bran.*

THE THREE COUNSELORS.

It was the fairy of the place,
  Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
  The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
  Then quietly itself was gone:
Yet echoes of its mute caress
  Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
  Who called: "Awake! prepare for fight!
Yet lose not memory in the din;
  Make of thy gentleness thy might;

"Make of thy silence words to shake
  The long enthronéd kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
  Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul
  Who counseled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
  In which the wars of Time shall cease."

INHERITANCE.

As flow the rivers to the sea
  Adown from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toiled for thee
  And gave thee harvest of their grain;
And weary myriads of yore
Dug out for thee earth's buried lore.

The shadowy toilers for thee fought,
  In chaos of primeval day,
Blind battles with they knew not what;
  And each before he passed away
Gave clear articulate cries of woe:
Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung,
  The joyous life of man and maid
In forests when the earth was young,
  In rumors round your childhood strayed:
The careless sweetness of your mind
Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
  Their gifts the weeping ages bore,
The old descents of God on earth
  Have dowered thee with celestial lore:
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay,
You pass into the further day.

THE MEMORY OF EARTH.

In the wet dusk silver sweet,
  Down the violet-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
  I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
  Glassed the eve and stars and skies;
While I gazed a madness grew
  Into thundered battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white
  Flashed the spear and fell the stroke—
Ah, what faces pale and bright
  Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen
  With young beauty lit the van:
Gone! the darkness flowed between
  All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,
  Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
  With the legend carven clear:

"Time put by a myriad fates
  That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made wide a million gates
  So to close her tragic story."

BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP.

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

THE GREAT BREATH.

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:
There where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

MATTHEW RUSSELL.

(1834 ——)

The Rev. Matthew Russell was born in Newry, County Down, July 13, 1834. He studied at Maynooth, joining the Society of Jesus and officiating as a priest at Limerick and Dublin. He is the nephew of Dr. Russell of Maynooth and the brother of the late Lord Russell of Killoween, Q.C., M.P., the first Catholic Attorney-General since Sir Thomas More.

In 1873 Father Russell started *The Irish Monthly* under the name of *Catholic Ireland*, and he still edits this excellent magazine, one of the best literary periodicals that Ireland has produced. Few men have deserved so well of that small body of Irishmen who care whether literature live or die in their midst. To his *Irish Monthly* he has gathered all the beginnings of the Irish literature of his day. All classes and creeds hail one another in this pleasant meeting-place. Everywhere in the magazine one finds the influence of the gracious and beneficent personality that presides over its fortunes. The little periodical has real distinction apart from the names, distinguished and to be distinguished, that are ever among its contributors.

Father Russell has written numberless biographical and critical articles, and a library of books has been published out of the contents of this magazine. He has published among other books: 'Emanuel, a Book of Eucharistic Verses' (eight editions); 'Madonna; Verses on Our Lady and the Saints' (three editions); 'Erin,' verses Irish and Catholic (two editions) 'The Harp of Jesus, a Prayer-Book in Verse,' 'Idylls of Killoween,' and one or two prose works.

MONOTONY AND THE LARK.

A PROSE IDYLL.

"How strange one never tires of the lark!" We were strolling round and round the garden, he and she, and little Mary and I—he and she arm-in-arm, and I hand-in-hand with little Mary,—and the singing of the lark overhead seemed a part of the August sunshine. And my gentle cousin Annie said: "How strange one never tires of the lark!"

Yes, although it is so monotonous; on and on, almost the same always. A mere trill of joy, a mere gush of love and gratitude, a mere trickle of the simplest melody. No triumphant burst, no riotous gurgle, no pathetic murmur, no agonizing spasm, no subtle gradation, no mellow fall from treble down to bass, no splendid leap from bass up

to treble. On and on, a few artless, unvarying notes. And yet it never tires us, it is always musical, and fresh, and meekly joyous—image of the one unceasing song of the blessed, image of the rapturous monotony of heaven.

Is there not pain in a restless multiplicity of pleasure? Amidst the whirl of changes, is not the heart haunted by a vague dread that the next change may be sadly for the worse? It is a symptom of disease in the soul to stand in need of such vicissitudes. Only commonplace souls, earthy souls, souls without depth or compass, souls with paltry resources of their own, and slavishly dependent upon outward things—none but these desire, none but these can endure, perpetual variety, excitement, travel, change of scene, change of society, change of employment, change of amusement, change of change. The higher natures are stable, equable, self-contained, self-sustaining, placid, domestic—concentrated in their large memories, and in their larger thoughts and hopes—seeking and finding pleasure in a noble loyalty to duty, and regarding duty, not as a task-mistress to be served coldly for wages during as short a day as possible, but as a queenly mother, to live with, and cherish, and reverence, and love, and serve, day and night, in sunshine and in darkness, for life—at home with themselves, at home with their conscience and their God, at home in their own homes, at home with a sinless and happy monotony.

"How strange one never tires of the lark!" said the gentlest of my gentle cousins, Annie. And so, while we talked, and were silent, and smiled, and looked at each other, and at the flowers (alas! there was one of us who could not see the flowers except as memory might paint them), we went round and round the garden walks, he and his sisters and I, unwearied by the sameness, arm-in-arm and hand-in-hand. And all the while the lark, to his own keen delight and ours, kept up his monotonous carol, high up out of sight, above the field of clover yonder, outside our garden's hedge; and his singing, like the brightness and the odor of the flowers and of the fruits, almost seemed to be a part of the summer sunshine.

But, ah! there is no sunshine now and no singing. It is winter. Is the lark dead? I know not; but my gentle cousin Annie is with God. And twice the daisies have

gleamed in pink and white over the grave of him who could not see the flowers, but who shall see God for ever. . . .

Again, after many years, this withered leaf flutters across my path. Perhaps God may use it as a message to some hearts simple and young as ours were then. Ay, and as theirs are still; for now they are all three gone home to God. Their bodies are in the same tomb, and their souls, I am sure, are in the same heaven; and they are praying, I am sure, for those who remain behind. One of those who remain behind writes: "It feels lonely, having no elder sister, but we get on very well, though we shall have need of many more acts of resignation than we should have had if Mary had been left to us," she, namely, with whom hand-in-hand I walked round the garden in that August forenoon long ago, while the sun shone and the lark sang overhead.

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

(1820 ——)

William Howard Russell, the first of war correspondents, was born March 28, 1820, at Lilyvale, County Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College. He was first employed as a Parliamentary reporter on *The Times;* but the exciting days of Repeal supplied his editor with the opportunity of giving him more congenial work, and he was employed as a traveling correspondent to attend the meetings held by O'Connell and others. In 1846–47 he was again in Ireland, acting as a special commissioner to inquire into the state of the country; and he was a graphic and forcible describer of the famine and the plague.

The Crimean war brought him into still further prominence. The accounts he gave of the mismanagement that reigned supreme in the first disastrous months of the expedition attracted the attention of both the public and Parliament, and his splendid pictures of the great events of the war were waited for with anxiety and read with intense interest. After this he was stationed wherever history was being made by war: the Indian mutiny, the American civil war, the Franco-German war, the wars in South Africa, Zululand, and the Transvaal. He was with the expedition that laid the first Atlantic cable, and in India with Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. His publications are 'Letters from the Crimea,' 'British Expedition to the Crimea,' 'Diary in India,' 'Diary, North and South,' 'Diary in the Last Great War,' 'Hesperothen,' 'Adventures of Dr. Brady,' 'A Retrospect of the Crimea,' etc. He is a Knight of the Iron Cross, a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and was knighted in 1895.

BALAKLAVA, AND THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[October 25, 1854.]

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapors still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain-passes near Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up

the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong.

Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabers, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind.

The zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were maneuvering on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and Redoubt No. 2.

At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerable to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earth works, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position.

Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Truks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column.

Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslems quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach.

In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and

hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve.

The cavalry, who had been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Grays, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabers in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders.

The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the leveled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians.

They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier General Scarlett ride along in front of

his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d' élite*—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit.

The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the heights, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theater. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley and the Grays and Enniskilleners went right at the center of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms.

The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant.

As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of swordblades in the air, and then the Grays and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second

line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many.

With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the center, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength.

A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier General Scarlett, and to say: "Well done!" The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph—the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's inten-

tion that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant-general, Lord Lucan, to mean that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.[1]

[1] Lord Tennyson commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war in

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position?

Alas it was but too true—their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it

Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
  Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin? It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

(1820—1903.)

MARY A. MADDEN was born on the last day of the year 1820 in Cootehill, County Cavan, Ireland.

In August, 1844, a few weeks after her father's death, she emigrated to Canada with a younger brother. In Montreal she made the acquaintance of Mr. James Sadlier, the junior partner of the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic publishers, and in November, 1846, she became his wife.

James Sadlier was then the manager of the Montreal branch of the business of the firm, and in that city he and his wife continued to reside till May, 1860, when, with their children, they removed to New York. In September, 1869, Mr. James Sadlier died, leaving his widow the care of a large family.

Mrs. Sadlier was one of the most gifted, industrious, and successful writers of the nineteenth century. She was no more than eighteen years of age when she began her long literary career as an occasional contributor to *La Belle Assemblée*, a London magazine. In Canada she contributed both before and after her marriage to the *Literary Garland*, issued monthly at Montreal. Between 1847 and 1874 she was connected in one way or another with several prominent Catholic journals, especially the New York *Tablet*, New York *Freeman's Journal*, Boston *Pilot*, and Montreal *True Witness*.

During this time, and simultaneously with her labors as a Catholic journalist, Mrs. Sadlier wrote and translated from the French numerous works on various subjects.

Her original works, nearly all fiction, form a class peculiar to themselves, having each a special object in view, bearing on the moral and religious well-being of her fellow Irish Catholics.

She was described by one contemporary prelate as "the first Irish Lady in America" and by another as "the greatest Irishwoman that ever crossed the Atlantic."

The 'Confederate Chieftains' is perhaps her best book. It is a vivid picture of one of the most stirring periods of Irish history. The following are her chief works: 'Willy Burke' (about 1850); 'Alice Riordan' (about 1852); 'New Lights; or, Life in Galway' (1853); 'The Blakes and Flanagans' (1855); 'The Confederate Chieftains' (1859); 'Confessions of an Apostate' (1859); 'Bessy Conway' (1861); 'The Hermit of the Rock' (1863); 'Con O'Regan' (1864); 'Old House by the Boyne' (1865); 'Aunt Honor's Keepsake' (1866); 'The Heiress of Kilorgan' (1867); 'MacCarthy More' (1868); and 'Maureen Dhu, a Tale of the Claddagh' (1869).

THE MARRIAGE OF FLORENCE MACCARTHY MORE.[1]

From 'MacCarthy More; or, the Fortunes of an Irish Chief in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

Lady Ellen was sitting by a window in a musing attitude, but there was an angry flush on her cheek which did not escape her mother's keen scrutiny.

"Aileen!" said she in Irish—in which language they generally spoke to each other—"Aileen, my child, Florence MacCarthy wishes to pay a visit to Muckruss Abbey while here. We shall go this evening. The moon is at her full to-night, and we shall sail over after the evening meal."

"As you will, my lady mother!" said Ellen, carelessly.

"Aileen," said her mother, "how is this? Methought it would give you pleasure, this sail on the lake by moonlight—in such good company!" she added, significantly.

"You are ever thoughtful for me, mother," the young lady relied, in a softened voice. "I desire no better company than yours and O'Sullivan More's.

"Aileen! Aileen! beware!" said the countess, solemnly and sadly. "Our last chance is lost if you turn *his* heart away. He is well affected towards you now, but his mind may change if he find you cold and careless. You are mad, mad, *mad,* if you do not thankfully accept the deliverance that God hath placed within your reach, for me, for your father, *for Clan Carthy—for the Geraldines!*" she added, with stern emphasis, as she quitted the room.

After her mother's departure, Ellen sat long in the same

[1] The marriage scene related in this extract is historical. To prevent the union of Florence MacCarthy Reagh with the daughter of The MacCarthy More, the political advisers of Queen Elizabeth had exercised their utmost ingenuity. They had reason to fear that Florence MacCarthy was about to cast in his fortune with the cause for which Hugh O'Neill was then in arms: and as this union, by placing Florence at the head of the two great branches of the MacCarthy family, would render him a formidable enemy, they determined to prevent it if they could. The marriage, which was solemnized under the circumstances here detailed, was treated as an act of treason by Elizabeth's Government. Husband and wife, and mother-in-law, and other members of both families, were arrested immediately on the news of the event becoming known, and Florence MacCarthy spent the remainder of his life in the Tower of London.

attitude; it were hard to define the expression of her face, and so her faithful Una thought as she anxiously observed her. She was evidently debating some point in her own mind, the same angry flush on her cheek, the same cloud lowering on her brow. At length she started from her reverie.

"I will go," she said, "but not on his account. Since he is so easily put off, I will e'en show him that I *am* otherwise disposed." She smiled as she met Una's anxious eyes, and going up to her, patted her on the head, where she sat at work. "You must use your best skill, little Una, to deck me as becomes MacCarthy's daughter. Bring forth my kirtle of sea-green taffeta. I would look my best to-day—not for love," she added in an undertone, "but for spite."

And she did look her best, when, as evening approached, she appeared before her mother, ready to descend to the hall. The Countess noted with an approving smile the change in her daughter's apparel.

"How passing fair my child is!" she murmured low to herself, as they descended to the banqueting-hall, at the entrance of which they were met by MacCarthy and O'Sullivan, who conducted them to their seats on the dais. The same feeling of admiration was expressed in the eloquent glance of Florence, but the lady, proud and cold, appeared to notice it not.

With music and mirth the moments lightly sped while the meal went on. Never had Eman of the Harps called from the silver strings more joyous strains; the praises of the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys mingled in his song; and the gentles above, and the retainers below, were alike inspired by his minstrelsy. Even the Countess was less grave than usual. Lady Ellen alone refused to smile, and O'Sullivan, with the privilege of an old friend, bantered the fair girl on her maidenly modesty, as he doubtless deemed it.

When the first moonbeams came streaming into the hall through the splayed loopholes the Countess and Florence rose simultaneously, and the Countess whispered to her daughter that it was time to go, if they would have the best of the moonlight. O'Sullivan, who had been pledging

MacFinan across the table, drained his goblet hastily, and declared his willingness to join the party.

"Though I must own, Countess," he pleasantly said, "I were better pleased to go by daylight. It is a lonesome place, that same Irrelagh, now that the monks are gone, and only the dead dwelling in the old abbey."

"No need to go in," replied the lady with a calm smile. "We may even land, and there will be enough of us in the boat to make good company."

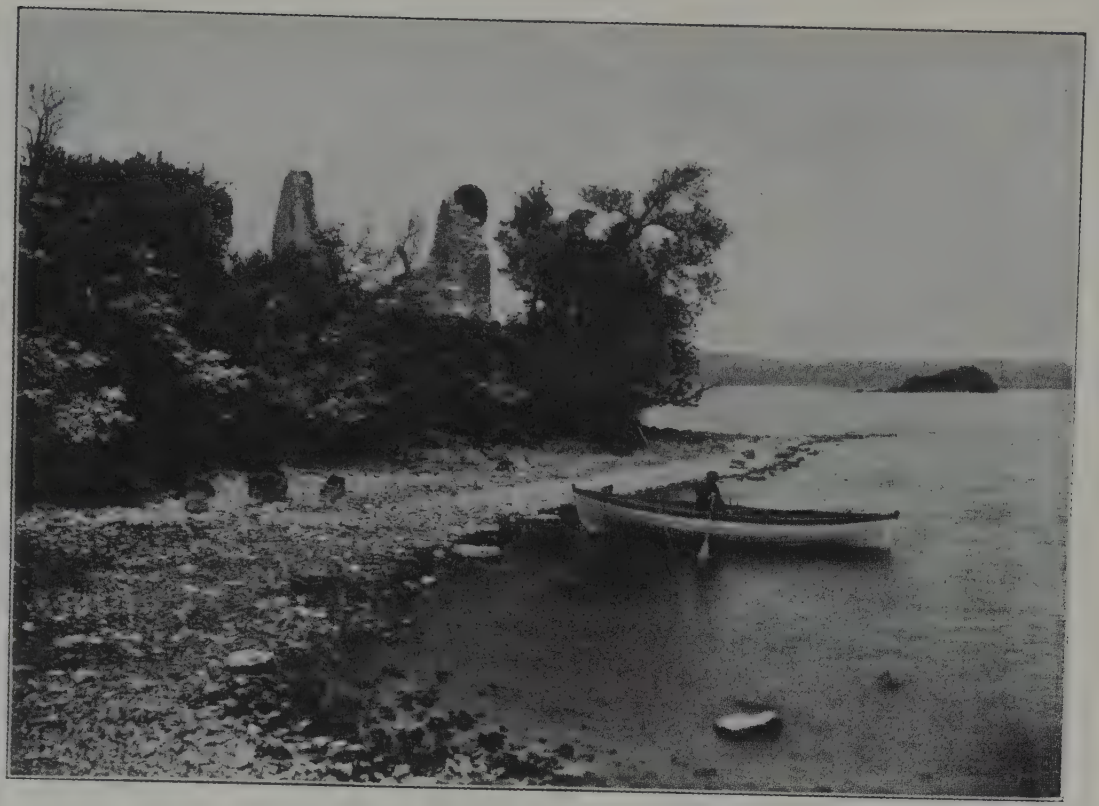
Some of the gentlemen looked as though they would fain have joined the party, gathering its destination from O'Sullivan's words, but unasked they might not intrude themselves on such a company, and so they were fain to content themselves with toasting the ladies of Clancarthy in the Spanish wine that sparkled in huge methers on the board, as the retainers did in the less costly usquebaugh provided for their delectation.

Meanwhile our party sailed out into the Lower Lake, the boat guided by a skillful hand through the rocks and shoals at the head of the swift rolling Laune. Some half a dozen sturdy gallowglasses occupied one end of the boat, their battleaxes gleaming in the moonlight—such a guard was, in those stormy times, not alone one of honor, but one of prudence—while the lusty arms of four stalwart kerne impelled the light craft over the waters, now bright in the moonlight, now dark in the shade.

On sped the boat, and silence seemed to have fallen like a spell on the party, enhanced, as it were, by the more than earthly beauty of the scenes through which they glided, and the hushed repose of earth and air. The boatmen began all at once a low, plaintive song, to the measured cadence of which their oars kept time. Occasionally, too, was heard the shrill scream of the heron from the mountains above. These sounds served but to make the general hush of nature deeper still by contrast, and lent, therefore, a new charm to the scene.

Past Rabbit Island the boat glided—past Innisfallen and its ruined abbey, ruined like Muckruss and Aghaboe,[1] not as yet by time, but by the ruthless soldiers of Henry

[1] Three abbeys, for ages long in ruins, give a more mournful and solemn beauty to the magic scenes of Killarney. These are Aghaboe, on a high hill in the sight of the Lower Lake; Innisfallen, on the island of that name; and Muckruss, or Irrelagh, on the peninsula of Muckruss.



INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY

the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth; past Ross Island, with its ancient stronghold of the O'Donoghoes; past the mouth of Glena Bay, with "Dinis' green isle" seen dimly through the hazy moonlight—it was then that O'Sullivan's voice broke the silence.

"Had we but music on board," said he, "we might sail up the bay to the Eagle's Nest."

"Music need not be wanting," said Florence. "With permission of the Countess, I have brought Lady Ellen's lute; it may be that she will favor us so far as to play somewhat. I dare not ask such a grace, but you, Owen, she will scarce refuse."

"That I will answer for," said O'Sullivan, and the Countess, in a low voice, told her daughter at once to accede to the request.

Lady Ellen took the lute from the hand of Florence, though it must be owned with no gracious air, and while the boat glided up the narrow channel between

"Dinis' green isle and Glena's wooded shore,"

played a strain of the elder time, slow and simple, such as "Killarney's wild echoes" best repeat.

The air was a sad one, and as the fairy-like echoes caught it up, repeating it in every possible way, it seemed as though the spirits of the dead were wailing on every craggy steep above, and along the shadowed waters that lay beneath, dark as the river of death. While all listened, as if entranced, Lady Ellen stopped suddenly and laid down the lute; her heart was sad that hour, she knew not why—sad and troubled—and her own mournful music was more than she could bear. Yet she could not, and would not, wake a livelier strain.

No one spoke, but Ellen felt the instrument drawn gently from her hand, and the next moment a bolder hand swept its chords with a strange wild prelude that went ringing like the sound of many trumpets away among the rocks and mountains. Before the young lady had recovered from the first surprise, the strain was changed, and a wild, sweet Spanish air was floating on the night breeze, and breaking, in fitful snatches, from lonely caves where the echoes dwelt.

The air was the same that for months long had been

haunting Ellen MacCarthy, and its every note woke an echo of gladness in her heart. But she said not a word. The Countess praised the air and asked what it was called. Florence answered that it was a Spanish serenade air, mentioning the name at the same time.

"Will you not play that air again, Florence?" whispered Lady Ellen.

Not only that air, but many others, Irish and Spanish, did Florence play, and the echoes answered, as the boat floated down the stream again towards the broad expanse of the Lower Lake. As it rounded the sharp headland at Otter's Point, and glided along under the dark woods of Muckruss toward the ancient Abbey of Irrelagh, the accomplished minstrel changed the lively strain he had last played to a wild and mournful air that thrilled every heart —it was the funeral march of the Clan Caura, whose time-honored burying-place they were approaching.

For a brief space the boat stopped when the abbey was in sight, solemn and mournful in the silence and decay to which the ruffian barbarism of English soldiers had consigned it for evermore.

Grand and stately was the music and full of woe, and as the oarsmen rested on their oars, and the gallowglasses raised their *barrads* in honor of the noble sleepers within the ruined pile, it seemed as if the voices of the dead MacCarthys rose, hollow and plaintive, from amid the tall ancestral trees that had for ages sheltered their last repose, joining in the solemn and familiar strain.

"Ellen," said Florence MacCarthy, laying down the lute, as the boat sped on again over the bright waters of Castle Lough Bay, where a castle of the MacCarthys stood on a small island, flinging its shadows far out into the bay; "Ellen, it is there, before the ruined shrine of Irrelagh, over the ashes of our fathers, that I should wish to plight my faith to the fairest daughter of Clan Caura. Say, shall it so be?"

"It is a strange thought, Florence," replied Ellen, softly, "yet I mislike not the plan. But methinks it were well, before you talk in such wise, to speak with my lady mother anent the matter."

"I leave that to you, fair lady mine," said Florence pleasantly, and he laughed low to himself.

Two days after, when the moon was again shining on the desolate abbey walls in the last hours of night, a bridal party stood before the ruined shrine of Muckruss, where the altar still stood, defaced and broken. The light of day might not witness, in those evil times, the marriage of MacCarthy More's daughter to the son of one MacCarthy Reagh and the stepson of another—himself the lord of broad ancestral domains!

Few were the witnesses of that marriage, that in other times would have gathered together princes and chiefs, and lords and ladies, from more than one of the four provinces of Ireland. O'Sullivan More, MacFinan, the seneschal, and another young officer of the Earl's household, who was the Lady Ellen's foster-brother—these, with the Countess and Una O'Leary, were alone present. The friar, the Earl's chaplain, a man of venerable age, who said Mass and performed the ceremony, was one of those who, in the direful days of Henry the Eighth, was expelled from the abbey at the sword's point. It was, truly, a solemn and picturesque scene, suggestive of many a mournful reflection.

No bard played, no *clairseach*[1] sounded, no clansman raised his joyous cheer, when the daughter of the MacCarthys and the Geraldines wedded her equally noble kinsman; no banner waved, no spear or battle-axe gleamed; only the pale moonlight streaming through the roofless aisle, and the sickly ray of two small tapers on the altar, illumined the strange scene. Amid the ghostly shadows of the ruined fanes, in silence and in mystery, where their lordly fathers slept beneath, Lady Ellen became the wife of Florence MacCarthy.

[1] *Clairseach*, harp.

JOHN SAVAGE.

(1828—1888.)

JOHN SAVAGE was born in Dublin in 1828. After taking some part in the '48 movement he emigrated to America in that year and adopted the profession of journalism. He joined the staff of the *New York Tribune* and became the proprietor of *The States*, the organ of Stephen A. Douglas.

In 1879 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from St. John's College, Fordham. He published several volumes of poetry : 'Lays of the Fatherland,' 1850 ; 'Sybil,' 1850 ; 'Faith and Fancy,' 1864 ; 'Poems,' 1870. He also wrote 'Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight,' and a 'Life of Andrew Johnson.' He died in New York in 1888.

SHANE'S HEAD.

SCENE.—Before Dublin Castle. Night. A clansman of Shane O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

Is it thus, O Shane the haughty! Shane the valiant! that we meet—
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
Have *I* no Chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defense,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle Tower;
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed and thy brow seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkill;
Whose warrior-words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Shane! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers!

Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler still—
My heart? I had no heart—'t was yours, *'t was* yours! to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life, your soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shane—with proud O'Neil it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud and keen as Spanish steel—
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty" with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild"—and who 's not wild to see his hearthstone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!
He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray.
He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shane!" Ye Saints, he makes no breath;
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.
Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear—*dost hear?* By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
He 's truly dead! He must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout:

The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the Fair!
I 'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

BREASTING THE WORLD.

Many years have burst upon my forehead,
  Years of gloom and heavy-freighted grief,
And I have stood them as against the horrid
  Angry gales, the Peak of Teneriffe.

Yet if all the world had storm and sorrow,
  You had none, my better self, Lenore;
My toil was as the midnight seeking morrow,
  You, moon-like, lit the way I struggled o'er.

Though as a cataract my soul went lashing
  Itself through ravines desolate and gray,
You made me see a beauty in the flashing,
  And with your presence diamonded the spray.

Then, Lenore, though we have grown much older,
  Though your eyes were brighter when we met,
Still let us feel, shoulder unto shoulder
  And heart to heart, above the world yet!

GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

(1845 ——)

Mr. George F. Armstrong, perhaps the most fertile of Irish authors of his time, was born in Dublin County in May, 1845, and was educated partly by private tuition in the Channel Islands, and at Trinity College. He is the son of the late Edmund J. Armstrong, and brother of E. J. Armstrong (*q.v.*); in 1891 he assumed the name of Savage on the death of a maternal uncle. Returning from a tour in Normandy, whither he had accompanied his brother Edmund, he gained, in 1864, the highest distinction in English verse. In 1866 the gold medal for composition was awarded to him by the Historical Society; and in the following year his essays won the gold medal of the Philosophical Society, of which he was twice elected President. 'Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic,' appeared in 1869, and in 1870 'Ugone,' a tragedy, which had been suggested by his travels and residence in Italy. In the following year he was appointed professor of history and English literature in Queen's College, Cork, which position he still holds. In 1872 he was presented with the degree of M.A. in Dublin University, revisited Italy and Switzerland, and published the first part of 'The Tragedy of Israel,' 'King Saul,' together with new editions of his former works. In 1874 appeared 'King David,' and in 1876 'King Solomon,' the second and final parts of 'The Tragedy of Israel.' In 1877 he brought out 'Life, Letters, and Essays' of his brother, and a new edition of the 'Poems' of the latter, the first edition having appeared under his editorship in 1865. "The distinct note, the original flavor, of Mr. Armstrong's poetry," says Mr. T. W. Rolleston in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "appears to be formed by the union of his ornate and stately diction with the peculiar freshness and directness of his pictures of outdoor life. These pictures have the true quality of the *plein air*—they are not memories or dreams of Nature, but experiences, won by the toil that deepens the breath and braces the muscles upon the mountain-side, and that reader must surely have left his youth of body and spirit long behind in whose veins they do not stir the roving blood."

He himself tells us that "the love of Nature led in my brother's case and in mine to the love of poetry. At the age of twelve I had read all Shakespeare's plays and a vast deal of other poetry and prose besides. I used to spend hours, with a book of poetry in my hand, in the tops of the tall trees, reading, or on the side of the Dublin or Wicklow mountain, with a volume of Byron, or Scott or Wordsworth or Coleridge or Keats or Shelley, and lie in the heather, reading aloud poem after poem.

"His work," says the authority quoted above, "is simple and objective in its conception, and forms the most important body of poetic work which has been produced outside the Celtic tradition since the time when Ferguson and Mangan began to lead the waters from that ancient source into the channels of modern Irish verse."

THROUGH THE SOLITUDES.

I.

It was long past the noon when I pushed back my chair
In the hostel, slung knapsack on shoulder, and walked
Through the low narrow room where the folks from the fair,
Old peasants deep-wrinkled, sat clustered and talked
In their guttural Gaelic; and out through the stalls
Girt with marketers laughing, and groups here and there
Of maidens blue-eyed, hooded figures in shawls
Of scarlet, and wild mountain lads in long hair,
Rude carts, and rough ponies with creels, and gayly passed
Up the street; through the starers and bargainers prest;
And asked of an idler my way, and at last
Struck out on the hill-road that winds to the west.

II.

And I thought, as I strode by the last heavy cart
Moving earlier home than the rest (wife and child
Sitting close on the trusses of straw, and apart
On the road, cracking whip, chatting loud, laughing wild,
The husband and sire in knee-breeches and shoes),
Though it was of the first of such journeys to me
Since my life's friend was lost, yet I dared not refuse
The gift of good angels that even, the free
Glad heart in my breast, the delight in my soul,
As I greeted the hill-tops, and saw down below
The sea winding in from afar, heard the roll
Of the stream on the rocks, felt the autumn air blow
Through my hair as I moved with light step on the way:
And I said, "Let me drink to the dregs the black cup
Of pain when 't is nigh; but if joy come to-day,
Let me drain the last drop of the dæmon-wine up."
Then I journeyed along through the moorlands, and crossed
The mad stream by the bridge at the crest of the creek,
And wound up the mountain to northward, and lost
All sight of the village and hill-folk.

III.

A bleak
Heavy cloud, dull and inky, crept over the sun
And blackened the valleys.

IV.

In under the hills
Ran the road, among moors where the myrtle stood dun,
And the heather hung rusted. The voice of the rills

Was choked in gray rushes. No footstep was nigh.
One rush-covered hut smoked aloft. Not a bird
Or a bee flittered by me. The wind seemed to die
In the silence and sadness. No blade of grass stirred.
Not a tuft of the bog-cotton swayed. Lone and rude
Grew the path; and the hills, as I moved, stood apart
And opened away to the drear solitude.

v.

Then a sorrow crept writhingly over my heart
And clung there—a viper I dared not fling off.
The sound of dear voices sang soft in my ear
To mock me, dear faces came smiling to scoff
At my loneliness, making the drearness too drear.
Up the track, now to right, now to left as I clomb,
Weird visions came thronging in thick on the brain—
Of days long forgotten, of friends, of a home
By death desolated, of eyes that in vain
Gazed out for a soul that no more would come back,
Of one face far away drawing out my life's love
Very strangely that day to it.
Everywhere, black,
Storm-shattered, the mountains loomed lonely above.
A horror, a sickness slipt down through my blood.
All my thoughts, all my dreams, all that memory's load,
All the terror of loneliness, broke like a flood
Over body and soul, and I shrank from the road.

vi.

I cowered at the frown of the mountains that hung
On this side and that; and the brown dreary waste;
The barren gray rocks far aloft; for they wrung
My soul with dim fears; and I yearned but to taste
The sweets of companionship, yearned to return
To the far-away village; to hear once again
The buzz of kind voices about me; to spurn
The sadness and horror, the fear and the pain.
Then I bent down my head as I moved, and my mind
Ran out in vague musings:
"If God laid His hand
On my life now, and suddenly, swiftly consigned
My soul, at a breath to the dim spirit-land—
Guiding on to a world that at best would be strange,
Would be sad in its joys, in its sweetness unsweet
To a mind rent away in so awful a change
From a world of bright faces, the park and the street,

And the room, and the glances of languishing eyes,
The smiles of red lips, and the touch of soft arms,
The gay merry laughters, the happy love-sighs—
And I found myself out in a region of storms,
Out beating my way through the waste, with one star
In dark heavens to lead me; through regions unknown,
Dim regions of midnight outstretching afar;
A bodiless soul on its journey alone:
Ah, methinks I would yearn for a land such as this,
For a cloud that but darkens the *sun,* for the strife
With dim dreams, for the heights that shut out the near bliss
Of dear home for a little . . . O life of my life,
My lost one, thou stay of my childhood, my youth,
Thou fount of my joys in the days that are gone,
Where, where in the darkness, the regions of drouth,
The realm of the dead, art thou journeying on?
Is it strange to thee now, that new being of thine?
Dost thou fear in the midst of the darkness, and yearn
To be back in the sweet human throngs, in the shine
Of the bird-waking sun, 'mid the soft eyes that burn
With love and with bliss? . . . art thou lonely as I?
Art thou sad in the world that believeth its God
In its pitiless coldness?" . . . Then up to the sky
I lifted my face, and I cried unto God.

VII.

And when back from the dream I had come, every rock
Had a livelier tinge, and the frown from the heaven
Had faded, the mountains no more seemed to lock
My lone life in their folds out of hate, and the even
Grew cheery, grew sweet, and a light wind upsprung
Mid the grasses, and fanned me, and wooed me to roam
Through the moorlands to seaward, and blissfully sung
In music as soothing as whispers of home.
And at last when the sun had gone down to his sleep,
And I caught the Atlantic's loud roar from the west,
Saw the flare of the lighthouse, and wound to the deep,
All awe of the wilds had died out in my breast.

THE SCALP.

Stern granite Gate of Wicklow, with what awe,
What triumph, oft (glad children strayed from home)
We passed into thy shadows cool, to roam
The Land beyond, whose very name could draw

A radiance to our faces; till we saw,
With airy peak and purple mountain-dome,
And lawn and wood and blue bay flecked with foam,
The Land indeed—fair truth without one flaw!
Never may I with foot of feeble age
Or buoyant step of manhood pass thy pale
And feel not still renewed that awe, that joy
(Of the dim Past divinest heritage)—
Seeking the sacred realm thou dost unveil,
Earth's one spot loved in love without alloy!

THE MYSTERY.

Year after year
The leaf and the shoot;
The babe and the nestling,
The worm at the root;
The bride at the altar,
The corpse on the bier—
The Earth and its story,
Year after year:

Whither are tending,
And whence do they rise,
The cycles of changes,
The worlds in their skies,
The seasons that rolled
Ere I flashed from the gloom,
And will roll on as now
When I 'm dust in the tomb?

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

(1811—1875.)

Charles Dawson Shanly was born in Dublin, in 1811, and was educated at Trinity College in that city. He went to Canada, where he occupied an official position for some time, and finally to New York, where he wrote regularly for the newspapers and magazines, and published several works. He died in Florida in 1875.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.[1]

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
"Oh, what shall I do now? 'T was looking at you now!
I 'm sure such a pitcher I 'll ne'er see again.
'T was the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney McCleary,
You 're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.
'T was the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain!
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

[1] This very popular song, often wrongly attributed to Lysaght, is based on an old story, of which one version will be found in 'La Cruche' by M. Autereau, a contemporary of La Fontaine, the fabulist, which is included in some editions of the latter's works. "Coleraine" is generally pronounced in Ireland *Col'raine.*

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the Shadow-hunter,
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
And the camp from which we steer.

'T was silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I, —"Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome,
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread;

Not far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we traveled side by side.

But no token of communion
  Gave he by word or look,
And the fear chill fell upon me
  At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
  As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
  Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
  Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
  Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

(1856 ——)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was born in Dublin, July 26, 1856. He was for some time a Land Agent in the West of Ireland. He went to London when he was twenty years old, and for a good many years has been prominently before the public as a leading exponent of the cause of socialism in politics. He founded the Fabian Society, and has helped to spread a knowledge of it and its aims by the brilliant lectures which he has given from time to time on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Shaw was always a musical enthusiast. He has a profound knowledge of the subject, and has written musical criticisms for the leading London papers.

He began his literary career as a novelist, and produced some very robust work. His 'Cashel Byron's Profession' was a fresh and delightful book. His 'Widowers' Houses' was produced by the Independent Theater in 1892. Two years later 'Arms and the Man' made a great success, and since then a new play by Mr. Shaw has always been an event of the first importance to playgoers. His 'Obiter Dicta' set all the town laughing; his wisdom jests with a grave face.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

From 'Cashel Byron's Profession.'

Mrs. Hoskyn considered obscurity beautiful; and her rooms were but dimly lighted by two curious lanterns of pink glass, within which were vaporous flames. In the middle of the larger apartment was a small table covered with garnet-colored plush, with a reading-desk upon it, and two candles in silver candlesticks, the light of which, being brighter than the lanterns, cast strong double shadows from a group of standing figures about the table. The surrounding space was crowded with chairs, occupied chiefly by ladies. Behind them, along the wall, stood a row of men, among whom was Lucian Webber.

All were staring at Cashel Byron, who was making a speech to some bearded and spectacled gentlemen at the table. Lydia, who had never before seen him either in evening dress or quite at his ease, was astonished at his bearing. His eyes were sparkling, his confidence overbore the company, and his rough voice created the silence it broke.

He was in high good-humor, and marked his periods by the swing of his extended left arm, while he held his right hand close to his body and occasionally pointed his remarks by slyly wagging his forefinger.

"—executive power," he was saying as Lydia entered. "That 's a very good expression, gentlemen, and one that I can tell you a lot about. We have been told that if we want to civilize our neighbors we must do it mainly by the example of our own lives, by each becoming a living illustration of the highest culture we know. But what I ask is, how is anybody to know that you 're an illustration of culture? You can't go about like a sandwich man with a label on your back to tell all the fine notions you have in your head, and you may be sure no person will consider your mere appearance preferable to his own. You want an executive power; that 's what you want. Suppose you walked along the street and saw a man beating a woman, and setting a bad example to the roughs. Well, you would be bound to set a good example to them; and, if you 're men, you 'd like to save the woman; but you couldn't do it by merely living; for that would be setting the bad example of passing on and leaving the poor creature to be beaten. What is it that you need to know then, in order to act up to your fine ideas? Why, you want to know how to hit him, when to hit him, and where to hit him; and then you want the nerve to go in and do it. That 's executive power; and that 's what 's wanted worse than sitting down and thinking how good you are, which is what this gentleman 's teaching comes to after all. Don't you see? You want executive power to set an example. If you leave all that to the roughs, it 's their example that will spread, and not yours.

"And look at the politics of it. We 've heard a good deal about the French to-night. Well, they 've got executive power. They know how to make a barricade, and how to fight behind it when they 've made it. What 's the result? Why, the French, if they only knew what they wanted, could have it to-morrow for the asking—more 's the pity that they don't know. In this country we can do nothing; and if the lords and the landlords, or any other collection of nobs, were to drive us into the sea, what could we do but go? There 's a gentleman laughing at me for saying that;

but I ask him what would he do if the police or the soldiers came this evening and told him to turn out of his comfortable house into the Thames? Tell 'em he wouldn't vote for their employers at the next election, perhaps? Or, if that didn't stop them, tell 'em that he 'd ask his friends to do the same? That 's a pretty executive power! No, gentlemen. Don't let yourself be deceived by people that have staked their money against you. The first thing to learn is how to fight. There 's no use in buying books and pictures unless you know how to keep them and your own head as well.

"If that gentleman that laughed knew how to fight, and his neighbors all knew how to fight too, he wouldn't need to fear police, nor soldiers, nor Russians, nor Prussians, nor any of the millions of men that may be let loose on him any day of the week, safe though he thinks himself. But, says you, let 's have a division of labor. Let 's not fight for ourselves, but pay other men to fight for us. That shows how some people, when they get hold of an idea, will work it to that foolish length that it 's wearisome to listen to them. Fighting is the power of self-preservation; another man can't do it for you. You might as well divide the labor of eating your dinner, and pay one fellow to take the beef, another the beer, and a third the potatoes. But let us put it for the sake of argument that you do pay others to fight for you. Suppose some one else pays them higher, and they fight across, or turn openly against you! You 'd have only yourself to blame for giving the executive power to money. And so long as the executive power is money the poor will be kept out of their corner and fouled against the ropes; whereas, by what I understand, the German professor wants them to have their rights. Therefore I say that a man's first duty is to learn to fight. If he can't do that he can't set an example; he can't stand up for his own rights or his neighbor's; he can't keep himself in bodily health; and if he sees the weak ill-used by the strong, the most he can do is to sneak away and tell the nearest policeman, who most likely won't turn up until the worst of the mischief is done.

"Coming to this lady's drawing-room, and making an illustration of himself, won't make him feel like a man after that. Let me be understood, though, gentlemen: I

don't intend that you should take everything I say too exactly—too literally, as it were. If you see a man beating a woman, I think you should interfere on principle. But don't expect to be thanked by her for it; and keep your eye on her; don't let her get behind you. As for him, just give him a good one and go away. Never stay to get yourself into a street fight; for it 's low, and generally turns out badly for all parties. However, that 's only a bit of practical advice. It doesn't alter the great principle that you should get an executive power. When you get that, you 'll have courage in you; and, what 's more, your courage will be of some use to you. For though you may have courage by nature, still, if you haven't executive power as well, your courage will only lead you to stand up to be beaten by men that have both courage and executive power; and what good does that do you? People say that you 're a game fellow; but they won't find the stakes for you unless you can win them. You 'd far better put your game in your pocket, and throw up the sponge while you can see to do it.

"Now, on this subject of game, I 've something to say that will ease the professor's mind on a point that he seemed anxious about. I am no musician; but I 'll just show you how a man that understands one art understands every art. I made out from the gentleman's remarks that there is a man in the musical line named Wagner, who is what you might call a game sort of composer; and that the musical fancy, though they can't deny that his tunes are first-rate, and that, so to speak, he wins his fights, yet they try to make out that he wins them in an outlandish way, and that he has no real science. Now I tell the gentleman not to mind such talk. As I have just shown you, his game wouldn't be any use to him without science. He might have beaten a few second-raters with a rush while he was young; but he wouldn't have lasted out as he has done unless he was clever as well.

"You will find that those that run him down are either jealous, or they are old stagers that are not used to his style, and think that anything new must be bad. Just wait a bit, and, take my word for it, they 'll turn right round and swear that his style isn't new at all, and that he stole it from some one they saw when they were ten years

old. History shows us that that is the way of such fellows in all ages, as the gentleman said; and he gave you Beethoven as an example. But an example like that don't go home to you, because there isn't one man in a million that ever heard of Beethoven. Take a man that everybody has heard of—Jack Randall! The very same things were said of *him*. After that, you needn't go to musicians for an example. The truth is, that there are people in the world with that degree of envy and malice in them that they can't bear to allow a good man his merits; and when they have to admit that he can do one thing, they try to make out that there 's something else he can't do. Come: I 'll put it to you short and business-like. This German gentleman, who knows all about music, tells you that many pretend that this Wagner has game but no science. Well, I, though I know nothing about music, will bet you twenty-five pounds that there 's others that allow him to be full of science, but say that he has no game, and that all he does comes from his head, and not from his heart. I will. I 'll bet twenty-five pounds on it, and let the gentleman of the house be stakeholder, and the German gentleman referee. Eh? Well, I 'm glad to see that there are no takers.

"Now we 'll go to another little point that the gentleman forgot. He recommended you to *learn*—to make yourselves better and wiser from day to day. But he didn't tell you why it is that you won't learn, in spite of his advice. I suppose that, being a foreigner, he was afraid of hurting your feelings by talking too freely to you. But you 're not so thin-skinned as to take offense at a little plain speaking, I 'll be bound; so I tell you straight out that the reason you won't learn is not that you don't want to be clever, or that you are lazier than many that have learned a great deal, but just because you 'd like people to think that you know everything already—because you 're ashamed to be seen going to school; and you calculate that if you only hold your tongue and look wise you 'll get through life without your ignorance being found out. But where 's the good of lies and pretense? What does it matter if you get laughed at by a cheeky brat or two for your awkward beginnings? What 's the use of always thinking of how you 're looking, when your sense might tell you that other people are thinking about their own looks and

not about yours? A big boy doesn't look well on a lower form, certainly, but when he works his way up he'll be glad he began. I speak to you more particularly because you're Londoners; and Londoners beat all creation for thinking about themselves.

"However, I don't go with the gentleman in everything he said. All this struggling and striving to make the world better is a great mistake; not because it isn't a good thing to improve the world if you know how to do it, but because striving and struggling is the worst way you could set about doing anything. It gives a man a bad style, and weakens him. It shows that he don't believe in himself much. When I heard the professor striving and struggling so earnestly to set you to work reforming this, that, and the other. I said to myself, 'He's got himself to persuade as well as his audience. That isn't the language of conviction.' Whose—"

"Really, sir," said Lucian Webber, who had made his way to the table, "I think, as you have now addressed us at considerable length, and as there are other persons present whose opinions probably excite as much curiosity as yours—" He was interrupted by a "Hear, hear," followed by "No, no," and "Go on," uttered in more subdued tones than are customary at public meetings, but with more animation than is usually displayed in drawing-rooms. Cashel, who had been for a moment somewhat put out, turned to Lucian and said, in a tone intended to repress, but at the same time humor his impatience, "Don't you be in a hurry, sir. You shall have your turn presently. Perhaps I may tell you something you don't know, before I stop." Then he turned again to the company, and resumed,

"We were talking about effort when this young gentleman took it upon himself to break the ring. Now, nothing can be what you might call artistically done if it's done with an effort. If a thing can't be done light and easy, steady and certain, let it not be done at all. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But I'll tell you a stranger thing. The more effort you make, the less effect you produce. A *would-be* artist is no artist at all. I see that in my own profession (never mind what that profession is just at present, as the ladies might think the worse of me for

it). But in all professions, any work that shows signs of labor, straining, yearning—as the German gentleman said—or effort of any kind, is work beyond the man's strength that does it, and therefore not well done. Perhaps it 's beyond his natural strength; but it is more likely that he was badly taught. Many teachers set their pupils on to strain and stretch, so that they get used up, body and mind, in a few months. Depend upon it, the same thing is true in other arts. I once taught a fiddler that used to get a hundred guineas for playing two or three tunes; and he told me that it was just the same thing with the fiddle—that when you laid a tight hold on your fiddle-stick, or even set your teeth hard together, you could do nothing but rasp like the fellows that play in bands for a few shillings a night."

"How much more of this nonsense must we endure?" said Lucian, audibly, as Cashel stopped for breath. Cashel turned and looked at him.

"By Jove!" whispered Lord Worthington to his companion, "that fellow had better be careful. I wish he would hold his tongue."

"You think it 's nonsense, do you?" said Cashel, after a pause. Then he raised one of the candles, and illuminated a picture that hung on the wall. "Look at that picture," he said. "You see that fellow in armor—St. George and the dragon, or whatever he may be. He 's jumped down from his horse to fight the other fellow—that one with his head in a big helmet, whose horse has tumbled. The lady in the gallery is half crazy with anxiety for St. George; and well she may be. *There 's* a posture for a man to fight in! His weight isn't resting on his legs; one touch of a child's finger would upset him. Look at his neck craned out in front of him, and his face as flat as a full moon towards his man, as if he was inviting him to shut up both his eyes with one blow. You can all see that he 's as weak and nervous as a cat, and that he doesn't know how to fight. And why does he give you that idea? Just because he 's all strain and stretch; because he isn't at his ease; because he carries the weight of his body as foolishly as one of the ladies here would carry a hod of bricks; because he isn't safe, steady, and light on his pins, as he would be if he could forget himself for a minute, and

leave his body to find its proper balance of its own accord. If the painter of that picture had known his business he would never have sent his man up to the scratch in such a figure and condition as that. But you can see with one eye that he didn't understand—I won't say the principles of fighting, but the universal principles that I 've told you of, that ease and strength, effort and weakness, go together. Now," added Cashel, again addressing Lucian; "do you still think that notion of mine nonsense?" And he smacked his lips with satisfaction; for his criticism of the picture had produced a marked sensation, and he did not know that this was due to the fact that the painter, Mr. Adrian Herbert, was present.

Lucian tried to ignore the question; but he found it impossible to ignore the questioner. "Since you have set the example of expressing opinions without regard to considerations of common courtesy," he said, shortly, "I may say that your theory, if it can be called one, is manifestly absurd."

Cashel, apparently unruffled, but with more deliberation of manner than before, looked about him as if in search of a fresh illustration. His glance finally rested on the lecturer's seat, a capacious crimson damask arm-chair that stood unoccupied at some distance behind Lucian.

"I see you 're no judge of a picture," said he, good-humoredly, putting down the candle, and stepping in front of Lucian, who regarded him haughtily, and did not budge. "But just look at it in this way. Suppose you wanted to hit me the most punishing blow you possibly could. What would you do? Why, according to your own notion, you 'd make a great effort. 'The more effort the more force,' you 'd say to yourself. 'I 'll smash him even if I burst myself in doing it.' And what would happen then? You 'd only cut me and make me angry, besides exhausting all your strength at one gasp. Whereas, if you took it easy—like this—" Here he made a light step forward and placed his open palm gently against the breast of Lucian, who instantly reeled back as if the piston-rod of a steam-engine had touched him, and dropped into the chair.

"There!" exclaimed Cashel, standing aside and pointing to him. "It 's like pocketing a billiard-ball!"

A chatter of surprise, amusement, and remonstrance spread through the rooms; and the company crowded towards the table. Lucian rose, white with rage, and for a moment entirely lost his self-control. Fortunately, the effect was to paralyze him; he neither moved nor spoke, and only betrayed his condition by his pallor and the hatred in his expression. Presently he felt a touch on his arm and heard his name pronounced by Lydia. Her voice calmed him. He tried to look at her, but his vision was disturbed; he saw double; the lights seemed to dance before his eyes; and Lord Worthington's voice, saying to Cashel, "Rather too practical, old fellow," seemed to come from a remote corner of the room, and yet to be whispered into his ear. He was moving irresolutely in search of Lydia when his senses and his resentment were restored by a clap on the shoulder.

"You wouldn't have believed that now, would you?" said Cashel. "Don't look startled; you've no bones broken. You had your little joke with me in your own way; and I had mine in *my* own way."

P. A. SHEEHAN.

(1852 ——)

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan was born at Mallow on March 17, 1852, and was educated at Maynooth College. For some time he served on the English mission at Exeter. He was recalled to his native diocese of Cloyne in Ireland, where he was attached to the Cathedral of Queenstown for eight years. In 1895 he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Besides many contributions in prose and verse to periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, he has published 'Geoffrey Austin, Student,' 'The Triumph of Failure,' 'My New Curate,' a most successful novel, and 'Luke Delmege,' also a novel. 'My New Curate' has been translated into many languages.

ALBION.

From 'Luke Delmege.'

Not the white cliffs of Dover, but the red loam of Devonshire downs, where the sandstone was capped by the rich teeming soil, saluted our young exile the following morning. He had risen early, and, shaking off the mephitis of a stuffy cabin, had rushed above, just as the sailors were swabbing the decks. Here he drew in long, deep breaths of the crisp, cool sea air, as he watched the furrows cut by the coulter of the sea-plow, or studied the white towns that lay so picturesquely under the ruddy cliffs. "And this is England," Luke thought. "England, the far-reaching, the imperial, whose power is reverenced by white, and black, and bronzed races; and whose sovereignty stretches from the peaks of the Himalayas to the Alps of the southern archipelagoes." Luke couldn't understand it. She lay so quiet there in the morning sun, her landscapes stretched so peaceful and calm, that symbol of power, or of might far-reaching, there was none.

"I thought," said Luke, aloud, "that every notch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks."

"'T is the lion *couchant et dormant*," said a voice.

Luke turned and saw standing close by an officer of the ship, a clean-cut, trim, well-defined figure, clad in the blue cloth and gold lace of the service. His face, instead of the

red and bronze of the sailor, had an olive tinge, through which burned two glowing, gleaming brown eyes, which just then were sweeping the coast, as if in search of a signal.

"I have often had the same thoughts as you, sir," he said, as if anxious to continue the conversation, "as we swept along here under more troublous skies and over more turbulent seas than now. It is the silent and sheathed strength of England that is terrible. I have seen other powers put forth all their might by land and sea: I have not been moved. But I never approach the English coast without a feeling of awe."

"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appreciative of this enthusiasm, but did not share it.

"Perhaps not," the officer replied; "it is destiny."

"You see the Cornish coast," he continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly penciled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, fifty years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had retained the Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had; Wesley went down, and to-day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in England; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."

"Horrible!" said Luke, sadly.

"And yet so thin is the veneering of Protestantism that their children are still called by the names of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa; and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

"It must be a heart-break to the priests," said Luke, "who have to minister amid such surroundings."

"I only speak of it as a matter of Fate," said the officer, dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses."

"You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not."

Luke looked at him with surprise.

"Ireland is my country," the officer said in reply, "and these are our countrymen." He pointed down into the lower deck, where, lying prostrate in various degrees of

intoxication, were four or five cattle-dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there lay, unwashed and unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves. It was altogether an unpleasant exhibition, and Luke turned away with a sigh.

In the early afternoon, the boat, after sheering close under the Eddystone lighthouse, swept around the beautiful woodlands and shrublands of Mount Edgcumbe, and the splendid panorama of Plymouth harbor burst on the view. Here again Luke was disappointed. Everything looked so calm, and peaceful, and prosperous, that he found it difficult to understand that there to the left was one of the greatest dockyards and marine emporiums and storehouses in the world; and his eye ranged along until, hidden under the bosky covers and the abundant foliage of Mount Edgcumbe, he saw a long, low wall of concrete, and there were the bulldog mouths of England's cannon.

"Going ashore, sir?" said the chief mate, the officer who had previously accosted him.

"No," said Luke, dubiously.

"Let me introduce my wife and little girl, sir," he said politely. "We are running in, as I am leaving Marguerite with the Notre Dame nuns here."

"You are going further, Father?" said the lady, with frankly polite Irish manner.

"Yes," said Luke, "I 'm going to London. I have a sister Margaret also," he said, tenderly watching the child's eyes, "but we call her Margery."

"We shall be lonely after our little woman," said the officer; "but she will be in safe hands."

"Do you know what *Marguerite* means, little one?" said Luke.

"No, Father," said the child.

"It means a pearl. Be thou," he said, assuming a tone of unwonted solemnity, "a pearl of great price."

"Bless her, Father," said the Catholic mother.

And Luke blessed the child.

All that day, whenever he had a spare moment from his

Office and a few necessary studies, he was absorbed in two reflections. The awful spectacle of those drunken men in the morning haunted him like a nightmare. They had risen half drunk from their hot, hard bed, and stupidly had passed him near the gangway with a maudlin: "Fi' morn'n, Fazzer!" And he was studying all day the mighty problem, that has occupied more attention than half the more serious problems of the world. What is it? What is it?—the fatal bias towards intoxication that seems to distinguish the race? Indolence, vacuity of thought, the fatal altruism of the race? What is it? Or is it only a political calumny?

And side by side, alternating rapidly with the bitter reflection, came the question: Why will not Irish mothers educate their children at home? Have we not convents, etc.? Why, it is Irish nuns who are teaching here in Plymouth and throughout England. What is in the English air that the same teachers can teach better here than at home? Or is it the everlasting serfdom of the race, always crouching at the feet of the conqueror, always lessening and depreciating its own large possibilities? Let it alone, Luke, let it alone! Except, indeed, as an exercise, to while away a long afternoon under sleepy awnings, and to soothe your nerves with the dull mechanic interplay of questions that are forever seeking and never finding an answer, let it alone, let it alone! But Luke was not made thus. He had a great taste for the insoluble.

Late in the evening he heard the same officer chatting freely in French, and with the absolute ease of a native, with a young governess who was returning to her home from Ireland. He listened, not with curiosity, but just to see if he could distinguish one word. Not a word! And he had got a prize in French in his logic year. "Hang Wegscheider and the Monophysites," thought Luke.

Now, I should like to know where is the connection between Wegscheider, a fairly modern German, and people that lived fifteen centuries ago? But that is the way the lobes of the brain work and interchange ideas, not always sympathetic, or even relevant, especially when the schoolmaster is in a passion, and demands too much work at once from his willing pupils.

Next day the vessel had swung into the gangway of the

world—that mighty sea-avenue that stretches from the Downs and the Forelands right up to London Bridge. The vessel's engines were slowed down, for this was a pathway where the passengers had to pick their steps; for all along the banks at intervals, where the plastic hand of man had built wharves and quays, there was a plantation of bare masts and yards that cut the sky; and now and again a stately steamer loomed up out of the eternal haze, and grew and swelled into colossal blackness; then passed and subsided into the dimensions of a waterfowl that troubles the tranquil waters with swift alarm. Bound for the Orient, and laden with freights of merchandise—from the mechanism of a locomotive to the Brummagem-made idol for far Cathay; bound for the Occident, and laden to the water's edge, and stuffed chock-full with rolls and bales from the looms of Manchester; bound for the roaring Cape and the sleepy isles of the Pacific; bound for the West Indies and the Bermudas, whence Nature has tried in vain to frighten them with her explosive earthquakes or the dread artillery of her typhoons; or homeward from far climates, and with the rusty marks of the storm on their hulls, and their sailors staring at the old familiar sights on land and water—like fairy shuttles, moving to and fro across the woof of many waters,—the fleets of the empire came and went, and Luke fancied he saw the far round world as in a magic mirror, and that he smelt the spices of Sultans and the musk of the gardens of Persia, as the stately argosies swept by. It was a magnificent panorama, and recalled the times when the *Mare Magnum* was swept by the oars of the Roman triremes, and dusky Ethiopians sweated at the galleys of their Roman masters. Then the vision faded, and in the raw cold of an exceptionally sharp morning, Luke stepped across the gangway and looked down at the mighty sewer of a river, and came face to face with all the squalor and fetor of London life.

He was calmly but courteously received at the presbytery attached to the cathedral; and it surprised him not a little to perceive that his arrival was regarded as an event of as ordinary importance as the closing of a door or the ticking of a clock. He took his seat at the dinner-table; and he might have been dining there for the last twenty years, so little notice was taken of him.

He was a little surprised when he was told:—

"Delmege, if you want bread, you can get it at the sideboard; but cut the loaf even, please."

He was a little amused when some one asked:—

"I say, Delmege, is it a fact that the curates in Ireland give dinners at a guinea a head?"

He replied: "I have dined with curates, and even with parish priests lately, and the dinner did not cost a cent per head."

"Tell that to the marines," was the reply.

And he was almost edified, yet partly nonplussed, when his former interrogator took him out promptly after dinner to show him the slums, and coolly told him on returning that he was to preach to a confraternity that evening.

But what struck him most forcibly was, the calm independence with which each individual expressed his opinion, and the easy toleration with which they differed from each other, and even contradicted, without the slightest shade of asperity or resentment. This was a perpetual wonder to Luke during his whole career in England.

The following Friday he was submitted to a brief examination for faculties. His examiners were the Vicar-General and the Diocesan Inspector, a convert from Anglicanism.

"In the case of a convert," said the Vicar, without preliminaries, "whom you ascertained to have never been baptized, but who was married, and had a grown-up family, what would you do?"

"I should proceed with great caution," said Luke, to whom the question seemed rather impertinent and far-fetched. He had been expecting to be asked how many grave professors were on this side, and how many excellent writers were on that side, of some abstruse theological problem.

"Very good," said the Vicar, "and then?"

"I think I should let it alone," said Luke.

"Very good. But these good people are not married. Could you allow them to remain so?"

"It depends on whether they are *bona fide*, or *mala fide*," said Luke, reddening.

"Of course they are *bona fide*," said the Vicar. "Look it up, Delmege, at your convenience."

"How would you refute the arguments for continuity amongst the Anglican divines?" said the Inspector.

"How would you prove to a lunatic that black is not white, and that yesterday is not to-day?" said Luke. Ah, Luke! Luke! where are all your resolutions about interior recollection and self-restraint? You are far from the illuminative state, as yet!

"That will hardly do," said the Inspector, smiling courteously; "remember you have to face Laud and the Elizabethans, and Pusey and the host of Victorian divines, now."

"We never thought of such things," said Luke; "we thought that the old doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Confession, etc., were the subjects of controversy to-day. No one in Ireland even dreams of denying that the Reformation was a distinct secession."

"Very good, very good," said the Inspector. "One word more. In case you had a sick-call to St. Thomas's Hospital here, and when you arrived, you found the surgeons engaged in an operation on a Catholic patient, which operation would probably prove fatal, what would you do?"

"I would politely ask them to suspend the operation for a few minutes—"

"And do you think they would remove the knives at your request, and probably let the patient collapse?"

"I 'd give the patient conditional absolution," said Luke, faintly.

"Very good. You wouldn't—a—knock down two or three of the surgeons and clear the room?" said the Vicar, with a smile.

"N-no," said Luke. He was very angry. Dear me! no one appears to have heard of Wegscheider at all.

"That 's all right," said the examiners. "You 'll get the printed form of faculties this afternoon. Confessions tomorrow from two to six, and from seven to ten. Good-day."

Luke went to his room. He was never so angry in his life before. He expected a lengthened ordeal, in which deep and recondite questions would be introduced, and in which he would have some chance at last of showing what he had learned in the famous halls of his college. And lo! not a particle of dust was touched or flicked away

from dusty, dead folios; but here spick and span, were trotted out airy nothings about ephemeral and transient everyday existences; and he had not got one chance of saying—"*Sic argumentaris Domine!*" Evidently, these men had never heard of a syllogism in their lives. And then, everything was so curt and short as to be almost contemptuous. Clearly, these men had something to do in the work-aday world besides splitting hairs with a young Hibernian. Luke was angry with himself, with his college, with that smiling ex-parson, who had probably read about two years' philosophy and theology before his ordination; and with that grim, sardonic old Vicar, who had never opened a treatise since he graduated at Douai or Rheims. Hence it happened that at dinner, when a strange priest asked simply what percentage of illiterates were in the diocese, and the old Vicar grimly answered:—

"About fifty per cent.—mostly Irish and Italian"—Luke flared up and said:—

"We weren't illiterate when we brought the Faith of old to your ancestors, who were eating acorns with the boars in your forests, and painting their dirty bodies with woad; and when your kings were glad to fly to our monasteries for an education, nowhere else obtainable on this planet."

The stranger patted Luke on the back, and said "Bravo!" The Vicar pushed over the jug of beer. But they were friends from that moment. A gnarled, knotty, not in any sense of the word euphonious old Beresark was this same old Vicar—his steel-blue eyes staring ever steadily and with anxious inquiry in them from the jagged penthouse of gray eyebrows; and his clear, metallic voice, never toned down to politeness and amenity, but dashed in a spray of sarcasm on bishop, and canon, and curate indiscriminately. He would blow you sky high at a moment's notice; the next minute he would kneel down and tie the latchets of your shoes. A wonderful taste and talent, too, he had for economics; not ungenerous by any means, or parsimonious; but he objected very strongly to any abstraction of jam on the sleeve of your soutane, or any too generous distribution of brown gravy on the thirsty tablecloth.

Saturday came, and Luke braced himself for the second

great act of his ministry—his first confession. He had scampered over the treatise on Penance the night before; and just at two o'clock he passed, with fear and trembling, to his confessional. He had said a short, tremulous prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; had cast a look of piteous appeal towards the Lady Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy commingled, he slipped quietly past the row of penitents, and put on his surplice and stole. Then he reflected for a moment, and drew the slide. A voice from the dark recess, quavering with emotion, commenced the *Confiteor* in Irish. Luke started at the well-known words, and whispered *Deo gratias*. It was an ancient mariner, and the work was brief. But Luke recollected all the terrible things he had heard about dumb and statuesque confessors; and that poor Irishman got a longer lecture than he had heard for many a day.

"I must be a more outrageous sinner even than I thought," he said. "I never got such a ballyragging in my life before!"

Luke drew the slide at his left; and a voice, this time of a young girl, whispered hoarsely:—

"I ain't goin' to confession, Feyther; but I 'eard as you wos from Hireland, and I kem to arsk assistance to tek me out of 'ell!"

"By all means, my child," said Luke, shivering, "if I can assist you in any way; but why do you say that you are not going to confession?"

"I ain't prepared, Feyther. I ain't been to confession since I left the convent school, five years are gone."

"And you 've been in London all this time?"

"Yaas, Feyther; I 've been doin' bad altogether. It 's 'ell, Feyther, and I want to git out o' 'ell!"

"Well, but how can I assist you?"

"Ev you gi' me my passage, Feyther, to Waterford, I 'll beg the rest of the way to my huncle in the County Kilkenny. And so 'elp me God, Feyther—"

"Sh—h—h!" said Luke. A cold perspiration had broken out all over his body. It was the first time he was brought face to face with the dread embodiment of vice.

His next penitent was a tiny dot, with a calm, English face, and yellow ringlets running down almost to her feet. Her mother, dressed in black, took the child to the con-

fessional door, bade her enter, and left her. Here even the mother, in all other things inseparable from her child, must not accompany. The threshold of the confessional and the threshold of death are sacred to the soul and God. Unlike the Irish children, who jump up like jacks-in-the-box, and toss back the black hair from their eyes, and smile patronizingly on their friend, the confessor, as much as to say, "Of course you know me?" this child slowly and distinctly said the prayers, made her confession, and waited. Here Luke was in his element, and he lifted that soul up, up into the empyrean, by coaxing, gentle, burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him. The child passed out with the smile of an angel on her face.

"Wisha, yer reverence, how my heart warmed to you the moment I see you. Sure he 's from the ould counthry, I sez to meself. There 's the red of Ireland in his cheeks, and the scint of the ould sod hanging around him. Wisha, thin, yer reverence, may I be bould to ask you what part of the ould land did ye come from?"

Luke mentioned his natal place.

"I thought so. I knew ye weren't from the North or West. Wisha, now thin, yer reverence, I wondher did ye ever hear tell of a Mick Mulcahy, of Slievereene, in the County of Kerry, who wint North about thirty years ago?"

Luke regretted to say he had never heard of that distinguished rover.

"Because he was my third cousin by the mother's side, and I thought yer reverence might have hard of him—"

"I am hardly twenty-three yet," said Luke, gently, although he thought he was losing valuable time.

"Wisha, God bless you; sure I ought to have seen it. I suppose I ought not to mintion it here, yer reverence, but this is an awful place. Betune furriners, and Frinchmen, and I-talians, and Jews, and haythens, who never hard the name of God or His Blessed Mother, 't is as much as we can do to save our poor sowls—"

"You ought to go back to Ireland," said Luke.

"Ah! wisha, thin, 't is I 'd fly in the mornin' across the say to that blessed and holy land; but sure, yer reverence, me little girl is married here, and I have to mind the childhre for her, whin she goes out to work, shoreing and washing to keep the bit in their mouths—' In the name av the

Father, and av the Son, and av the Holy Ghost. Amin—'"

"Father," said a gentle voice, as Luke drew the other slide, "I am ever so grateful to you for your kindness to my little one. She 's gone up to the Lady Altar; and I never saw her look half so happy before. You must have been very gentle with my dear child."

Luke's heart was swelling with all kinds of sweet emotions. Ah, yes! here, above all places, does the priest receive his reward. True, the glorious Mass has its own consolations, sweet and unutterable. So, too, has the Office, with its majestic poetry, lifting the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company of the blessed. So, too, has the daily, hourly battle with vice the exhilaration of a noble conflict; but nowhere are human emotions stirred into such sweet and happy delight as when soul speaks to soul, and the bliss of forgiveness is almost merged in the ecstasy of emancipation, and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to God.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

(1791—1851.)

"It is curious," says Mr. Justin McCarthy in 'A History of Our Own Times,' "how little is now remembered of Sheil, whom so many well-qualified authorities declared to be a genuine orator." Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels, speaks of Sheil's eloquence in terms of the highest praise, and disparages Canning. It is but a short time since Mr. Gladstone selected Sheil as one of three remarkable illustrations of great success as a speaker achieved in spite of serious defects of voice and delivery; the other two examples being Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Newman. Mr. Gladstone described Sheil's voice as like nothing but the sound produced by "a tin kettle battered about from place to place," knocking first against one side and then against another. "In anybody else," Mr. Gladstone went on to say, "I would not, if it had been in my choice, like to have listened to that voice; but in him I would not have changed it, for it was part of a most remarkable whole, and nobody ever felt it painful while listening to it. He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation, I believe, carried even to words, with a very vivid imagination and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half wildness in his aspect and delivery; his whole figure, and his delivery and his voice and his manner were all in such perfect keeping with one another that they formed a great parliamentary picture; and although it is now thirty-five years since I heard Mr. Sheil, my recollection of him is just as vivid as if I had been listening to him to-day."

Richard Lalor Sheil was born Aug. 16, 1791, at Bellevue House, on the river Suir, a little below Waterford.

He received his early education from a French abbé. His father's wish was that he should study for the priesthood, and he was sent to the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. He, however, decided on the bar as a profession, and in November, 1807, entered Trinity College, Dublin. Becoming a member of the College Historical Society, he took a prominent part in its debates. When only eighteen years of age he delivered his first speech in public at a meeting of the Catholic Association. He gained his degree of B.A. in 1811, and completed his studies for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1813 he returned to Ireland and took a leading part in the work of the Catholic Association.

He now turned his attention to playwriting, and produced 'Adelaide, or The Emigrants,' 'The Apostate,' 'Bellamira,' 'Evadne Montoni,' 'The Fatal Dowry,' and 'The Huguenots.' Though they had every advantage, being produced at the best theaters with prominent actors and actresses in the casts, they never secured any abiding success. In the meantime he had married Miss O'Halloran, niece of the Master of the Rolls.

He realized for his dramatic writings a sum of about £2,000 ($10,000) and then in 1822 turned his attention to his profession once more, and set himself to work up the practice so long neglected. He continued to take an active part in the prevailing political agitation, and wrote a severe criticism on O'Connell, which drew forth a not very flattering retort; but all this was forgiven and forgotten when Sheil gave the laudatory portrait of the Agitator which appeared in the 'Sketches of the Irish Bar' he was then contributing to *The New Monthly Magazine*. In the same year (1822) Sheil sustained a great blow in the death of his wife, shortly after the birth of an only child. For some time after this calamity he continued to contribute to *The New Monthly Magazine* papers on the Irish bar, written in conjunction with W. H. Curran. The 'Sketches of the Irish Bar' were afterward collected and published. An accidental meeting of Mr. O'Connell with Mr. Sheil at the house of a common friend in 1822 led to the former antagonists becoming fast friends in the work of Catholic Emancipation. He hurried about from county to county, and the number and variety of his speeches almost equaled those of the great Agitator himself. To escape for a short time from the constant pressure and turmoil of public life he visited France in 1826. Here his friend, the Abbé Genoude, was so much struck with his description of the state of Ireland that he induced him to contribute to *L'Etoile*, a paper of which he was editor, a series of anonymous articles on the subject written in French.

In 1830 he received the silk gown, and the same year he adopted the name of Lalor, on the occasion of his second marriage, to the widow of Mr. Power of Gurteen, a lady who inherited large property in the County of Tipperary from her father, Mr. Lalor of Crenagh. Sheil now resolved to attempt to enter Parliament. After some disappointment and a defeat in contesting Louth, the Marquis of Anglesea offered him the seat for Milborne Port, which he accepted. His first speech in the House of Commons was made on the Reform Bill in March, 1831, and it produced a favorable impression.

At the next general election, in 1832, he was returned for the County of Tipperary, which he continued to represent in Parliament till 1841, when he became Member for Dungarvan. His wife's fortune rendering him entirely independent of his profession, he now retired from the bar and devoted himself exclusively to a political career. His speeches on 'Repeal of the Union,' in 1843, 'Turkish Treaties' in the same year, 'Orange Lodges' and the 'Church of Ireland' in 1839, the 'Corn Laws' in 1842, 'Vote by Ballot' in 1843, and 'Income Tax' in 1845, were among his most important political utterances. In 1839 he was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

He opposed the movement for Repeal in 1840, but did so under the conviction that it could effect no good end, and that the House of Commons would not concede it. In 1841 he was appointed Judge Advocate-General, a more remunerative office than the one which he held in the Board of Trade.

With the beginning of the year 1844 the O'Connell trial came on. Sheil ably defended John O'Connell, son of the Liberator and in his

speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a sample of this great injustice the case of Charles Gavan Duffy and his notable trial for an article in the *Belfast Vindicator*.

In 1845 the death of his only son at Madeira, where Mrs. Sheil and he had gone for the sake of the young man's health, threw him into a deep melancholy, and for a time he could not be induced to leave the island. Ultimately, in 1846, he was prevailed upon to return to England, and again to enter upon public life. On the accession of Lord John Russell to power, Sheil was appointed Master of the Mint, a state office usually held by members of the Cabinet.

He went to Florence in 1850 as Ambassador at the court of Tuscany, where he spent some very happy days, surrounded by treasures of art, in which his poetical nature delighted. His familiarity with French enabled him to mix in society, where his wit and geniality were highly appreciated. In that city he died, May 25, 1851. His remains, which were conveyed to Ireland in a ship of war, are interred at Long Orchard in Tipperary. Several editions of Sheil's 'Speeches' with a memoir by T. MacNevin have appeared; also 'Memoir and Speeches of Richard Lalor Sheil,' by W. Torrens M'Cullagh, two vols., London, 1855.

IRELAND'S PART IN ENGLISH ACHIEVEMENT.

From the Speech in the House of Commons in 1837.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the national power dilating, expanding, and ascending; never did a liberated nation spring on in the career that freedom throws open towards improvement with such a bound as we have; in wealth, in intelligence, in high feeling, in all the great constituents of a state, we have made in a few years an astonishing progress. The character of our country is completely changed; we are free, and we feel as if we never had been slaves. Ireland stands as erect as if she had never stooped; although she once bowed her forehead to the earth, every trace of her prostration has been effaced.

But these are generalities; these are vague and abstract vauntings, without detail. Well, if you stand in need of specification, it shall be rapidly, but not inconclusively, given. But hold: I was going to point to the first law offices in the country, filled by Roman Catholics; I was going to point to the second judicial office in Ireland, filled by a Roman Catholic; I was going to point to the crowds of Roman Catholics, who, in every profession and walk of life, are winning their way to eminence in the walks that

lead to affluence or to honor. But one single fact suffices for my purpose: Emancipation was followed by Reform, and Reform has thrown sixty men, devoted to the interests of Ireland, into the House of Commons. If the Clare election was a great incident; if the Clare election afforded evidence that Emancipation could not be resisted, look at sixty of us (what are Longford and Carlow but a realization of the splendid intimations that Clare held out?), look, I say, at sixty of us—the majority, the great majority, of the representatives of Ireland—leagued and confederated by an obligation and a pledge as sacred as any with which men, associated for the interests of their country, were ever bound together.

Thank God, we are here! I remember the time when the body to which I belong was excluded from all participation in the great legislative rights of which we are now in the possession. I remember to have felt humiliated at the tone in which I heard the cause of Ireland pleaded, when I was occasionally admitted under the gallery of the House of Commons. I felt pain at hearing us represented as humble suppliants for liberty, and as asking freedom as if it were alms that we were soliciting. Perhaps that tone was unavoidable: thank God, it is no longer necessary or appropriate. Here we are, in all regards your equals, and demanding our rights as the representatives of Britons would demand their own. We have less eloquence, less skill, less astuteness than the great men to whom, of old, the interests of Ireland were confided; but we make up for these imperfections by the moral port and national bearing that become us. In mastery of diction we may be defective; in resources of argument we may be wanting; we may not be gifted with the accomplishments by which persuasion is produced; but in energy, in strenuousness, in union, in fidelity to our country and to each other, and, above all, in the undaunted and dauntless determination to enforce equality for Ireland, we stand unsurpassed. This, then, is the power with which the noble lord courts an encounter, foretells his own victories, and triumphs in their anticipation in the House of Commons. Where are his means of discomfiting us? To what resources does he look for the accomplishment of the wonders which he is to perform? Does he rely upon the excitement of the re-

ligious and national prejudices of England; and does he find it in his heart to resort to the "no Popery" cry?

Instead of telling him what he is doing, I'll tell the country what, thirty years ago, was done. In 1807 the Whigs were in possession of Downing Street, and the Tories were in possession of St. James's Palace, but, without the people, the possession of St. James's was of no avail. The Whigs proposed that Roman Catholics should be admitted to the higher grades in the army and navy. The Tories saw that their opportunity was come, and the "no Popery" cry was raised. There existed, at that time, a great mass of prejudice in England. You had conquered Ireland and enslaved her; you hated her for the wrongs that you had done her, and despised her, and perhaps justly, for her endurance: the victim of oppression naturally becomes the object of scorn; you loathed our country, and you abhorred our creed. Of this feeling the Tories took advantage; the tocsin of fanaticism was rung; the war whoop of religious discord, the savage yell of infuriated ignorance, resounded through the country.

Events that ought to have been allowed to remain buried in the oblivion of centuries were disinterred; every misdeed of Catholics, when Catholics and Protestants imbrued their hands alternately in blood, was recalled; the ashes of the Smithfield fires were stirred for sparks with which the popular passions might be ignited. The re-establishment of Popery; the downfall of every Protestant institution; the annihilation of all liberty, civil or religious; these were the topics with which crafty men, without remorse of conscience, worked on the popular delusion. At public assemblies, senators, more remarkable for Protestant piety than Christian charity, delivered themselves of ferocious effusions amidst credulous and enthusiastic multitudes.

Then came public abuses, at which libations to the worst passions of human nature were prodigally poured out. "Rally round the king, rally round the church, rally round the religion of your forefathers," these were the invocations with which the English people were wrought into frenzy; and having, by these expedients, driven their antagonists from office, the Tories passed, themselves, the very measure from which they made their competitors the

objects of their denunciation. Are you playing the same game? If you are, then shame, shame upon you! I won't pronounce upon your motives: let the fact be their interpreters. What is the reason that a new edition of Fox's 'Martyrs,' with hundreds of subscribers, and with the name of the Duke of Cumberland at their head, has been announced? Wherefore, from one extremity of the country to the other, in every city, town, and hamlet, is a perverse ingenuity employed, in order to inspire the people of this country with a detestation of the religion of millions of their fellow citizens? Why is Popery, with her racks, her tortures, and her fagots, conjured up in order to appall the imagination of the English people? Why is perjury to our God, treason to our sovereign, a disregard of every obligation, divine and human, attributed to us? I leave you to answer those questions, and to give your answers, not only to the interrogatories which thus vehemently, and, I will own, indignantly I put to you, but to reply to those which must be administered to you, in your moments of meditation, by your own hearts.

But, whatever be your purpose in the religious excitement which you are endeavoring to get up in this country, of this I am convinced, that the result of your expedients will correspond with their deserts, and that as we have prevailed over you before, we shall again and again discomfit you. Yes, we, the Irish millions, led on by men like those that plead the cause of those millions in this House, must (it is impossible that we should not) prevail; and I am convinced that the people of England, so far from being disposed to array themselves against us, despite any remains of the prejudices which are fast passing away in this country, feel that we are entitled to the same privileges, and extend to us their sympathies in this good and glorious cause.

What is that cause? I shall rapidly tell you. You took away our Parliament—you took from us that Parliament which, like the House of Commons of this country, must have been under the control of the great majority of the people of Ireland, and would not, and could not, have withheld what you so long refused us. Is there a man here who doubts that if the Union had not been conceded, we

should have extorted Emancipation and Reform from our own House of Commons?

That House of Commons you bought, and paid for your bargain in gold; aye, and paid for it in the most palpable and sordid form in which gold can be paid down. But, while this transaction was pending, you told us that all distinctions should be abolished between us, and that we should become like unto yourselves. The great minister of the time, by whom that unexampled sale of our legislature was negotiated, held out equality with England as the splendid equivalent for the loss of our national representation; and, with classical references, elucidated the nobleness of the compact into which we had persuaded the depositants of the rights of their countrymen to enter. The Act of Union was passed, and twenty-nine years elapsed before any effectual measure was taken to carry its real and substantial terms into effect. At last, our enfranchisement was won by our own energy and determination; and, when it was in progress, we received assurances that, in every respect, we should be placed on a footing with our fellow citizens; and it was more specially announced to us, that to corporations, and to all offices connected with them, we should be at once admissible.

Pending this engagement, a bill is passed for the reform of the corporations of this country; and in every important municipal locality in England councilors are selected by the people as their representatives. This important measure having been carried here, the Irish people claim an extension of the same advantages, and ground their titles on the Union, on Emancipation, on Reform, and on the great principle of perfect equality between the two countries, on which the security of one country and the prosperity of both must depend. This demand on the part of Ireland is rejected; and that which to England no one was bold enough to deny, from Ireland you are determined, and you announce it, to withhold.

Is this justice? You will say that it is, and I should be surprised if you did not say so. I should be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot on the shores of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their

deep anxiety to do us justice—even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause—the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland. What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations?

There is, however, one man of great abilities, not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion—to be aliens—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion. Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim: "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed" ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable aux-

iliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that had never before reeled in the shock of war? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos?

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest—tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me [Sir Henry Hardinge], from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was leveled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

From 'Sketches of the Irish Bar.'

If any one being a stranger in Dublin should chance, as you return upon a winter's morning from one of the "small and early" parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square,[1] you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbors. The half-open parlor shutter and the light within announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps and under cover of the dark to reconnoiter the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions.

But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the book-cases, clogged with tomes in plain calfskin binding, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amid such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast who labor hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit, who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering specter, and are already brain-deep in the dizzy vortex of mortgages and cross-reminders and mergers and remitters, while his clients, still lapped in

[1] One of the principal squares in Dublin. There O'Connell resided for about thirty years.

sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil.

But should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits, with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arm can scarcely sustain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast, and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way, or listening to what the client relishes still better (for in no event can they be slided into a bill of costs), the counselor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor, or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurance that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate; and if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency, his business-like habits, his sanguine temperament, which render him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client, his acuteness, his fluency of thought and language, his unconquerable good-humor, and, above all, his versatility.

By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business the preparation for and the performance of which would be sufficient to wear down an ordinary constitution, and you naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose. But here again you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any

of the public meetings that are almost daily held for some purpose, or to no purpose, in Dublin,[1] to a certainty you will find the counselor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate with a strength of lungs and redundancy of animation as if he had that moment started fresh for the labors of the day. There he remains until, by dint of strength or dexterity, he has carried every point; and thence, if you would see him to the close of the day's "eventful history," you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the turbulent festivity of the evening and thrown off half a dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose, and is sure to be found before daybreak next morning at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen in the preceding situations the able-bodied, able-minded, acting, talking, multifarious person I have been just describing has no occasion to inquire his name. He may be assured that he is and can be no other than "Kerry's pride and Munster's glory," the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell.

His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befits a man of the people; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents in his own person the qualities upon which they rely. In his face he has been equally fortunate; it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or guile; if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature O'Connell has not neglected to set off by his external carriage and deportment; or perhaps I should rather say that the same hand which has molded the exterior has supersaturated

[1] This sketch was written in 1823, six years before Catholic Emancipation was an accomplished fact.

the inner man with a fund of restless propensity which it is quite beyond his power, as it is certainly beyond his inclination, to control. A large portion of this is necessarily expended upon his legal avocations; but the labors of the most laborious of professions cannot tame him into repose. After deducting the daily drains of the study and the courts, there remains an ample residuum of animal spirits and ardor for occupation, which go to form a distinct, and I might say a predominant character—*the political chieftain.*

The existence of this overweening vivacity is conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements, and being a popular, and more particularly a national, quality, greatly recommends him to the Irish people—"*Mobilitate viget*"—body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection.

See him in the streets and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury—if judiciously selected—would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of "Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze." As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other as if he had already burst his bonds and was kicking Protestant ascendency before him, while ever and anon a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off "the oppression of seven hundred years."

This intensely national sensibility is the prevailing peculiarity in O'Connell's character; for it is not only when abroad and in the popular gaze that Irish affairs seem to press on his heart. The same *Erin-go-bragh* feeling follows him into the most technical details of his forensic occupations. Give him the most dry and abstract position of the law to support—the most remote that imagination can conceive from the violation of the Articles of Limerick, and, ten to one, he will contrive to interweave a patriotic episode upon those examples of British domination. The people are never absent from his thoughts.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(1751—1816.)

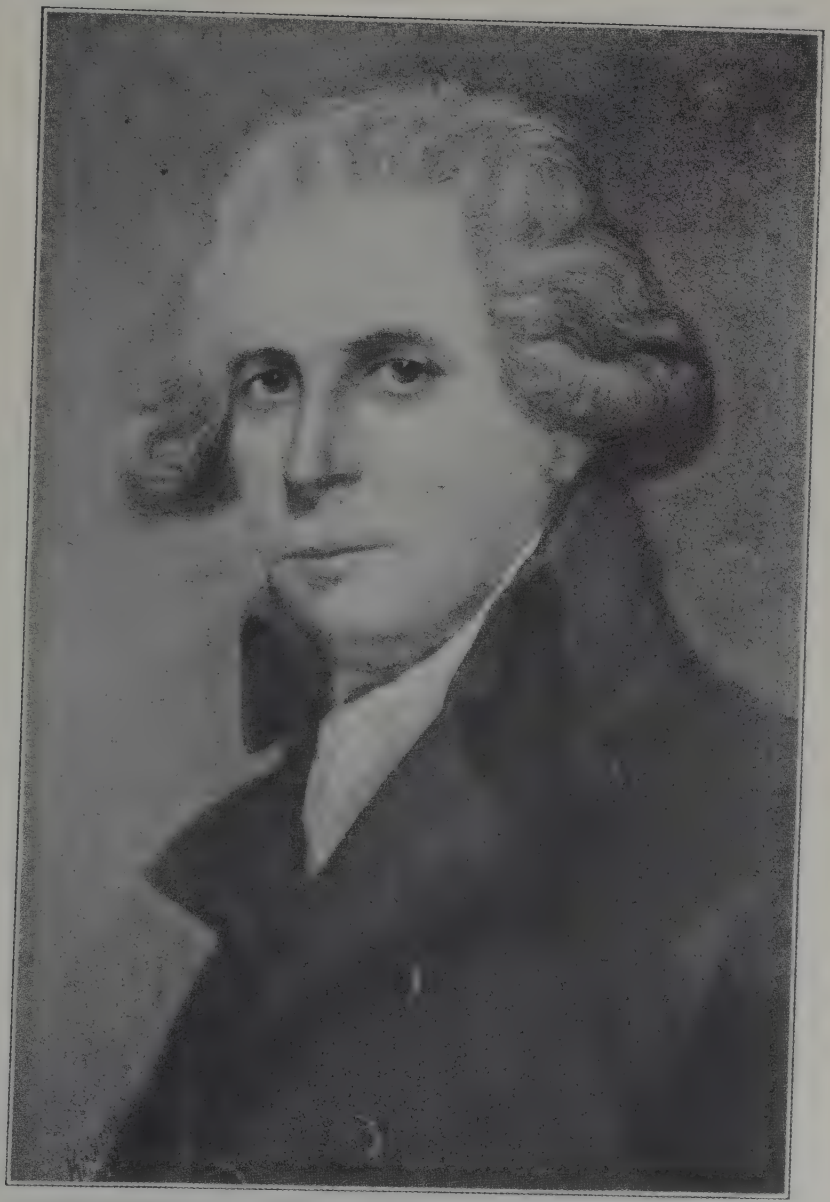
THE phenomenal succession of talent in the Sheridan family, extending over two hundred and fifty years and through at least six generations, should furnish supporters of the theories that have been advanced in favor of the law of heredity with at least one strong argument. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the greatest scion of this extraordinarily talented family, was the son of Thomas Sheridan, an actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer. His father, the grandfather of our subject, was a noted wit, a classical scholar, and an intimate friend of Dean Swift. Of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's three granddaughters, one became the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton. And then, in the direct line, came Lord Dufferin, the brilliant author and distinguished diplomatist.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. At school he earned for himself the character of a dunce, and when later he was sent to Harrow he manifested a greater capacity for school boy pranks than for the acquisition of knowledge. When he was eighteen his father removed him from Harrow, and the boy's education was finished under his care.

At that time, the city of Bath, in the West of England, was at the height of its fame as a resort of the *beau monde*, and when the Sheridan family removed to that city the young man was not long in acquiring that intimate knowledge of the many-sidedness of human nature which stood him in such good stead in the writing of the plays which made him famous. Bath was also the scene of his courtship, probably one of the most romantic recorded outside of fiction.

The lady was a daughter of Mr. Linley, a celebrated composer, and was herself a vocalist of the first order and possessed of great personal charms. She had a crowd of admirers, and Sheridan's passionate courtship of her was in secret. Already Mr. Long, an elderly and wealthy Wiltshire gentleman, had proposed for her, and had been accepted by her father; but on Miss Linley telling him the real state of the case he generously withdrew his suit and took upon himself the responsibility of breaking off the match. For this Mr. Linley sued him and obtained £3,000 ($15,000). Another lover of Miss Linley's was a person named Matthews, a married man, who prosecuted his suit rather rudely. She complained to her lover, and he remonstrated with Matthews to no effect. To escape his rudeness Miss Linley determined to leave Bath and abandon her profession. Her idea was to take refuge in a convent in France, and thither Sheridan started with her and a female companion. When they reached London they were privately married.

Matthews, however, still continued his persecution, now in the form of slanders upon Sheridan, some of which appeared in a Bath newspaper. This brought about first one, and then a second, duel. In



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

the first Matthews was wounded; in the second both fought until their swords were broken, and they themselves severely wounded. After a time Mr. Linley consented to the match. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared the notice: "April 13, 1773, Mr. Sheridan of The Temple to the celebrated Miss Linley of Bath." They retired to a cottage at East Burnham, going up to London in the winter. Owing to his talent and wit, and the manners and accomplishments of Mrs. Sheridan, they were received into the best society. But he was not idle in the meantime, for in January, 1775, 'The Rivals' was produced. It was coldly received on the first night, but it soon took its position as a classic and stock piece. In the same year he produced the farce 'St. Patrick's Day,' and soon after his comic opera of 'The Duenna' appeared at Covent Garden, and ran for ninety-five nights. But notwithstanding his success as a dramatic writer, so great was his extravagance that financial embarrassments had already begun to press upon him, and while his country-house was filled with lively parties, enjoying his hospitality and his wit, the dark clouds of debt hovered over him.

The great actor-manager Garrick retired in 1775 and Sheridan and others obtained possession of Drury Lane Theater. His father-in-law, Mr. Linley, Dr. Fordyce, and two other friends advanced the necessary funds for this, and Sheridan entered upon his new career determined to succeed. But no one could be worse fitted to carry on a great financial enterprise such as Drury Lane Theater. On opening the house under its new management Sheridan produced 'A Trip to Scarborough,' being an alteration of Vanbrugh's comedy 'The Relapse,' but it proved a failure.

"Finished at last, thank God!" he scribbled on the last page of the manuscript of 'The School for Scandal,' to which the prompter of the theater added an appropriate "Amen." It was first brought out in 1777 and at once took its place as the finest comedy in the English language. This proved a source of income to him all through his life. In 1778 he appointed his father manager of the theater, thinking that the old man's experience might act in some sort as a balance to the rashness of the young one. In 1779, the year of Garrick's death, Sheridan wrote some verses to his memory, and 'The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed,' a farce, which was a model of its kind. In the same year also his father, after a vain attempt to deal with the disordered state of affairs at the theater, resigned his post.

The entrance of Sheridan into the field of politics however postponed the crash. He was returned for Stafford in 1780 and was a Member of Parliament for over thirty years. From the first he joined with his friend Fox, and this of course led him to advocate the cause of the Prince of Wales, with whom he soon became too closely acquainted for his benefit. In 1782 he became Under Secretary of State; in 1783 Secretary of the Treasury; in 1806 Treasurer of the Navy and Privy Councilor; in the later year he was also elected Member for Westminster, but he lost his seat in 1807. His Parliamentary reputation as an orator was all this time growing, until it reached its culminating point in the speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which Lord Macaulay calls "the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression

which it produced was such as has never been equaled." It was greeted with applause on all sides, and the Ministers asked the House to adjourn, as under the influence of such eloquence they were unable to come to an impartial decision. Another of his famous orations was that on the press, in which he said, "Give me an unfettered press, and I will defy Court, Prince, and Parliament to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

In 1788 Sheridan's father died, and in 1792 he suffered a heavy blow in the death of his wife. It has been well said of her that she "possessed beauty without affectation; literary attainments without being a blue-stocking; natural accomplishments without vanity; she could occupy a dignified position in society without becoming artificial or neglecting her children. She had a turn for practical affairs; she looked after the accounts of the theater, and she held him to his political appointments."

In 1798 he produced 'Pizarro' and 'The Stranger,' both adaptations from Kotzebue. In 1804 he was appointed to the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall by the Prince of Wales, "as a trifling proof of that friendship his Royal Highness had felt for him for a series of years." A few years after the death of his first wife he married Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who brought him a considerable accession of means. But notwithstanding this and his other sources of income, matters at the theater had become almost unbearable, when they were brought to a crisis by the burning down of the house. Arrangements were soon made for its rebuilding, and it was agreed that Sheridan should receive £20,000 ($100,000) for his claims and share of the property.

And now the duns like vultures gathered round him to share the spoil. His habits became more dissolute, and his friends did not seek his company so often, nor did the Prince invite him so frequently. In the spring of 1816 his health gave way. So pressing now became his creditors that he was actually arrested in bed, and with great difficulty the bailiff was persuaded not to remove him. The Bishop of London, hearing of his state, attended him, and Sheridan appeared greatly comforted by his prayers and spiritual advice. On July 7, 1816, he passed away without a struggle. His remains were laid in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his 'Lectures on the English Comic Writers,' says of Sheridan: "He has been justly called 'a dramatic star of the first magnitude'; and, indeed, among the comic writers of the last century, he 'shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights.' He has left four dramas behind him, all different or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way. . . . This is the merit of Sheridan's comedies, that everything in them tells there is no labor in vain. . . . 'The School for Scandal' is, if not the most original, perhaps the mos finished and faultless comedy which we have. When it is acted you hear the people all around you exclaiming, 'Surely it is impossible for anything to be cleverer!' 'The Rivals' is one of the most agreeable comedies we have. In the elegance and brilliancy of the dialogue, in a certain animation of moral sentiment, and in the masterly *dénouement* of the fable, 'The School for Scandal' is superior, but 'The Rivals' has more life and action in it, and abounds in a greater

speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a number of whimsical characters, unexpected incidents, and absurd contrasts of situation. . . . 'The Duenna' is a perfect work of art. It has the utmost sweetness and point. The plot, the characters, the dialogue are all complete in themselves, and they are all his own, and the songs are the best that ever were written, except those in 'The Beggar's Opera.' They have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a strain of the most melting tenderness."

Next to the sayings of Sydney Smith, the *bons-mots* of Sheridan are the most profuse, the most abundant, and the most quotable. Some of his biographers have let us into the secrets of the laboratory in which many of his good things were compounded, but most of his recorded sayings are obviously retorts made on the spur of the moment. Sheridan himself wrote: "A true-trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—and detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambuscade of his ready-made joke"; and his practice showed him, according to his own definition, to be a "true-trained wit," for often the *bon-mot* was carefully elaborated and then the conversation as carefully guided to a fitting point at which the wit might be brought forth with apparent spontaneity. Many of his contemporaries testify that his wit was so incessant that it could not but be spontaneous: as for example, when Burke melodramatically threw a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, Sheridan at once remarked, "The honorable gentleman has given us the knife, but where is the fork?"

In 1825, 'The Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan' appeared, written by Thomas Moore, who is said to have received £2,000 ($10,000) for the copyright. Among the many editions of Sheridan's works which have been published we may notice: 'Speeches,' 5 vols., 1798; 'Dramatic Works,' edited by Thomas Moore, 2 vols., 1821; and another edition by Leigh Hunt was issued in 1841.

More recent criticism of Sheridan's work has been less sympathetic than that of Hazlitt, but the public appreciation of it is undiminished to this day, and it has never been said of Sheridan, as it has been said of Shakespeare, that "his plays spelled bankruptcy for the management." There is much in the character of Sheridan that has elicited severe criticism from writers who have been felt called upon to play the part of moral censor, but Sheridan had *les défauts de ses qualités;* this fact, and the manners and customs of his age and his environment, must all be taken into account if we would truly judge his character. He could not after all have been a very bad man of whom Tom Moore could say:

> "Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;
> Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,
> Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
> Was as rapid as deep, and as brilliant a tide
> As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave."

SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO PITT'S FIRST INCOME-TAX.

Delivered in the House of Commons.

A wise man, sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words: "I rise, Mr. Speaker, if I have risen." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman [1] that he actually did rise, and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was employed in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage—what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city of London! Let him say: "Rejoice, my friends! Bonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!" For here Scipio tells us you may every moment expect to hear of Lord Hawkesbury making his triumphal entry into Paris. It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal; but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious—

"Juvenem furentem cupidine regni"—

and assured the Senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British Senate?

[1] Mr. Perceval, afterward Chancellor of the Exchequer.

If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man or a single guinea being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the Senate; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one:

"Carthaginis mœnia Romæ munerata."

If they did not follow his advice, they had themselves to blame for it.

The circumstance of a great, exclusive, and victorious republic, breathing nothing but war in the long exercise of its most successful operations, surrounded with triumphs, and panting for fresh laurels, to be compared, much less represented as inferior, to the military power of England, is childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman Republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, sir, ever hear it stated that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And, if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rhodomontade declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets:

"I, demens, curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et DECLAMATIO fias.'
—*Juvenal*, Sat. x. 166.

The proper ground, sir, upon which this bill should be opposed I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the graduations rose must be laid aside and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment, so that the minister cannot get at him in the

same way again by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread, and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the lower orders. Every burthen imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. A coachmaker, for instance, would willingly compromise with the minister, to give him a hundred guineas not to lay the tax upon coaches; for though the hundred guineas would be much more than his proportion of the new tax, yet it would be much better for him to pay the larger contribution, than, by the laying down of coaches, be deprived of those orders by which he got his bread. The same is the case with watchmakers, which I had lately an opportunity of witnessing, who, by the tax imposed last year, are reduced to a state of ruin, starvation, and misery; yet, in proposing that tax, the minister alleged that the poor journeymen could not be affected, as the tax would only operate on the gentlemen by whom the watches were worn. It is as much cant, therefore, to say that, by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment or by symptoms of opulence.

There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a state: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and, thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to be too sanguine in the success even of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority and the higher departments of the state. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented that, whatever may be the burdens or distresses of the people, the government has

hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything, and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner inconceivable to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed that in the west of Europe there was a small island which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the state, and that every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbor in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim: "Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible." But far different would be his sentiments if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its bonus!

If the first example were given from the highest authority there would at least be some hopes of its being followed by other great men who received large revenues from the government. I would instance particularly the Teller of the Exchequer, and another person of high rank, who receive from their offices £13,000 a year more in war than they do in peace. The last noble lord (Lord Grenville) had openly declared for perpetual war, and could not bring his mind to think of anything like a peace with the French. Without meaning any personal disrespect, it was the nature of the human mind to receive a bias from such circumstances. So much was this acknowledged in the rules of this House that any person receiving a pension or high employment from his Majesty thereby vacated his seat. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to expect that the noble lord would contribute his proportion, and that a considerable one, to carry on the war, in order to show the world his freedom from such a bias. In respect to a near relative of that noble lord, I mean the noble marquis (Marquis of Buckingham), there could be no doubt of his coming forward liberally.

I remember when I was Secretary to the Treasury the noble marquis sent a letter there requesting that his office might, in point of fees and emoluments, be put under the same economical regulations as the others. The reason he assigned for it was, "the emoluments were so much greater in time of war than peace that his conscience would be

hurt by feeling that he received them from the distresses of his country." No retrenchment, however, took place in that office. If, therefore, the marquis thought proper to bring the arrears since that time also from his conscience, the public would be at least £40,000 the better for it. By a calculation I have made, which I believe, cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burdens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded tomorrow we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of £28,000,000. To this is further to be added the expense of that system by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incumbrances, the first thing to be done is to restore the credit of the bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honor. Let it no longer, in the minister's hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off. I remember, in consequence of expressions made use of in this House upon former discussions, when it was thought the minister would relinquish that unnatural and ruinous alliance, the newspapers sported a good deal with the idea that the House of Commons had forbid the bans between him and the old lady.[1] Her friends had interfered, it was said, to prevent the union, as it was well known that it was her dower he sought, and not her person nor the charms of her society.

It is, sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people to observe the juggle between the minister and the bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay, but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a lock and key upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor saying, "I can, but will not pay you." Such was the real condition of the bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons, and the chairman [2] reported from the committee, stating its prosperity and the great

[1] "Old lady of Threadneedle Street" is in England a common expression for the Bank of England.

[2] Mr. Bragge was chairman of the committee, and this gave Sheridan the hint for his punning allusion.

increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to vary the old saying, "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better." "Ah!" said he, "my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it." He kept his word, took the money, gave the Exchequer bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please; they cannot touch our public credit at least. The minister has wisely provided against it; for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us is his assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope that, though the bank now presents a meager specter, as soon as peace is restored the golden bust will make its reappearance. This, however, is far from being the way to inspirit the nation or intimidate the enemy. Ministers have long taught the people of the inferior order that they can expect nothing from them but by coercion, and nothing from the great but by corruption. The highest encouragement to the French will be to observe the public supineness. Can they have an aprehension of nationl energy or spirit in a people whose minister is eternally oppressing them?

Though, sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, to strip to the skin. "It is an established maxim," we are told, that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder. I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite to me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling to preserve the rest, I should willingly comply, and think my-

self obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my twentieth shilling, I should ask him, "Where is the remainder? Where is my pound now? Why, my friend, that is no joke at all." Upon the whole, sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace and the removal of the present ministers.

MRS. MALAPROP.

From 'The Rivals.'

Re-enter LUCY *in a hurry.*

Lucy. O, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lydia. They 'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. (*Exit* LUCY.)

Julia. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he 'll detain me, to show me the town. I 'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming upstairs.

Lydia. Well, I 'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I 'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you 'll find another staircase.

Julia. Adieu! (*Embraces* LYDIA, *and exit.*)

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling 'Peregrine Pickle' under the toilet—throw 'Roderick Random' into the closet—put 'The Innocent Adultery' into 'The Whole Duty of Man'—thrust 'Lord Aimworth' under the sofa—cram 'Ovid' behind the bolster—there—put 'The Man of Feeling' into your pocket—so, so—now lay 'Mrs. Chapone' in sight, and leave 'Fordyce's Sermons' open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, ma'am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as 'Proper Pride.'

Lydia. Never mind—open at 'Sobriety.'—Fling me 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters.'—Now for 'em.

(*Exit* LUCY.)

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Malaprop. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I 'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she 's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you 're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 't is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he 'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 't is unknown what tears I shed!

—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

Lydia. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I 'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anthony. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and

artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 't was "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Malaprop. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this pro-

posal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

(*Exit.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—(*Calls.*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

SCENE III.—MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Absolute. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir, you do me infinite honor! I beg, captain, you'll be seated. (*They sit.*) Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Absolute. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!—You

are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Absolute. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I 'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs. Malaprop. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Absolute. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Absolute. Oh, the devil! my last note. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Ay, here it is.

Absolute. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Absolute. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, but read it, captain.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!* —Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Malaprop. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

Mrs. Malaprop. That 's you, sir.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honor.*—Well, that 's handsome enough.

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Absolute. That he had, I 'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. But go on, sir—you 'll see presently.

Absolute. (*Reads.*) *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you*—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Malaprop. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Absolute. Impudent scoundrel!—(*Reads.*) *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand*—

Mrs. Malaprop. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Absolute. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—(*Reads.*) *same ridiculous vanity*—

Mrs. Malaprop. You need not read it again, sir.

Absolute. I beg pardon, ma'am.—(*Reads.*) *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*—an impudent coxcomb!—*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*—Was ever such assurance?

Mrs. Malaprop. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

Absolute. So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Absolute. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Absolute. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir!

Absolute. Gently, good tongue. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. What did you say of Beverley?

Absolute. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she 'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. 'T would be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he 'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—(*Calling.*) He 'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Absolute. 'T is very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I 'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I 'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Absolute. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you 've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I 'll see whether she knows me.

(*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*)

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favored lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent

wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I 'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Absolute. Ma'am. (*Turns round.*)

Lydia. O heavens! Beverley!

Absolute. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Absolute. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lydia. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Absolute. Oh, she 's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

Absolute. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Absolute. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'t will be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—How charming will poverty be with him! (*Aside.*)

Absolute. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here.—(*Embracing her.*) If she holds out now, the devil is in it! (*Aside.*)

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Malaprop. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. (*Aside.*)

Absolute. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Malaprop. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. (*Aside.*)

Lydia. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Malaprop. An ill-tempered little devil! She 'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Malaprop. Very dutiful, upon my word! (*Aside.*)

Lydia. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! (*Aside.*)

Absolute. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

(*Kneeling.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. (*Aside.*) Ay, poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—(*Coming forward.*) Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Absolute. Oh, confound her vigilance! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Absolute. (*Aside.*) So all 's safe, I find.—(*Aloud.*) I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh, there 's nothing to be hoped for from her! she 's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Malaprop. Good heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a

young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'T is true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Malaprop. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Absolute. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she 's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Malaprop. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Absolute. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

Mrs. Malaprop. Hussy! I 'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

(*Exeunt severally;* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*)

BOB ACRES' DUEL.

From ' The Rivals.'

ACRES' *Lodgings.* *Enter* SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and re-



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES"

ceive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Lucius. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul.

Sir Lucius. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir Lucius. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius. What the devil signifies *right* when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No. by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius. Ah! my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I 'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir Lucius. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage!—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here 's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I 'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius. Pray compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'me!

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres. That 's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. (*Writing and repeating.*) "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—Well?—

Sir Lucius. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—there 's the reason—"same lady"—Well?—

Sir Lucius. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Zounds, I 'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir Lucius. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company"—

Sir Lucius. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well?

Sir Lucius. Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—" in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that 's down. Well, I 'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding

Sir Lucius. Now, I 'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice and you 'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worse come of it, 't will be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Lucius. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message, but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. (*Exit* SIR LUCIUS.)

ACRES *sealing the letter, while* DAVID *his servant enters.*

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honor couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman.* Look ye, master, this *honor* seems to me a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me), well —my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him (the more 's my luck). Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honor.* But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David. Now that 's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 't is ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—d double-barreled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the mes-

senger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off. (*Drops it in alarm.*)

Acres. (*Starting.*) Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'t will be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillips will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I 'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. (*Exit* SERVANT.)

David. (*On his knees.*) Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What 's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good-bye, master. (*Exit* DAVID, *whimpering.*)

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Captain Absolute. What 's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead; if I hadn't the valor of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Captain Absolute. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! there—(*Gives him the challenge.*)

Captain Absolute. "To Ensign Beverley." (*Aside.*) So, what 's going on now? Well, what 's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Captain Absolute. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I 'll

fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Captain Absolute. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Captain Absolute. Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Captain Absolute. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend! —you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. Why no, Bob, not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Captain Absolute. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Captain Absolute. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'t is all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honor.

Captain Absolute. No! that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Captain Absolute. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true. But stay—stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Captain Absolute. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Captain Absolute. Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob."

(*Exeunt severally.*)

King's Mead-fields.—Enter SIR LUCIUS *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

Acres. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. It is for muskets or small field-pieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there 's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I 'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir Lucius. Ah, that 's a pity!—there 's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I 've practiced that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey!—Odd! I 'll make myself small enough—I 'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now, you 're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*leveling at him*).

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head?

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side,' 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Lucius. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him*), let him see the broadside of your full front. (*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*) Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? (*Acres turns reluctantly.*) There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! A ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye! Sir Lucius—I 'd just as lieve be shot

in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

Acres. (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

Sir Lucius. Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey?—what!—coming!

Sir Lucius. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking.*) Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honor, your honor. Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!
(*Shakes his hand.*)

Captain Absolute. Hark ye, Bob, Beverley's at hand.
(*Acres retreats to left.*)

Sir Lucius. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland.*) So, Mr. Beverley, if you 'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I 'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

(*Shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back.*)

Sir Lucius. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius. Well now, that 's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by standing out.

Captain Absolute. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius!

Faulkland. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I 'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there 's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I 'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 't is one Beverley I 've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I 'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

Captain Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Now you have an opportunity.

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I 'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I 'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. Very well, sir. (*Gently.*) Look ye, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in a joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

Sir Lucius. (*Sternly.*) Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Acres. I 'm very glad of it.

Captain Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home!

THE SCANDAL CLASS MEETS.

From the 'School for Scandal.'

SCENE. *A room in* LADY SNEERWELL'S *house.* LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE *discovered.*

Lady Sneerwell. Nay, positively we will hear it.

Joseph Surface. Yes, yes, the epigram; by all means.

Sir Benjamin. Oh, plague on 't, uncle! 't is mere nonsense.

Crabtree. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benjamin. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

> Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
> Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies;[1]
> To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,—
> Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

Crabtree. There, ladies: done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface. A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Benjamin. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs. Candour. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter.

Lady Teazle. I believe he'll wait on your Ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your Ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle. (*Aside.*) I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

Mrs. Candour. Now I'll die; but you are scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Candour. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour. She has a charming fresh color.

[1] *Macaronies*, an allusion to the "Italomanic" dandies of the day.

Lady Teazle. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour. O fie! I 'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

Lady Teazle. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin. True, ma'am: it not only comes and goes, but what 's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is—or was—very handsome.

Crabtree. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she 's six-and-fifty if she 's an hour!

Mrs. Candour. Now positively you wrong her: fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin. Ah! there 's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that 's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 't is not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk 's antique.

Crabtree. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benjamin. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were—thus. (*Shows her teeth.*)

Mrs. Candour. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teazle. Nay, I allow even that 's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture

of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: "how do you do, madam? Yes, madam." (*Mimics.*)

Lady Sneerwell. Very well, Lady Teazle: I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle. In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter. Ladies, your most obedient.—(*Aside.*) Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter. That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Candour. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell. That 's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter. Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree. Yes; and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious,—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage: and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for

let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneerwell. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour. True; and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter. (*Aside.*) Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

Mrs. Candour. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter. No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes,—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle,—and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 't is a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin. So she has, indeed—an Irish front.

Crabtree. Caledonian locks—

Sir Benjamin. Dutch nose—

Crabtree. Austrian lips—

Sir Benjamin. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crabtree. And teeth *à la Chinoise*—

Sir Benjamin. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hóte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation—

Crabtree. Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest; and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter. (*Aside.*) Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week!

Mrs. Candour. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there 's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you 'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature: too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell. O Lud, Sir Peter! would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Candour. But surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter. Yes, madam: I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.



ADA REHAN AS "LADY TEAZLE"

In the screen scene in "The School for Scandal"

Lady Sneerwell. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers* SIR PETER.

Sir Peter. I 'll be with them directly. (*Exit servant.*) (*Aside.*) I 'll get away unperceived.

Lady Sneerwell. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter. Your Ladyship must excuse me. I 'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. (*Exit.*)

Sir Benjamin. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle. Oh, pray don't mind that: come, do let 's hear them.

(*Exeunt all but* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* MARIA.)

Joseph Surface. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are: they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

AUCTIONING OFF ONE'S RELATIVES.

From the 'School for Scandal.'

[Charles Surface, an amiable but dissipated young man of fashion, has decided to raise money for his pastimes by selling to a supposed "broker" his last salable property, the family portraits. The purchaser of them, under the name of "Mr. Premium," is Charles's uncle, Sir Oliver Surface, who, in disguise, desires to study his graceless nephew's character and extravagances.

The scene is the disfurnished mansion of Charles in London; and he is at table with several friends when the feigned Mr. Premium is presented.]

Charles Surface. (*To* SIR OLIVER.) Mr. Premium, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression; he 'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing: I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he 's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles. Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for 't!

Sir Oliver. Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what 's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles. Nothing but live stock—and that only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies—Sir Oliver Surface—from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles. Oh, no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I 'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver. Indeed! This is the first I 've heard of it.

Charles. Yes, yes, 't is just so. Moses knows 't is true; don't you, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes! I 'll swear to 't.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Egad, they 'll persuade me presently I 'm at Bengal.

Charles. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it 's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

Charles. Oh, yes, you would! The moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles. What! I suppose you 're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles. There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no: the climate has hurt him considerably—poor Uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I 'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir Oliver. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

Charles. Ha! ha! ha!—you 're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. No, no, I 'm not.

Charles. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver. But I 'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Charles. Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he 's come or not. No, no: rely on 't he 's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes most undoubted!

Sir Oliver. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles. How do you mean?

Sir Oliver. For instance, now I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

Charles. O Lud! that 's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls! (*Aloud.*) Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

Charles. Yes, yes, so it was,—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! (*Aloud.*) Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium; for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver. So, so: nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir Oliver. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

Charles. Ay; and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Now I give him up! (*Aloud.*) What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life! do you take me for Shylock in the play,

that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver. Well, I 'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. (*Aside.*) Oh, I 'll never forgive him this! never!

Enter CARELESS.

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles. I can't come yet. I' faith, we are going to have a sale above-stairs; here 's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

Careless. Oh, burn your ancestors!

Charles. No, he may do that afterwards if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless. Oh, have with you, if that 's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Oh, the profligates!

Charles. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver. Oh, yes. I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha! (*Aside.*) Oh, the prodigal!

Charles. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? (*Exeunt.*)

Sir Oliver. (*Aside, as they go out.*) I 'll never forgive him; never! never!

SCENE. *A picture room in* CHARLES SURFACE'S *house.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

Charles. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in—here they are: the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver. And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the

strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here 's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what 's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles. Egad, that 's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. (*Taking the pedigree down.*) Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany: here 's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

Careless. Yes, yes, here 's a list of your generation indeed. 'Faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 't will not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin— A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles. Bravo, Careless! Well, here 's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline: a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? Look at him—there 's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliver. (*Aside to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I 'm sure that 's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aloud.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see: a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten,—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aloud.*) Five pounds ten—she 's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here now are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'T is a good bargain.

Charles. Careless!—This now is a grandfather of my mother's; a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack: do let us knock his Lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what 's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I 'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I 'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here 's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I 'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver. They 're mine.

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on 't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless. Ay, ay: that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver. Well, well,—anything to accommodate you: they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh, that 's my Uncle Oliver! 'T was done before he went to India.

Careless. Your Uncle Oliver! Gad, then you 'll never be friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on 't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. Upon my soul, sir. I do not: I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I 'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad, I 'll keep his picture while I 've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) The rogue 's my nephew after all! —(*Aloud.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I 'm sorry for 't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) I forgive him everything! (*Aloud.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I 'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker: I tell you I 'll not part with it, and there 's an end of it.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) How like his father the dog is! (*Aloud.*) Well, well, I have done. (*Aside.*) I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. (*Aloud.*) Here is a draft for your sum.

Charles. Why 't is for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no, I tell you, once more.

Sir Oliver. Then never mind the difference: we 'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you 'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver. Yes, yes; I 'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But hold,—do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver. You 're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aloud.*) Good-day!—Come, Moses. (*Aside.*) Let me hear now who dares call him a profligate!

(*Exit with* MOSES.)

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles. Egad, he 's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here 's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I 'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless. I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles. Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles. Ay, ay, never fear. (*Exit* CARELESS.) So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see: two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore heaven! I find one 's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

(*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*)

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY'S PLAY.

From 'The Critic.'

Sir Fretful. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fretful. But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir Fretful. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll mention.

Sir Fretful. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fretful. Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fretful. Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dangle. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fretful. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fretful. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dangle. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle. No, indeed, I did not; I did not see a fault in any part of the play, from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fretful. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all.

Mrs. Dangle. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fretful. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fretful. Then I am very happy,—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fretful. O! if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle. I hope to see it on the stage next. (*Exit.*)

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fretful. The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fretful. No; quite the contrary: their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir Fretful. What? where?

Dangle. Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fretful. O! so much the better; ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir Fretful. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir Fretful. O lud, no! anxious,—not I,—not the least, —I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. (*Aside.*)

Sneer. I will. (*To* DANGLE.) Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fretful. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies —what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir Fretful. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fretful. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

Sir Fretful. (*After great agitation.*) Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fretful. I know it. I *am* diverted; ha, ha, ha!—not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good—very good!

Sneer. Yes,—no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dangle. A severe rogue! ha, ha, ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fretful. To be sure;—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from some d—d good-natured friend or other!

DRINKING SONG.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
  Here 's to the widow of fifty;
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
  And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty:
    Chorus. Let the toast pass,
      Drink to the lass,
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
  And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
  And here 's to the nymph with but one, sir.
    Let the toast pass, &c.

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
  And to her that 's as brown as a berry;
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
  And now to the girl that is merry:
    Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together:
Let the toast pass, &c.

DRY BE THAT TEAR.

Dry be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hushed that struggling sigh;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove
More fixed, more true, than I.
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear;
Cease, boding doubt; cease, anxious fear—
Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay,
When all that 's new is past?
How long? Ah! Delia, can I say,
How long my life shall last?
Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh;
At least I 'll love thee till I die—
Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathed for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here—
Dry be that tear.

SONG.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They 'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you 'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

BONS MOTS OF SHERIDAN.

One day meeting two royal dukes walking up St. James' Street, Sheridan was thus addressed by the younger: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, my boy?"

Sheridan, having bowed and smiled at the compliment, took each of them by an arm, and instantly replied, "Why, i' faith, I believe I am between *both.*"

A Drury Lane after-piece was chiefly remarkable for the introduction of a wonderful performing dog, and Sheridan and a friend went to see the performance. As they entered the green-room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to Sheridan with a woeful countenance—

"Sir, there is no guarding against illness: it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this; but really—"

"Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell that I cannot go on longer than to-night."

"You!" exclaimed Sheridan, "my good fellow, you terrified me; I thought you were going to say that the dog was taken ill."

Burke in his early life had attended a debating society, which used to meet at a certain baker's. On a memorable occasion in the House of Commons he said, "I quit the camp," and crossing over from the Opposition took his seat on the Ministerial benches, whence he rose and made a brilliant speech against his ci-devant friends.

Sheridan, annoyed at the defection, said: "The honorable gentleman, to quote his own expression, has quitted the camp; he will recollect that he quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never attempt to return as a spy; but I, for one, cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which an act of apostasy so flagrant has electrified the House; for neither I, nor

the honorable gentleman, have forgotten whence he obtained the weapons which he now uses against us; so far as from being at all astonished at the honorable gentleman's tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent, that he who in the outset of life made so extraordinary a blunder as to go to a baker's for eloquence should finish such a career by coming to the House of Commons to get bread."

When Sheridan was asked what wine he liked best, he said—other people's.

In describing the cavern scene of Coleridge's 'Remorse,' as produced at Drury Lane, Sheridan said it was "drip, drip, drip—nothing but dripping."

One day a creditor came into Sheridan's room for a bill and found him seated before a table on which two or three hundred pounds in gold and notes were strewed

"It 's no use looking at that, my good fellow," said Sheridan, "that is all bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well," replied the tradesman, tearing up his security and throwing it on the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor."

"So it is and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, handing him over the money.

Being on a Parliamentary committee on one occasion, Sheridan happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced; when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he asked with great readiness: "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair?*"

A creditor whom Sheridan had perpetually avoided met him at last plump, coming out of Pall Mall from St. James' Palace. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but Sheridan never lost his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that 's a beautiful mare you are on."

"D' ye think so!"

"Yes, indeed! How does she trot?"

The creditor, flattered, told him he should see, and immediately put her into full trotting pace. The instant he trotted off Sheridan turned into Pall Mall again and was out of sight in a moment.

Byron, writing to Tom Moore, said: Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan's to the watchman, who found him

bereft of that divine particle of air called reason. He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible, said, "Who are *you,* sir?"

No answer.

"What 's your name?"

A hiccup.

"What 's your name?"

Answer, in a slow, deliberate, impressive tone, "*Wilberforce.*" This was the name of the eminent teetotal advocate.

Kelly describes his appearance in the character of an Irishman in a Drury Lane opera: "My friend Johnstone took great pains to instruct me in the brogue, but I did not feel quite up to the mark; and, after all, it seems my vernacular phraseology was not the most perfect; for when the opera was over, Sheridan came into the green-room and said, 'Bravo! Kelly; very well, indeed; upon my honor I never before heard *you speak such good English* in all my life.'"

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of some friends.

"Now, guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?"

Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you 've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them, *and paid for them!*"

When some one told Sheridan that the quantity of wine and spirits which he drank would destroy the coat of his stomach, he replied, "Well, then, my stomach must just digest in its waistcoat."

Rogers and Sheridan were talking about actors.

"Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high," said Rogers, "that I wonder you never made open love to her."

"To her!" exclaimed Sheridan, "to that magnificent and appalling creature! I should as soon have thought of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Drury Lane Theater was destroyed by fire, in February, 1809. Sheridan was in the House of Commons when he learned that the fire had broken out. He hastened to the scene, and with wonderful fortitude witnessed the destruction of his property. He sat at the Piazza Coffee-house taking some refreshment; and on a friend remarking to him how calmly he bore the ruin, Sheridan merely said that surely a man might be allowed to take a glass of wine at his own fireside.

On the Prince entering the Thatched-house Tavern and "raising his spirits *up* by pouring spirits *down*" Sheridan gave these impromptu lines—

"The Prince came in, and said 't was cold,
Then took a mighty rummer,
When swallow after swallow came,
And then he swore 't was summer."

When Miss Farren, the original Lady Teazle, retired from the stage to become the Countess of Derby, Sheridan paid her a happy compliment. He approached her in the green room, surrounded by her friends and admirers, and, raising her hand with some emotion to his lips, breathed into her ear,—"God bless you: *Lady Teazle is no more, and the 'School for Scandal' has broke up for the holidays.*"

One of Sheridan's retorts on Pitt, "the heaven-born Minister," showed singular readiness of allusion and presence of mind when they were least to be expected. One night Sheridan entered the House drunk; Pitt, observing his condition, proposed to postpone some discussion in which Sheridan was concerned, in consideration of the peculiar state of the honorable member. Sheridan upon this fired; and the instant his self-possession returned, rose, and remarked that in the history of that House, he believed, but one instance of the disgraceful conduct insinuated by the honorable member had occurred. There was but one example of members having entered the House in a state of temporary disqualification for its duties, and that example, however discreditable to the parties, could not perhaps be deplored, as it had given rise to a pleasant epigram. The honorable member on the Treasury Bench would correct him, if he misquoted the words. Two gentlemen, the one blind drunk, the other seeing double, staggered into the House, arm in arm, and thus communicated their parliamentary views to each other:

"I can't see the Speaker,
Pray, Hal, do you?"
"Not see the Speaker, Bill!
Why I see two."

Henry Dundas and Pitt himself were the heroes of the tale.

Sheridan, being at one time a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and raining; to which the old lady answered, on the contrary, it had cleared up.

"Yes," said Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

Lounging towards Whitehall, Sheridan met George Rose coming out of St. Margaret's.

"Any mischief on foot, George, that you have been at church?"

"No; I have been getting a son christened; I have called him William Pitt."

"William Pitt!" echoed Sheridan. "A *rose* by any other name would smell as sweet."

The son of Sheridan, Tom, who was expecting to get into Parliament, said on one occasion to his father: "I think that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party; but write upon my forehead in legible characters, 'to be let.'"

"And under that, Tom," said his father, "write 'unfurnished.'"

"By the silence that prevails," said Sheridan, on entering a room full of guests, "I conclude that Lauderdale has been making a joke."

Recommended to a course of sea-bathing, Sheridan objected, saying that pickles did not agree with him.

Sheridan, the first time he met Tom after his marriage, was seriously angry with him, and told him that he had made his will and cut him off with a shilling.

Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"

On another and similar occasion, too, the younger Sheridan proved a witty match for his father. Sheridan had a cottage near Hounslow Heath. Tom being short of money asked his father to let him have some cash. "I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that is so you will find a case of loaded pistols upstairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable; the night is dark and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom; "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

One of the school-day *mots* attributed to Sheridan is this: A gentleman having a remarkably long visage was one day riding by the school, when he heard young Sheridan say, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of the remark, he turned his horse's head, and requested the boy's meaning.

"Sir," replied he, "I mean no offense in the world, but I have read in the Bible at school that a man's life is but a span and I am sure your *face* is double that length."

Being told that the lost tribes of Israel had been found, Sheridan said he was glad to hear it, as he had nearly exhausted the other two.

Soon after the Irish members were admitted into the House of Commons on the Union in 1801, one of them, in the middle of his maiden speech, thus addressed the chair: "And now, *my dear* Mr. Speaker."

This excited loud laughter. As soon as it had somewhat subsided, Sheridan observed "that the honorable member was perfectly in order; for thanks to the Ministers, nowadays, *everything is dear.*"

Sheridan was down at Brighton one day, when Fox (the manager), desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theater and exhibited its beauties.

"There, Mr. Sheridan," said Fox, who combined twenty occupations without being clever in any, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes."

"Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly. "Well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a fox by your *brush.*"

Pitt having introduced his Sinking Fund into the House of Commons, Sheridan ridiculed it, saying that at present it was clear there was no surplus; and the only means which suggested themselves to him were, a loan of a million for the special purposes—for the right honorable gentleman might say, with the person in the comedy, *"If you won't lend me the money how can I pay you?"*

On the debate as to the Union of the Irish and English Parliaments, Pitt said that Sheridan seemed determined to have the last word.

"Nay," replied Sheridan, "I am satisfied with having the last *argument.*"

Of an opponent who tried to do him an injury, and who plumed himself upon his cleverness, Sheridan neatly remarked: "I could laugh at his malice, but not at his wit."

A clergyman, who desired to annotate Shakespeare's plays, took a specimen of his work to Sheridan, and asked his opinion. "Sir," said Sheridan, shortly, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own Bible if you please, but pray, let ours alone."

During the debate on Pitt's Indian Bill, when John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said: "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes."

Upon this, there was a general outcry made by everybody in the House: "Who is it? Name him! Name him!"

"Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson."

When some one proposed to tax milestones, Sheridan protested that it would not be constitutional or fair, as they could not meet to remonstrate.

Lord Lauderdale having declared his intention to circulate some witticism of Sheridan's, the latter hastily exclaimed: "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!"

Lord Erskine on one occasion said that "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail." Lady Erskine was justly annoyed at this remark, and Sheridan dashed off this:

> "Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
> Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
> And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
> Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
> But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
> A canister 's polished and useful and bright;
> And should dirt its original purity hide,
> That 's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER (DORA SIGERSON)

Dora Sigerson is the eldest daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, F.R.U.I., a distinguished scholar and man of letters, and of Mrs. Hester Sigerson, a woman of fine literary talent. She was born in Dublin, was educated at home, and lived in Dublin till her marriage to Mr. Clement Shorter, then editor of *The Illustrated London News*, in July, 1895. She has published 'Verses' (1894); 'The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems' (1897); 'My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems' (1899); 'Ballads and Poems' (1899); 'The Father Confessor' (1900); and 'The Woman who went to Hell and Other Poems' (1901).

Speaking of one phase of her work, Mr. Douglas Hyde writes in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry.' "She has turned herself with signal success to ballad-poetry, and in many of her pieces, especially in her second volume, she has sought inspiration from Irish motives and dealt with Irish superstition. Her very absence from Ireland has made her—a phenomenon which we may often witness—more Irish than if she had never left it."

CEAN DUV DEELISH.

Cean duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
    Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
    Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
    Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
    Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 't is hard to pray
With breaking heart from day to day,
    And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
    Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee
    And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,

Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
And lips so kind?

I not to know! It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day.
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea."
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about;
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years:

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day;
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children one by one
Grow gray with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.

And it will chance some morning
You will come home no more;
Your wife sees but a withered leaf
In the wind about the door.

And your children will inherit
The unrest of the wind;

They shall seek some face elusive,
And some land they never find.

When the wind is loud, they sighing
Go with hearts unsatisfied,
For some joy beyond remembrance,
For some memory denied.

And all your children's children,
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin
And the sun is in the West.

THE ONE FORGOTTEN.

A spirit speeding down on All Souls Eve[1]
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.
"So gay a wind was never heard before,"
The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And, "'T is the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side—
So left their glowing nuts awhile to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire:
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,
Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young
Have that within their hearts to flame and sting."

[1] There is a belief in some parts of Ireland that the dead are allowed to return to earth on November 2 (All Souls Night), and the peasantry leave food and fire for their comfort, and set a chair by the hearth for their resting before they themselves retire to bed.—*Author.*

And then the spirit, moving from her place,
  Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair,
  But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so, weeping sore,
  She went alone into the night again;
And said the graybeard, reaching for his glass,
  "How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
  He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:
"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—
  I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play:
  "How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar.
He is so old, and angry with his age—
  Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

ALL SOULS NIGHT.

O mother, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his chair and the white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and down the lane a dog howled on;
I called his name, and the candle flame burnt dim, pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear.
I called his name, and the pale Ghost came; but I was afraid to meet my dear.
O mother, mother, in tears I checked the sad hours past of the year that 's o'er,
Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear the sound of his voice once more;
The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head I felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the fire, my voice was dumb:
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my table he broke no crumb.

Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward
flesh from fear.
His chair I put aside when the young cock cried, and I was
afraid to meet my dear.

THE PRIEST'S BROTHER.

Thrice in the night the priest arose
From broken sleep to kneel and pray.
"Hush, poor ghost, till the red cock crows,
And I a mass for your soul may say."

Thrice he went to the chamber cold,
Where, stiff and still uncoffinèd,
His brother lay, his beads he told,
And, "Rest, poor spirit, rest," he said.

Thrice lay the old priest down to sleep
Before the morning bell should toll;
But still he heard—and woke to weep—
The crying of his brother's soul.

All through the dark, till dawn was pale,
The priest tossed in his misery,
With muffled ears to hide the wail,
The voice of that ghost's agony.

At last the red cock flaps his wings
To trumpet of a day new-born;
The lark, awaking, soaring sings
Into the bosom of the morn.

The priest before the altar stands,
He hears the spirit call for peace;
He beats his breast with shaking hands.
"O Father, grant this soul's release.

"Most Just and Merciful, set free
From Purgatory's awful night
This sinner's soul, to fly to Thee,
And rest for ever in Thy sight."

The mass is over—still the clerk
Kneels pallid in the morning glow.

He said, " From evils of the dark
Oh, bless me, father, ere you go.

" Benediction, that I may rest,
For all night did the banshee weep."
The priest raised up his hands and blest—
" Go now, my child, and you will sleep."

The priest went down the vestry stair,
He laid his vestments in their place,
And turned—a pale ghost met him there,
With beads of pain upon his face.

" Brother," he said, " you have gained me peace,
But why so long did you know my tears,
And say no mass for my soul's release,
To save the torture of all those years? "

" God rest you, brother," the good priest said,
" No years have passed—but a single night."
He showed the body uncoffinèd,
And the six wax candles still alight.

The living flowers on the dead man's breast
Blew out a perfume, sweet and strong.
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—
" God save your soul from a night so long."

GEORGE SIGERSON.

(1839 ——)

George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I., was born at Holyhill, close to the town of Strabane, in 1839. The family is of Norse extraction. George Sigerson's early lessons in classics were received from the Rev. William Hegarty, who died P.P. of Strabane. He afterward attended a school in Letterkenny taught by Dr. Crerand, a man of exceptional ability and culture ; and subsequently he was under the tuition of two brothers named Simpson, in Derry.

His college course was chiefly pursued in Paris, where he studied under Claude Bernard, Duchenne, Charcot, Ranvier, Ball, and Béhier, all master minds in the medical world. Duchenne inspired his first effort as a writer on medical subjects, and Charcot's 'Diseases of the Nervous System' found in him an able translator and editor. His biological work interested Charles Darwin, and Professor Tyndall considered that his 'Microscopic Researches on the Atmosphere' (Dublin, 1873) revealed the true nature of the organisms whose presence he himself had detected. His medical and scientific works, too numerous to mention here, have won for him recognition from learned societies on the Continent as well as in England. In Dublin, where he resides, besides having a large medical practice, he holds the chair of biology in the Catholic University College, and is a fellow of the Royal University of Ireland.

But it is not as a master of medicine, however distinguished, that Dr. Sigerson is known to most of his countrymen. They know more of him as a trenchant leader-writer on the old *Irishman*, to which Isaac Butt also contributed ; as a powerful land reformer in his masterly study of 'Land Tenures and Land Classes of Ireland' (read by Mr. Gladstone in proof, and having some of its principles embodied in the Land Act of 1870) ; as translator of the music of the old Gaelic tongue into modern verse ; and as an original poet of great power and charm.

Dr. Sigerson married a Miss Varian of Cork, herself a poetess of considerable merit.

To 'Two Centuries of Irish History,' edited by the Right Honorable James Bryce, Dr. Sigerson contributed a study on the work of the independent Irish Parliament. Having, when a student, given some versions of the Munster poets (second series), he in 1897 produced an Irish anthology, 'Bards of the Gael and Gall : Done into English after the Modes and Meters of the Gael.' He has also prepared an analysis, with metrical examples, of the 'Carmen Paschale' of Sedulius, the first Saint of Erin and her only epic poet. Other work—professional, scientific, and literary—has appeared in periodicals. He is President of the National Literary Society.

"As an original poet," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "Dr. Sigerson is perhaps most distinctly a lyrist, as is natural to one who has come under the native Irish spell. Many of his songs are written, like the Gaelic ones, to Irish airs, and most

of them lend themselves naturally to music. The noble characteristics of Irish verse, which he has acquired from his life-long acquaintance with the Gaelic poets, tinge his own verses very appreciably—especially the smoothness, the desire for recurrent or even interwoven vowel sounds, and the love of alliteration, and when wholly natural and devoid of any obtrusiveness, as they are here, possess in themselves a subtle charm which is very Irish."

THE LOST TRIBUNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC BUTT.

Farewell! the doom is spoken. All is o'er.
One heart we loved is silent; and one head,
Whose counsel guided Nations, guides no more;
A Man of the few foremost Men is dead.

With giant might of mind and mold of form
He towered aloft; with mightier love he bowed:
Strong not alone to dominate the storm,
To brave the haughty, and rebuke the proud—

But strong to weep, to heed an infant's care,
To gather sorrow to his heart; nor scorn
To stoop from Fortune's brilliant ranks and share
A weight of woe to which he was not born.

The secret of his greatness, there behold!
More truly there than in th' unrivaled fence,
The vivid wit, the reason keen and bold,
And all the power of peerless eloquence!

Mark yonder peasants who, in dumb despair,
Kneel down to kiss the ruins of their home,
While beats the rain upon their hoary hair,
Then turn to face the salt Atlantic foam;

See, where yon massive dungeon walls surround
The pale confessors of a country's cause,
Their grave, perchance, that plot of felon ground,
Their name, their honor, branded by the laws—

These were his clients. Their defender he
Whose genius, wielding justice as a glaive,
Delivered those from the strange bitter sea,
And these from prison gyve and felon grave.

One chiefly served he, with chivalric faith;
  One chiefly loved he, with devoted soul;
His shield was spread between her breast and scathe;
  His life was spent to save her life from dole.

Her fallen banner from the dust he raised,
  And proud advanced it, with uplifted brow,
Till the sun kissed it, and the Nations gazed—
  Whose was that Standard? Answer, Erin, thou!

Farewell to all of personal joy that came
  Of seeing, 'mid these common days, a man
Titanic, victor of enduring fame,
  Whose immortality on earth began;

Of that enlargement which the mind receives,
  The wider range, the deeper, subtler sense,
The higher flight of thought that upward cleaves,
  When near us moves a great Intelligence.

But not farewell to him who hath outgrown
  The confines of mortality; he survives
In every heart, and shall henceforth be known
  Long as his country loves, long as his Nation lives!

THE VISION OF VIANDS.

From the Irish of Aniar Mac Conglinne[1] (Twelfth Century).

In a slumber visional,
Wonders apparitional
  Sudden shone on me:

[1] 'The Vision of Mac Conglinne,' edited by Professor Kuno Meyer and David Nutt. London: Nutt, 1894. The Irish meter is reproduced. This curious poem evidently suggested passages in 'The Land of Cokaigne.' Compare the first two stanzas with these verses:

"Up a river of sweet milk
Where is plenty great of silk,
When the summer's day is hot,
The young nunnes taketh a boat
And doth ham forth in that rivere,
Both with oares and with steere."

Again, compare with the third, fourth and fifth stanzas these verses:

"There is a well fair abbey
Of white monks and of grey:
There beth bowrs and halls,

Was it not a miracle?
Built of lard, a coracle
  Swam a sweet milk sea.

With high hearts heroical,
We stepped in it, stoical,
  Braving billow-bounds;
Then we rode so dashingly,
Smote the sea so splashingly,
That the surge sent, washingly,
  Honey up for grounds.

Ramparts rose of custard all
Where a castle mustered all
  Forces o'er the lake;
Butter was the bridge of it,
Wheaten meal the ridge of it,
  Bacon every stake.

Strong it stood, and pleasantly
There I entered presently
  Hying to the hosts;
Dry beef was the door of it,
Bare bread was the floor of it,
  Whey-curds were the posts.

Old cheese-columns happily,
Pork that pillared sappily,
  Raised their heads aloof;
While curd-rafters mellowly
Crossing cream-beams yellowly,
  Held aloft the roof.

All of pasties beth the walls,
Of flesh, of fish, and a rich meat
The likefullest that man may eat,
Flouren cakes beth the shingles all
Of church, cloister, bowrs and hall,
The pinnes beth fat puddings
Rich meat to princes and kings."

The Irish original was at least partly rimed into Lowland Scotch, judging by an old verse I heard in Ulster, concerning a house:

"Weel I mind the biggin' o't,
Bread and cheese were the door cheek
And pancakes the riggin' o't."

This forms part of the Jacobite song, 'This is no my ain house,' but may come from an older song.—*Author.*

Wine in well rose sparklingly,
Beer was rolling darklingly,
  Bragget brimmed the pond.
Lard was oozing heavily,
Merry malt moved wavily,
  Through the floor beyond.

Lake of broth lay spicily,
Fat froze o'er it icily,
  'Tween the wall and shore;
Butter rose in hedges high,
Cloaking all its edges high
  White lard blossomed o'er.

Apple alleys bowering,
Pinked-topped orchards flowering,
  Fenced off hill and wind;
Leek tree forests loftily,
Carrots branching tuftily,
  Guarded it behind.

Ruddy waters rosily
Welcomed us right cosily
  To the fire and rest;
Seven coils of sausages,
Twined in twisted passages,
  Round each brawny breast.

Their chief I discover him,
Suet mantle over him,
  By his lady bland;
Where the caldron boiled away,
The Dispenser toiled away,
  With his fork in hand.

Good King Cathal, royally,
Surely will enjoy a lay,
  Fair and fine as silk;
From his heart his woe I call,
When I sing, heroical,
How we rode, so stoical,
  O'er the Sea of Milk.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

From the Irish of Diarmad O'Curnain.

I am desolate,
Bereft by bitter fate;
No cure beneath the skies can save me,
No cure on sea or strand,
Nor in any human hand—
But hers, this paining wound who gave me.

I know not night from day,
Nor thrush from cuckoo gray,
Nor cloud from the sun that shines above thee—
Nor freezing cold from heat,
Nor friend—if friend I meet—
I but know—heart's love!—I love thee.

Love that my Life began,
Love, that will close life's span,
Love that grows ever by love-giving:
Love, from the first to last,
Love, till all life be passed,
Love that loves on after living!

This love I gave to thee,
For pain love has given me,
Love that can fail or falter never—
But, spite of earth above,
Guards thee, my Flower of love,
Thou Marvel-maid of life for ever.

Bear all things evidence,
Thou art my very sense,
My past, my present, and my morrow!
All else on earth is crossed,
All in the world is lost—
Lost all—but the great love-gift of sorrow.

My life not life, but death;
My voice not voice—a breath;
No sleep, no quiet—thinking ever
On thy fair phantom face,
Queen eyes and royal grace,
Lost loveliness that leaves me never.

I pray thee grant but this,—
From thy dear mouth one kiss,
That the pang of death-despair pass over:
Or bid make ready nigh
The place where I shall lie,
For aye, thy leal and silent lover.

THE CALLING.

O Sigh of the Sea, O soft lone-wandering sound,
Why callest thou me, with voice of all waters profound,
With sob and with smile, with lingering pain and delight,
With mornings of blue, with flash of thy billows at night?

The shell from the shore, though borne far away from thy side,
Recalls evermore the flowing and fall of thy tide,
And so, through my heart thy murmurs gather and grow—
Thy tides, as of old, awake in its darkness, and flow.

O Sigh of the Sea, from luminous isles far away,
Why callest thou me to sail the impassable way?
Why callest thou me to share the unrest of thy soul—
Desires that avail not, yearnings from pole unto pole?

Still call, till I hear no voice but the voice of thy love,
Till stars shall appear the night of my darkness above,
Till night to the dawn gives way, and death to new life—
Heart-full of thy might, astir with thy tumult and strife.

FAR-AWAY.

As chimes that flow o'er shining seas
When Morn alights on meads of May,
Faint voices fill the western breeze
With whisp'ring songs from Far-Away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There grows the Tree whose summer breath
Perfumes with joy the azure air;

And he who feels it fears not Death,
Nor longer heeds the hounds of Care.
Oh, soft the skies of Seskinore,
And mild is meadowy Mellaray;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There sings the Voice whose wondrous tune
Falls, like diamond-showers above
That in the radiant dawn of June
Renew a world of Youth and Love.
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,
And bright is billowy Ballintrae;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

Come, Fragrance of the Flowering Tree,
Oh, sing, sweet Bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me,
And Love shall lead us far away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But swet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

AFTER THE FIANNA.

From the Irish of Oisin.

Long, this night, the clouds delay,
And long to me was yesternight,
Long was the dreary day, this day,
Long, yesterday, the light.

Each day that comes to me is long—
Not thus our wont to be of old,
With never music, harp, nor song,
Nor clang of battles bold.

No wooing soft, nor feats of might,
Nor cheer of chase, nor ancient lore,
Nor banquet gay, nor gallant fight—
All things beloved of yore.

[1] Dean of Lismore's Book.

No marching now with martial fire—
Alas, the tears that make me blind—
Far other was my heart's desire
A-hunting stag and hind.

Long this night the clouds delay—
No striving now as champions strove,
No run of hounds with mellow bay,
Nor leap in lakes we love.

No hero now where heroes hurled—
Long this night the clouds delay—
No man like me in all the world,
Alone with grief, and gray.

Long this night the clouds delay—
I raise their grave-carn, stone on stone,
For Fionn and Fianna passed away—
I, Ossian, left alone.

DEUS MEUS.

From the Irish of Maelisu.

Deus meus adiuva me,[1]
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Deus meus adiuva me.

In meum cor ut sanum sit,[2]
Pour, loving King, Thy love in it,
Pour, loving King, Thy love in it,
In meum cor ut sanum sit.

Domine, da ut peto a te,[3]
O, pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
O, pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
Domine, da ut peto a te.

Hanc spero rem et quæro quam,[4]
Thy love to have where'er I am,
Thy love to have where'er I am,
Hanc spero rem et quæro quam.

[1] My God, assist thou me. [2] Into my heart that it sound may be
[3] Lord, grant thou what I ask of thee.
[4] This thing I hope and seek of thee.

Tuum amorem sicut uis,[1]
Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Tuum amorem sicut uis.

Quæro, postulo, peto a te[2]
That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
Quæro, postulo, peto a te.

Domine, Domine, exaudi me,[3]
Fill my soul, Lord, with Thy love's ray,
Fill my soul, Lord, with Thy love's ray,
Domine, Domine, exaudi me,
Deus meus adiuva me,
Deus meus adiuva me.[4]

JESUKIN.[5]

From the Irish of "St. Ita" (480—570).

Jesukin
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high—
All is lie but Jesukin.

Nursling nurtured, as 't is right—
Harbors here no servile spright—
Jesu of the skies, who art
Next my heart thro' every night!

Jesukin, my good for aye,
Calling and will not have nay,
King of all things, ever true,
He shall rue who will away.

[1] Thy love as Thou mayst will.
[2] I seek, I claim, and I ask of Thee. [3] Lord, Lord, hearken to me.
[4] This poem, written on the margin of 'Lebor Breac,' is quoted by Dr. Whitley Stokes, 'Calendar of Œngus,' clxxxv. Alliteration is observed in the Latin lines. In the first verse it seems obtained by the reading "ad-iuva," and in the fifth "amorem" alliterates with "uis" [vis].
[5] Whitley Stokes, LL.D. 'On the Calendar of Œngus,' 'Royal Irish Academy's Transactions,' 1880. Note, p. xxxv.
Jesukin, loving diminutive of *Isa*—in modern Irish *Iosa*—applied to the Child Jesus.

Jesu, more than angels aid,
Fosterling not formed to fade,
Nursed by me in desert wild,
Jesu, child of Judah's Maid.

Sons of Kings and kingly kin,
To my land may enter in;
Guest of none I hope to be,
Save of Thee, my Jesukin!

Unto heaven's High King confest
Sing a chorus, maidens blest!
He is o'er us, though within
Jesukin is on my breast!

A FAR FAREWELL.

'T is mad to leap the lofty wall and strain a gallant steed,
When close beside is the flow'ry fence to vault across at need.
O bitter the bright red berries that high on the Rowan grow—
But fresh and sweet the fruits we meet on the fragrant plant below.

Farewell, farewell a thousand times, to the green town of the trees,
Farewell to every homestead there from o'er the surging seas;—
Ah, many a wild and watery way, and many a ridge of foam
Keep far apart my lonely heart and the maid I love at home.

I move 'mid men, but always, their voices faint away,
And my mind awakes and I hear again the words her dear lips say;
Her sparkling glance, her glowing cheek, her lovely form I see—
As flowers that grow, like flakes of snow, on the black and leafless tree.

If you go from me, Vuirneen, safe may you depart!
Within my bosom I feel it, you 've killed my very heart—
No arm can swim, no boat can row, nor bark can mariner guide
O'er the waves of that woeful ocean that our two lives divide.

ORO, O DARLING FAIR.

SPINNERS' SONG.

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who 's the young maid to be wed upon Shrovetide there?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Maid to be married I hear is sweet Annie Clare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who 's the glad youth upon whom fell this happy air?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Florence O'Driscoll they say has the luck so rare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
What is the outfit they give to the wedded pair?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Feathers the finest that ever had bird in air,
Linen the whitest that ever the spindle bare,
Quilting of silk that is softest beyond compare,
Candlesticks golden, graceful, and carved with care,
Red and white pieces in pocket to spend and spare,
Plenty on board with gay guests to gladly share,—
Victory I wish them, that joy may be ever there!
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

O gentle fair maiden, thou hast left me in sadness;
My bosom is pierced with Love 's arrow so keen;
For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen!

The gray mist of morning in autumn was fleeting,
When I met the bright darling down in the boreen;
Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting;
Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

Oh! fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen,
Thy cheek is the red rose! thy brow the sun-splendor!
And, cluster of ringlets! my dawn is Brideen!

Then shine, O bright Sun, on thy constant, true lover;
Then shine once again in the leafy boreen,
And the clouds shall depart that around my heart hover,
And we 'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen!

THINGS DELIGHTFUL.[1]

From the Irish of Oisin.

Sweet is a voice in the land of gold,
Sweet is the calling of wild birds bold;
Sweet is the shriek of the heron hoar,
Sweet fall the billows of Bundatrore.

Sweet is the sound of the blowing breeze,
Sweet is the blackbird's song in the trees;
Lovely the sheen of the shining sun,
Sweet is the thrush over Casacon.

Sweet shouts the eagle of Assaroe,
Where the gray seas of MacMorna flow,
Sweet calls the cuckoo the valleys o'er,
Sweet, through the silence, the corrie's roar.

Fionn, my father, is chieftain old
Of seven battalions of Fianna bold;
When he sets free all the deerhounds fleet
To rise and to follow with him were sweet.

[1] The original appeared in the Dean of Lismore's Book.



ANCIENT IRISH COSTUMES

From Meyrick and Smith's "Costumes of the Inhabitants of the British Isles"

Costumes of the Druidical order.

MRS. HESTER SIGERSON.

(—— 1898.)

Mrs. Sigerson was the daughter of Amos Varian of Cork, and was born in that city. She came of a family devoted to literature and music, all thinkers and all thoroughly Irish in feeling. She married Dr. George Sigerson in 1861. From her girlhood she wrote poems and stories in various magazines and in the collections of Ralph Varian, 'The Harp of Erin,' etc. But most of her writing lies buried in the pages of *The Boston Pilot*, *The Gael*, *Irish Fireside*, etc. She published one novel, 'A Ruined Race,' with Messrs. Ward and Downey in 1889. Her death occurred in 1898.

A NIGHT IN FORTMANUS VILLAGE.

From 'A Ruined Race.'

It was night when Dan entered Fortmanus, and so intensely dark that, only he knew every stone, he would have found it hard to make his way home. A chill misty wind had arisen, which pierced his wretched clothing, causing him to shiver with cold as he went painfully on. But his heart was so full of love and hope that he hardly felt his physical sufferings. As he approached his door, and lifted the latch softly, the sweet smell of primroses greeted him. But, mechanically closing the door after him, he stood for a moment powerless.

The scene before him almost made his heart stand still. A tin sconce fastened to the wall held the solitary candle, and by its light, standing at the head of the bed, Father Mat, in a low and solemn voice, read the prayers for the dying.

Mary was kneeling at the priest's side. Up to this time she had remained in silent prayer, but on Dan's entrance she burst into a passion of sobs. Dan never uttered a word or groan, but, laying down his bundle, knelt at her side. The prayers were ended, but he never stirred, nor when Mary spoke to him did he seem to hear her. After a bit he began to droop forward, but her arms prevented his fall. He had swooned.

They laid him flat upon the floor, and Mary fell upon him in an agony of grief, fearing he was dead or dying.

The priest assured her, however, that he was only in a faint, and ordered her to get water.

"What did he eat to-day?" said he.

"Sure I don't know, Father," answered she.

"And I suppose you ate nothing yourself either," said he, in a rough, angry tone. "What nonsense it is! Couldn't you make out something or other? Weren't any of the neighbors with you?"

"I never took my eyes off her all day," said Mary faintly.

"Sprinkle the water on his face and hands, and I 'll be back in a few minutes;" and Father Mat seemed, as he hurried through the darkness, to have been attacked with a sudden catarrh, for his handkerchief was in constant demand till he reached his own door.

As he entered the hall he called out:

"Are you there, Nancy?"

"To be sure I am! Where else would I be, sir, at this time o' night?" answered old Nancy Doolan, his housekeeper, cook, and maid-of-all-work, as she popped her white capped head out of the kitchen door, a well worn rosary dangling in her hand.

"I thought you might be in bed," said the priest apologetically. He was a little afraid of Nancy, though he had nearly as high an opinion of her as she had of him, and that is saying a great deal, for she did not think the whole earth held one like him, either priest or layman. "Nancy," said he, "have you any boiling water?"

"Musha," answered she in a mournful and disappointed tone, "'t is a quare thing, an' I doin' for you ever since you came among us, for you to think so little of me. Did I ever go to bed or kneel down to say me prayers without lavin' the hot wather an' everything ready for you? There 's the glass an' there 's the malt, an' there 's the lump sugar, an' the kittle boilin' for your drop o' punch before you go to bed."

"Sure I 'm not doubting you, Nancy; but 't is tea I want now."

"Tea!" said she in surprise.

"Yes, Nancy, I want you to make a good jug of tea, and take a loaf of bread and knife—don't forget the knife—and bring them down to MacManus's cottage."

"Is it to Dan MacManus's cottage."

"Now, you heard me, Nancy."

"Is it a loaf o' bread an' tay, sir?"

"I won't say it a second time," said the priest, looking angry, for Nancy and he often had little battles over his charity, but, seeing that he was very determined this time, she went grumbling about her task.

"That 's the way—why, every one o' them coming over him with their starvation stories. He 'll be left without a cup o' tay for himself between 'em; as if the whole village could be draggin' out of him! An' troth! he 's tight enough as it is."

Father Mat had gone into his little parlor and supplied himself with a small quantity of brandy out of the little he had, and gone off to the cabin, where he was soon followed by Nancy, bearing the jug of tea in one hand, a small lantern in the other, and the loaf of bread and knife in her apron. She laid them down upon the table, and shook her head compassionately when she saw the state of affairs. Dan was just recovering consciousness and sat with his back against the wall while the priest was administering some brandy to him.

Nancy stole to the bedside, and, gazing for a while on the little white face, muttered: "Glory be to God! she 's gone;" upon which Mary started to her side, and placing her ear to the white lips, said:

"No, the breath is in her, Nancy."

"I didn't think she was breathing at all. Glory be to God! she 'll soon be a bright little angel. God help you, you 're the sorrowful woman this night, Mary, acushla. Take a drop o' the warm tay if you can at all."

"I don't think I could swally it; I never thought of bit or sup this day, no more nor if I was a soul unbodied."

"Come now," said the priest, "whether you can or not, the two of you must eat and drink a hearty supper before I leave this. Go on now, Nancy, I 'll be down after you;" and his reverence poured out some tea into a tin mug and handed it to Mary, while he gave the jug to Dan, and cut up the loaf and commanded them "as an act of obedience" to eat their suppers.

The night wore on. The priest had left them. Little Eily still breathed, though they thought every breath would

be her last. As they watched above her, the wind swept round the house, sobbing and sighing at the door, at the window, through the chinks in the roof, almost like a woman's wail. Mary looked at Dan.

"'T is only the wind, Mary."

Treacy's dog Bouncer gave vent to a long and piercing howl.

"Oh," muttered Dan, "if she 'd give me one look before she goes!"

Eily opened her eyes. They seemed dark and brilliant. A look of strange surprise was in them, and she seemed to gaze intently at the foot of the bed. Gradually a smile of ineffable rapture illumined her face, and she seemed to make an effort to stretch out her hands.

"'T is the blessed angels is come for her," whispered Mary; and both parents sank upon their knees.

Bouncer gave another howl, and the wind wailed round the house, and Bouncer howled again, and Mrs. Treacy blessed herself and remarked to her spouse:

"Jim! that 's the third time Bouncer did that."

"Troth, 'tis well he has some one stopping awake to keep an account for him," responded Jim in a sleepy voice, for, asleep or awake, Jim was always a wag.

"I 'm thinking 't is poor Eily MacManus is going. I believe she didn't know one yesterday;" and the young mother pressed her lips upon the little downy head that rested on her arm. "Well, in town or counthry I never saw such a purty child as she was when she came here first. I 'm tould 't was in his family to be handsome. They say he 's one of the rale ould stock, an' sure the both of them was dazed about her."

"She was," replied Jim, "a very nice little crather; but as 't is the heart o' the night, I suppose we might as well be going to sleep, Norry."

Mrs. Treacy kissed her baby again, and said no more.

Bouncer gave another howl.

"That 's four," said Jim, half asleep. In another house little Katey Farrell, who lay at the foot of the family bed, turned over in her sleep and muttered, "I gave her the primroses."

"Be quiet with you," said her mother, giving her a push with her foot; "you have me awake the whole night wid

your turning and twisting, an' troth! I was jaded enough when I lay down."

Upon which Katey repeated her remark in a louder tone, though still asleep.

"Is there anything ailing you, agra?" said her mother, fearing she might be unwell.

Katey, now wide awake, said:

"I was dramin' about the primroses I took to poor little Eily yesterday. Weren't they grand ones?"

"Faith, if you don't be quiet this minnit, I 'll give you primroses you won't like. I didn't get a wink o' sleep yet with you."

Bouncer gave another prolonged howl.

"God bless us!" said Mrs. Farrell.

"That 's Treacy's Bouncer," said Katey.

"I 'm afeared poor Eily is gone," said her mother. "Be quiet an' go to sleep, anyhow."

"Sure I often heard him doin' that," said the child.

"You 'll have the baby awake on me, so you will!" and Mrs. Farrell gave a low "hush—sh—sh," and then all was silent and she thought to herself, "Now surely I 'il get a sleep," for she wished to rise early on Easter Sunday morning, and she had been up late washing and cleansing in order to have her children as neat as possible in honor of that glorious festival. But to her utter dismay, a shrill voice from the other side of the apartment chirped out:

"Sure Mat tot a otther."

"Whist, whist," said the mother.

"Go asleep, now," muttered a low voice from the same locality, which we recognize as that of old Gran.

But little five-year-old Patsy had been much excited the previous evening by this exploit of his brother, and had fallen asleep quite unintentionally in the midst of it. So when he awoke again he naturally took up the matter where he had left off, and was quite irrepresssible. Indeed he was always a wakeful youngster, and so lively that even sleep did not subdue him, for he was in the habit of nightly going through a series of athletic performances, using his old grandmother as a springing-board. Occasionally these exercises brought him out upon the earthen floor with a sudden dash, when he would give vent to a shrieking announcement that "His head was broke!" and wake all

the household with the exception of Mat, who, though usually in a highly compressed state between his father and the wall, always slept through everything until his waking hour, half-past five in the summer and half-past six in winter.

"Fos Bouncer tot him be the poll down in de wather."

"For the Lord's sake, Mother, will you make him whist? he 'll have the house awake." By the "house" she meant Pat the elder and the dreaded baby. For they are equally unreasonable and difficult of management when disturbed at night.

"Sure if I sthrike him he 'd wake the town, an' what 'll I do?" said the old woman. "Go asleep now, avourneen, an' I 'll give you 'long sticks' to-morrow."

"You will in my eye!" remarked the cherub.

"I 'll bate you in the morning," said the mother.

"Oh, glory! such a great big foxey."

"He 's hanging in the yard," said Katey; for which she got a smart kick.

But the mischief was done. An angry bass suddenly exclaimed, from the northeast corner of the family bed.

"Yerra! what the —— has you all pratin' away like magpies in the black o' the night for?"

"Oh, Pat! don't wake the child!" said his wife, in a low, mild tone.

"E gorra! that 's not a bad one, either! 'Oh, Pat, don't wake the child,'" mocked he in indignant tones; "an' herself afther wakin' the whole of us out of the depths of our sleep wid her talk; troth you 're one o' the quarest women I ever heard tell of."

His wife said nothing, for she had still hopes of being able to hush the baby. And as the angry tones of the paterfamilias had effectually silenced the other youngsters, all was soon quiet, and even the poor, tired mother succeeded in falling into a sound and refreshing sleep.

Strange to say, Mat—the adamantine sleeper—was the first to awaken, his accustomed hour having come. He calmly opened his eyes, and, craning up his neck, he looked down at his sister, who still slept, which he considered absurd; so, having nothing at hand to throw at her, he slid softly down and tilted up her head with his foot.

"Stop!" said she sleepily, but, remembering herself, she

said—in what people call a pig's whisper—"Me Easther's eggs on you, Mat. I wondher what way is the otther this mornin'?"

"The way I left him, I suppose; wid his neck broke an' he hanging be the heels," said her brother, his thin, otherwise healthy, young face, twinkling all over with satisfaction at the memory of his last evening's exploit.

The family were soon all awake, and as neatly attired as possible under the circumstances. In honor of the day, poor old Gran, with much pride, tied a new checked bib upon Patsy, the price of which she had earned by knitting, and looked with love and admiration upon his curly head and shining face, notwithstanding her aching sides. She made him kneel down and say his prayers, and he stumbled through his Pater and Ave pretty well, considering his years; though his thoughts were on the otter, and his eyes kept turning towards the door.

"Mind your prayers, sir," said his grandmother.

"He have awful long whishkers," responded Patsy, upon which she gave him a cuff on the ear, and he finished his prayers in tears; but quickly consoled himself by running out to see the otter. From whence, however, he returned in a few moments crying lustily, and stating in indignant tones, interspersed with sobs, that "Mat bate him 'cause he on'y dust put his finger on his whishkers."

"Begob! thin, if you could put your finger on Mat's whisker you could do more than I could anyhow!" said his father from out a thick lather of soap which covered the lower half of his face.

"Aye, troth," laughed old Gran.

"'Tosn't Mat's whiskers, on'y the otther's," grumbled Patsy in an injured tone.

MRS W. SKRINE ("MOIRA O'NEILL").

"MOIRA O'NEILL," who was Miss Nesta Higginson, comes of an old Ulster family. She is married to Mr. Walter Skrine; they lived for some years on a ranch in Canada, but they are now settled in Ireland. The poems of "Moira O'Neill" have mostly made their first appearance in *Blackwood's* and *The Spectator*. The authoress has also published two prose stories—'The Elf-Errant' and 'An Easter Vacation.' "Her poetry," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "is Irish of the Irish—tender, wistful, hovering on the borderland between tears and laughter, and as musical as an old Gaelic melody. It springs straight from life, a genuine growth of the Antrim glens."

MARRIAGE.

I met an ould *caillach* I knowed right well on the brow o' Carnashee:
"The top o' the mornin'!" I says to her. "God save ye!" she says to me:
"An' och! if it 's you,
Tell me true,
When are ye goin' to marry?"
"I 'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"As sure as ye 're young an' fair," says she, "one day ye 'll be ugly an' ould.
If ye haven't a husband, who 'll care," says she, "to call ye in out o' the could?
Left to yourself,
Laid on the shelf,—
Now is your time to marry.
Musha! don't tell *me* ye 'll be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"I may be dead ere I 'm ould," says I, "for nobody knows their day.
I never was feared o' the could," says I, "but I 'm feared to give up me way.
Good or bad,
Sorry or glad,
'T is mine no more when I marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

The poor ould *caillach* went down the hill shakin' her finger at me.
"'T is on top o' the world ye think yerself still, an' that 's what it is," says she.
But *thon* was the day
Dan MacIlray
Had me promise to marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,—
The man he is found, but the money 's to borrow.

THE GRAND MATCH.

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was gray-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she 'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he 'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he 's led!
Sure many 's the night that he 'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I 'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There 's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I 'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that 's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There 's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I 'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here 's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I 'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said: the girl she thought me wild!
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When ones't I 'm out this workin' hive, 't is I 'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English Town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I 'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye 'll ask the like in vain—
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

JOHNEEN.

Sure, he 's five months, an' he 's two foot long,
Baby Johneen;
Watch yerself now, for he 's terrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen.
An' his fists 'ill he up if ye make any slips,
He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,
But he 'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,
Will Johneen.

There 's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
This Johneen;
For they 're partly o' the earth an' still they 're partly o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
So far as he 's thraveled he 's been laughin' all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils—he thinks they 'd do to play
With Johneen.

He 'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen;
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
Sure, them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet—
Och, Johneen,
'T is you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Wee Johneen.
Here 's to your health, an' we 'll dhrink it to-night,
Sláinte gal, avic machree! live an' do right!
Sláinte gal, avourneen! may your days be bright,
Johneen!

LOOKIN' BACK.

Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
Night and day where the waves are green.
Struth na Moile, the wing goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Sternish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure, ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they 're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen-flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet.
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours,
Spring here undher the horses' feet—
Aye, an' the black-eyed gold sun-flowers,
Not as the glen-flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
What is the half o' the world between?

THE SONG OF GLEN DUN.

Sure this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,
The Fairy Thorn 's in flower,—an' what ails my heart then?
Flower o' the May,
Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away!

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea,
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red bell hides a bee;
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear to me.
Flower o' the rose,
Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an' fair,
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.
Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.

I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel. . . .
But he never knew, he never knew that here for him I 'd kneel.
Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me my desire!

A SONG OF GLENANN.

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann
  Meself could lilt a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
  Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
  The rain might lay the corn;
We 'd up an' look for betther luck
  About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there
  An' far across the say,
I still have wrought, an' still have thought
  The way I 'm doin' the day.

An' now we 're quarely betther fixed,
  In troth! there 's nothin' wrong:
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine
  We do be thinkin' long.

MRS. TOULMIN SMITH (L. T. MEADE).

L. T. Meade was born at Bandon, County Cork, the daughter of the Rev. R. T. Meade. She married in 1879 Mr. Toulmin Smith, and has one son and two daughters. Later she went to London, working at the British Museum, living in the East End and studying its social problems. She wrote her first book at seventeen, and now is among the most voluminous of living writers. The list of her works is a very long one. Mrs. Meade's lot must be counted happy. She is beloved of little girls and of some girls well on in their teens. She has an immense popularity ; and she knows how to write of and for girls with great charm and truth.

She edited the girls' magazine, *Atalanta*, for six years. In her hands it was an ideal magazine for its purpose. Besides stories for girls, Mrs. Meade is constantly engaged in writing novels. Among many other works she has written (some alone, some in collaboration): 'Scamp and I,' the first to bring her popularity ; 'Daddy's Boy,' 'A World of Girls,' 'The Medicine Lady,' 'Stories from the Diary of a Doctor,' 'The Way of a Woman,' 'Bad Little Hannah,' 'Wild Kitty,' 'The Rebellion of Lil Carrington,' 1898 ; 'Mary Gifford,' 1898 ; 'The Cleverest Woman in England,' 1898 ; 'The Girls of St. Wode's,' 1898 ; 'The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings,' 1898 ; 'All Sorts,' 'An Adventuress,' 'The Sanctuary Club,' 'A Race with the Sun,' 'Daddy's Girl,' 'A Princess of the Gutter,' 'Wages,' 'Wheels of Iron,' 'The Blue Diamond,' 'Voices of the Past,' and 'Drift.'

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPADE.

From 'A World of Girls.'

It was a proverbial saying in the school that Annie Forest was always in hot water; she was exceedingly daring and loved what she called a spice of danger. This was not the first stolen picnic at which Annie reigned as queen, but this was the largest she had yet organized, and this was the first time she had dared to go out of doors with her satellites.

Hitherto these naughty sprites had been content to carry their baskets full of artfully concealed provisions to a disused attic which was exactly over the box-room, and consequently out of reach of the inhabited part of the house. Here, making a table of a great chest which stood in the attic, they feasted gloriously, undisturbed by the musty smell or by the innumerable spiders and beetles which disappeared rapidly in all directions at their ap-

proach; but when Annie one day incautiously suggested that on summer nights the outside world was all at their disposal, they began to discover flaws in their banqueting-hall. Mary Price said the musty smell made her half sick; Phyllis declared that at the sight of a spider she invariably turned faint; and Susan Drummond was heard to murmur that in a dusty, fusty attic even meringues scarcely kept her awake. The girls were all wild to try a midnight picnic out of doors, and Annie in her present mood, was only too eager for the fun.

With her usual skill she organized the whole undertaking, and eight agitated, slightly frightened, but much excited girls retired to their rooms that night. Annie, in her heart of hearts, felt rather sorry that Mrs. Willis should happen to be away; dim ideas of honor and trustworthiness were still stirring in her breast, but she dared not think now.

The night was in every respect propitious; the moon would not rise until after twelve, so the little party could get away under the friendly shelter of the darkness, and soon afterwards have plenty of light to enjoy their stolen feast. They had arranged to make no movement until close on midnight, and then they were all to meet in a passage which belonged to the kitchen regions, and where there was a side door which opened directly into the shrubbery. This door was not very often unlocked, and Annie had taken the key from its place in the lock some days before. She went to bed with her companions at nine o'clock as usual, and presently fell into an uneasy doze. She awoke to hear the great clock in the hall strike eleven, and a few minutes afterwards she heard Miss Danesbury's footsteps retiring to her room at the other end of the passage.

"Danesbury is always the last to go to bed," whispered Annie to herself; "I can get up presently."

She lay for another twenty minutes, then, softly rising, began to put on her clothes in the dark. Over her dress she fastened her waterproof, and placed a close-fitting brown velvet cap on her curly head. Having dressed herself, she approached Susan's bed, with the intention of rousing her.

"I shall have fine work now," she said, "and shall probably have to resort to cold water. Really, if Susy proves

too hard to wake, I shall let her sleep on—her drowsiness is past bearing."

Annie, however, was considerably startled when she discovered that Miss Drummond's bed was without an occupant.

At this moment the room door was very softly opened, and Susan, fully dressed and in her waterproof, came in.

"Why, Susy, where have you been?" exclaimed Annie. "Fancy you being awake a moment before it is necessary!"

"For once in a way I was restless," replied Miss Drummond, "so I thought I would get up, and take a turn in the passage outside. The house is perfectly quiet, and we can come now; most of the girls are already waiting at the side door."

Holding their shoes in their hands, Annie and Susan went noiselessly down the carpetless stairs, and found the remaining six girls waiting for them by the side door.

"Rover is our one last danger now," said Annie, as she fitted the well-oiled key into the lock. "Put on your shoes, girls, and let me out first; I think I can manage him."

She was alluding to a great mastiff which was usually kept chained up by day. Phyllis and Norah laid their hands on her arm.

"Oh, Annie, oh, love, suppose he seizes on you, and knocks you down—oh, dare you venture?"

"Let me go," said Annie a little contemptuously; "you don't suppose I am afraid?"

Her fingers trembled, for her nerves were highly strung; but she managed to unlock the door and draw back the bolts, and, opening it softly, she went out into the silent night.

Very slight as the noise she made was, it had aroused the watchful Rover, who trotted around swiftly to know what was the matter. But Annie had made friends with Rover long ago by stealing to his kennel door and feeding him, and she had now but to say "Rover" in her melodious voice, and throw her arms around his neck, to completely subvert his morals.

"He is one of us, girls," she called in a whisper to her companions; "come out. Rover will be as naughty as the rest of us, and go with us as our body-guard to the fairies' field. Now, I will lock the door on the outside, and

we can be off. Ah, the moon is getting up splendidly, and when we have secured Betty's basket, we shall be quite out of reach of danger."

At Annie's words of encouragement the seven girls ventured out. She locked the door, put the key into her pocket, and, holding Rover by his collar, led the way in the direction of the laurel-bush. The basket was secured, and Susan, to her disgust, and Mary Morris were elected for the first part of the way to carry it. The young truants then walked quickly down the avenue until they came to a turnstile which led into a wood.

The moon had now come up brilliantly, and the little party were in the highest possible spirits. They had got safely away from the house, and there was now, comparatively speaking, little fear of discovery. The more timid ones, who ventured to confess that their hearts were in their mouths while Annie was unlocking the side door, now became the most excited, and perhaps the boldest, under the reaction which set in. Even the wood, which was comparatively dark, with only patches of moonlight here and there, and queer weird shadows where the trees were thinnest, could not affect their spirits.

The poor, sleepy rabbits must have been astonished that night at the shouts of the revelers, as they hurried past them, and the birds must have taken their sleepy heads from under their downy wings, and wondered if the morning had come some hours before its usual time.

More than one solemn old owl blinked at them, and hooted as they passed, and told them in owl language what silly, naughty young things they were, and how they would repent of this dissipation by-and-by. But if the girls were to have an hour of remorse, it did not visit them then; their hearts were like feathers, and by the time they reached the field where the fairies were supposed to play, their spirits had become almost uncontrollable.

Luckily for them this small green field lay in a secluded hollow, and more luckily for them no tramps were about to hear their merriment. Rover, who constituted himself Annie's protector, now lay down by her side, and as she was the real ringleader and queen of the occasion, she ordered her subjects about pretty sharply.

"Now, girls, quick; open the basket. Yes, I 'm going to

rest. I have organized the whole thing, and I 'm fairly tired; so I 'll just sit quietly here, and Rover will take care of me while you set things straight. Ah! good Betty; she did not even forget the white table-cloth."

Here one of the girls remarked casually that the grass was wet with dew, and that it was well they had all put on their waterproofs.

Annie interrupted again in a petulant voice—

"Don't croak, Mary Morris. Out with the chickens, lay the ham in this corner, and the cherries will make a picturesque pile in the middle. Twelve meringues in all, that means a meringue and a half each. We shall have some difficulty in dividing. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how hungry I am! I was far too excited to eat anything at supper-time."

"So was I," said Phyllis, coming up and pressing close to Annie. "I do think Miss Danesbury cuts the bread and butter too thick—don't you, Annie? I could not eat mine at all, to-night, and Cecil Temple asked me if I was not well."

"Those who don't want chicken hold up their hands," here interrupted Annie, who had tossed her brown cap on the grass, and between whose brows a faint frown had passed for an instant at the mention of Cecil's name.

The feast now began in earnest, and silence reigned for a short time, broken only by the clatter of plates, and such an occasional remark as "Pass the salt, please," "Pepper this way, if you 've no objection," "How good chicken tastes in fairy-land," etc. At last the ginger-beer bottles began to pop—the girls' first hunger was appeased. Rover gladly crunched up all the bones, and conversation flowed once more, accompanied by the delicate diversion of taking alternate bites at meringues and cheesecakes.

"I wish the fairies would come out," said Annie.

"Oh, don't!" shivered Phyllis, looking round her nervously.

"Annie, darling, do tell us a ghost story," cried several voices.

Annie laughed, and commenced a series of nonsense tales, all of a slightly eerie character, which she made up on the spot.

The moon riding high in the heavens looked down on

the young giddy heads, and their laughter, naughty as they were, sounded sweet in the night air.

Time flew quickly, and the girls suddenly discovered that they must pack up their table-cloth and remove all traces of the feast unless they wished the bright light of morning to discover them. They rose hastily, sighing, and slightly depressed now that their fun was over. The white table-cloth, no longer very white, was packed into the basket, the ginger-beer bottles placed on top of it, and the lid fastened down. Not a crumb of the feast remained; Rover had demolished the bones, and the eight girls had made short work of everything else, with the exception of the cherry-stones, which Phyllis carefully collected and popped into a little hole in the ground.

The party then progressed slowly homewards, and once more entered the dark wood. They were much more silent now; the wood was darker, and the chill which foretells the dawn was making itself felt in the air. Either the sense of cold or a certain effect produced by Annie's ridiculous stories, made many of the little party unduly nervous.

They had only taken a few steps through the wood when Phyllis suddenly uttered a piercing shriek. This shriek was echoed by Nora and by Mary Morris, and all their hearts seemed to leap into their mouths when they saw something move among the trees. Rover uttered a growl, and, but for Annie's detaining hand, would have sprung forward. The high-spirited girl was not to be easily daunted.

"Behold, girls, the goblin of the woods," she exclaimed. "Quiet, Rover; stand still."

The next instant the fears of the little party reached their culmination when a tall, dark figure stood directly in their paths.

"If you don't let us pass at once," said Annie's voice, "I 'll set Rover at you."

The dog began to bark loudly, and quivered from head to foot.

The figure moved a little to one side, and a rather deep and slightly dramatic voice said—

"I mean you no harm, young ladies; I 'm only a gipsy-mother from the tents yonder. You are welcome to get

back to Lavender House. I have then one course plain before me."

"Come on, girls," said Annie, now considerably frightened, while Phyllis, and Nora, and one or two more began to sob.

"Look here, young ladies," said the gipsy in a whining voice, "I don't mean you no harm, my pretties, and it 's no affair of mine telling the good ladies at Lavender House what I 've seen. You cross my hand, dears, each of you, with a bit of silver, and all I 'll do is to tell your pretty fortunes, and mum is the word with the gipsy-mother as far as this night's prank is concerned."

"We had better do it, Annie—we had better do it," here sobbed Phyllis. "If this was found out by Mrs. Willis we might be expelled—we might, indeed; and that horrid woman is sure to tell of us—I know she is."

"Quite sure to tell, dear," said the tall gipsy, dropping a curtsey in a manner which looked frightfully sarcastic in the long shadows made by the trees. "Quite sure to tell, and to be expelled is the very least that could happen to such naughty little ladies. Here 's a nice little bit of clearing in the wood, and we 'll all come over, and Mother Rachel will tell your fortunes in a twinkling, and no one will be the wiser. Sixpence a-piece, my dears—only sixpence a-piece."

"Oh, come; do, do come," said Nora, and the next moment they were all standing in a circle round Mother Rachel, who pocketed her blackmail eagerly, and repeated some gibberish over each little hand. Over Annie's palm she lingered for a brief moment, and looked with her penetrating eyes into the girl's face.

"You 'll have suffering before you, miss; some suspicion, and danger even to life itself. But you 'll triumph, my dear, you 'll triumph. You 're a plucky one, and you 'll do a brave deed. There—good-night, young ladies; you have nothing more to fear from Mother Rachel."

The tall dark figure disappeared into the blackest shadows of the wood, and the girls, now like so many frightened hares, flew home. They deposited their basket where Betty would find it, under the shadow of the great laurel in the back avenue. They all bade Rover an affec-

tionate "good-night." Annie softly unlocked the side-door, and one by one, with their shoes in their hands, they regained their bedrooms. They were all very tired, and very cold, and a dull fear and sense of insecurity rested over each little heart. Suppose Mother Rachel proved unfaithful, notwithstanding the sixpences?

E. Œ. SOMERVILLE AND VIOLET MARTIN ("MARTIN ROSS").

MARTIN ROSS is the pseudonym of Miss Violet Martin and Miss Somerville, who are both great-granddaughters of Chief Justice Charles Kendal Bushe. Miss Martin is daughter of the late James Martin of Ross, County Galway, while Miss Somerville is daughter of the late Colonel Somerville of Drishane, County Cork. Both writers know their Cork and their Galway thoroughly, and are on the happiest terms with the gentry and peasantry of their immediate surroundings.

They know their Dublin as thoroughly, as their remarkable novel, 'The Real Charlotte,' goes to prove. These ladies have produced some very successful books: 'An Irish Cousin,' 'Naboth's Vineyard,' 'Through Connemara in a Governess Cart,' 'In the Vine Country,' and last, but not least, 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate,' a delightful book which has placed its authors among the first of the humorists. 'The Real Charlotte' excels as a picture of the *bourgeoisie* and the little folk of the country. It is bitten in with acid, and if it falls short of mere pleasantness, there is in it a strength that tempts one to name the authors of 'The Real Charlotte' with some very great writers.

LISHEEN. RACES, SECOND-HAND.

From 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'

It may or may not be agreeable to have attained the age of thirty-eight, but, judging from old photographs, the privilege of being nineteen has also its drawbacks. I turned over page after page of an ancient book in which were enshrined portraits of the friends of my youth, singly, in David and Jonathan couples, and in groups in which I, as it seemed to my mature and possibly jaundiced perception, always contrived to look the most immeasurable young bounder of the lot. Our faces were fat, and yet I cannot remember ever having been considered fat in my life; we indulged in low-necked shirts, in "Jemima" ties with diagonal stripes; we wore coats that seemed three sizes too small, and trousers that were three sizes too big; we also wore small whiskers.

I stopped at last at one of the David and Jonathan memorial portraits. Yes, here was the object of my researches; this stout and earnestly romantic youth was Leigh Kelway, and that fatuous and chubby young person

seated on the arm of his chair was myself. Leigh Kelway was a young man ardently believed in by a large circle of admirers, headed by himself and seconded by me, and for some time after I had left Magdalen for Sandhurst, I maintained a correspondence with him on large and abstract subjects. This phase of our friendship did not survive; I went soldiering to India, and Leigh Kelway took honors and moved suitably on into politics, as is the duty of an earnest young Radical with useful family connections and an independent income. Since then I had at intervals seen in the papers the name of the Honorable Basil Leigh Kelway mentioned as a speaker at elections, as a writer of thoughtful articles in the reviews, but we had never met, and nothing could have been less expected by me than the letter, written from Mrs. Raverty's Hotel, Skebawn, in which he told me he was making a tour in Ireland with Lord Waterbury, to whom he was private secretary. Lord Waterbury was at present having a few days' fishing near Killarney, and he himself, not being a fisherman, was collecting statistics for his chief on various points connected with the Liquor Question in Ireland. He had heard that I was in the neighborhood, and was kind enough to add that it would give him much pleasure to meet me again.

With a stir of the old enthusiasm I wrote begging him to be my guest for as long as it suited him, and the following afternoon he arrived at Shreelane. The stout young friend of my youth had changed considerably. His important nose and slightly prominent teeth remained, but his wavy hair had withdrawn intellectually from his temples; his eyes had acquired a statesmanlike absence of expression, and his neck had grown long and birdlike. It was his first visit to Ireland, as he lost no time in telling me, and he and his chief had already collected much valuable information on the subject to which they had dedicated the Easter recess. He further informed me that he thought of popularizing the subject in a novel, and therefore intended to, as he put it, "master the brogue" before his return.

During the next few days I did my best for Leigh Kelway. I turned him loose on Father Scanlan; I showed him Mohona, our champion village, that boasts fifteen public-houses out of twenty buildings of sorts and a railway station; I took him to hear the prosecution of a publican

for selling drink on a Sunday, which gave him an opportunity of studying perjury as a fine art, and of hearing a lady, on whom police suspicion justly rested, profoundly summed up by the sergeant as "a woman who had th' appairance of having knocked at a back door."

The net result of these experiences has not yet been given to the world by Leigh Kelway. For my own part, I had at the end of three days arrived at the conclusion that his society, when combined with a note-book and a thirst for statistics, was not what I used to find it at Oxford. I therefore welcomed a suggestion from Mr. Flurry Knox that we should accompany him to some typical country races, got up by the farmers at a place called Lisheen, some twelve miles away. It was the worst road in the district, the races of the most grossly unorthodox character; in fact, it was the very place for Leigh Kelway to collect impressions of Irish life, and in any case it was a blessed opportunity of disposing of him for the day.

In my guest's attire next morning I discerned an unbending from the rôle of cabinet minister towards that of sportsman; the outlines of the note-book might be traced in his breast pocket, but traversing it was the strap of a pair of field-glasses, and his light gray suit was smart enough for Goodwood.

Flurry was to drive us to the races at one o'clock, and we walked to Tory Cottage by the short cut over the hill, in the sunny beauty of an April morning. Up to the present the weather had kept me in a more or less apologetic condition; any one who has entertained a guest in the country knows the unjust weight of responsibility that rests on the shoulders of the host in the matter of climate, and Leigh Kelway, after two drenchings, had become sarcastically resigned to what I felt he regarded as my mismanagement.

Flurry took us into the house for a drink and a biscuit, to keep us going, as he said, till "we lifted some luncheon out of the Castle Knox people at the races," and it was while we were thus engaged that the first disaster of the day occurred. The dining-room door was open, so also was the window of the little staircase just outside it, and through the window traveled sounds that told of the close proximity of the stable-yard; the clattering of hoofs on

cobble stones, and voices uplifted in loud conversation. Suddenly from this region there arose a screech of the laughter peculiar to kitchen flirtation, followed by the clank of a bucket, the plunging of a horse, and then an uproar of wheels and galloping hoofs. An instant afterwards Flurry's chestnut cob, in a dogcart, dashed at full gallop into view, with the reins streaming behind him, and two men in hot pursuit. Almost before I had time to realize what had happened, Flurry jumped through the half-opened window of the dining-room like a clown at a pantomime, and joined in the chase, but the cob was resolved to make the most of his chance, and went away down the drive and out of sight at a pace that distanced every one save the kennel terrier, who sped in shrieking ecstasy beside him.

"Oh merciful hour!" exclaimed a female voice behind me. Leigh Kelway and I were by this time watching the progress of events from the gravel, in company with the remainder of Flurry's household. "The horse is desthroyed! Wasn't that the quare start he took! And all in the world I done was to slap a bucket of wather at Michael out the windy, and 't was himself got it in place of Michael!"

"Ye 'll never ate another bit, Bridgie Dunnigan," replied the cook, with the exulting pessimism of her kind. "The Master 'll have your life!"

Both speakers shouted at the top of their voices, probably because in spirit they still followed afar the flight of the cob.

Leigh Kelway looked serious as we walked on down the drive. I almost dared to hope that a note on the degrading oppression of Irish retainers was shaping itself. Before we reached the bend of the drive the rescue party was returning with the fugitive, all, with the exception of the kennel terrier, looking extremely gloomy. The cob had been confronted by a wooden gate, which he had unhesitatingly taken in his stride, landing on his head on the farther side with the gate and the cart on top of him, and had arisen with a lame foreleg, a cut on his nose, and several other minor wounds.

"You 'd think the brute had been fighting the cats, with all the scratches and scrapes he has on him!" said Flurry,

casting a vengeful eye at Michael, "and one shaft 's broken and so is the dashboard. I haven't another horse in the place; they 're all out at grass, and so there 's an end of the races!"

We all three stood blankly on the hall-door steps and watched the wreck of the trap being trundled up the avenue.

"I 'm very sorry you 're done out of your sport," said Flurry to Leigh Kelway, in tones of deplorable sincerity; "perhaps, as there 's nothing else to do, you 'd like to see the hounds——?"

I felt for Flurry, but of the two I felt more for Leigh Kelway as he accepted this alleviation. He disliked dogs, and held the newest views on sanitation, and I knew what Flurry's kennels could smell like. I was lighting a precautionary cigarette, when we caught sight of an old man riding up the drive. Flurry stopped short.

"Hold on a minute," he said; "here 's an old chap that often brings me horses for the kennels; I must see what he wants."

The man dismounted and approached Mr. Knox, hat in hand, towing after him a gaunt and ancient black mare with a big knee.

"Well, Barrett," began Flurry, surveying the mare with his hands in his pockets, "I 'm not giving the hounds meat this month, or only very little."

"Ah, Master Flurry," answered Barrett, "it 's you that 's pleasant! Is it give the like o' this one for the dogs to ate! She 's a vallyble strong young mare, no more than shixteen years of age, and ye 'd sooner be lookin' at her goin' under a side-car than eatin' your dinner."

"There isn't as much meat on her as 'd fatten a jackdaw," said Flurry, clinking the silver in his pockets as he searched for a matchbox. "What are you asking for her?"

The old man drew cautiously up to him.

"Master Flurry," he said solemnly, "I 'll sell her to *your* honor for five pounds, and she 'll be worth ten after you give her a month's grass."

Flurry lit his cigarette; then he said imperturbably, "I 'll give you seven shillings for her."

Old Barrett put on his hat in silence, and in silence

buttoned his coat and took hold of the stirrup leather. Flurry remained immovable.

"Master Flurry," said old Barrett suddenly, with tears in his voice, "you must make it eight, sir!"

"Michael!" called out Flurry with apparent irrelevance, "run up to your father's and ask him would he lend me a loan of his side-car."

Half-an-hour later we were, improbable as it may seem, on our way to Lisheen races. We were seated upon an outside-car of immemorial age, whose joints seemed to open and close again as it swung in and out of the ruts, whose tattered cushions stank of rats and mildew, whose wheels staggered and rocked like the legs of a drunken man. Between the shafts jogged the latest addition to the kennel larder, the eight-shilling mare. Flurry sat on one side, and kept her going at a rate of not less than four miles an hour; Leigh Kelway and I held on to the other.

"She 'll get us as far as Lynch's anyway," said Flurry, abandoning his first contention that she could do the whole distance, as he pulled her on to her legs after her fifteenth stumble, "and he 'll lend us some sort of a horse, if it was only a mule."

"Do you notice that these cushions are very damp?" said Leigh Kelway to me, in a hollow undertone.

"Small blame to them if they are!" replied Flurry. "I 've no doubt but they were out under the rain all day yesterday at Mrs. Hurly's funeral."

Leigh Kelway made no reply, but he took his note-book out of his pocket and sat on it.

We arrived at Lynch's at a little past three, and were there confronted by the next disappointment of this disastrous day. The door of Lynch's farm-house was locked, and nothing replied to our knocking except a puppy, who barked hysterically from within.

"All gone to the races," said Flurry philosophically, picking his way round the manure heap. "No matter, here 's the filly in the shed here. I know he 's had her under a car."

An agitating ten minutes ensued, during which Leigh Kelway and I got the eight-shilling mare out of the shafts and the harness, and Flurry, with our inefficient help, crammed the young mare into them. As Flurry had stated

that she had been driven before, I was bound to believe him, but the difficulty of getting the bit into her mouth was remarkable, and so also was the crab-like manner in which she sidled out of the yard, with Flurry and myself at her head, and Leigh Kelway hanging on to the back of the car to keep it from jamming in the gateway.

"Sit up on the car now," said Flurry when we got out on to the road; "I 'll lead her on a bit. She 's been plowed anyway; one side of her mouth 's as tough as a gad!"

Leigh Kelway threw away the wisp of grass with which he had been cleaning his hands, and mopped his intellectual forehead; he was very silent. We both mounted the car and Flurry, with the reins in his hand, walked beside the filly, who, with her tail clasped in, moved onward in a succession of short jerks.

"Oh, she 's all right!" said Flurry, beginning to run, and dragging the filly into a trot; "once she gets started—" Here the filly spied a pig in a neighboring field, and despite the fact that she had probably eaten out of the same trough with it, she gave a violent side spring, and broke into a gallop.

"Now we 're off!" shouted Flurry, making a jump at the car and clambering on; "if the traces hold we 'll do!"

The English language is powerless to suggest the view-halloo with which Mr. Knox ended his speech, or to do more than indicate the rigid anxiety of Leigh Kelway's face as he regained his balance after the preliminary jerk, and clutched the back rail. It must be said for Lynch's filly that she did not kick; she merely fled, like a dog with a kettle tied to its tail, from the pursuing rattle and jingle behind her, with the shafts buffeting her dusty sides as the car swung to and fro. Whenever she showed any signs of slackening, Flurry loosed another yell at her that renewed her panic, and thus we precariously covered another two or three miles of our journey.

Had it not been for a large stone lying on the road, and had the filly not chosen to swerve so as to bring the wheel on top of it, I dare say we might have got to the races; but by an unfortunate coincidence both these things occurred, and when we recovered from the consequent shock, the tire of one of the wheels had come off, and was

trundling with cumbrous gayety into the ditch. Flurry stopped the filly and began to laugh; Leigh Kelway said something startlingly unparliamentary under his breath.

"Well, it might be worse," Flurry said consolingly as he lifted the tire on to the car; "we 're not half a mile from a forge."

We walked that half-mile in funeral procession behind the car; the glory had departed from the weather, and an ugly wall of cloud was rising up out of the west to meet the sun; the hills had darkened and lost color, and the white bog cotton shivered in a cold wind that smelt of rain.

By a miracle the smith was not at the races, owing, as he explained, to his having "the toothaches," the two facts combined producing in him a morosity only equaled by that of Leigh Kelway. The smith's sole comment on the situation was to unharness the filly, and drag her into the forge, where he tied her up. He then proceeded to whistle viciously on his fingers in the direction of a cottage, and to command, in tones of thunder, some unseen creature to bring over a couple of baskets of turf. The turf arrived in process of time, on a woman's back, and was arranged in a circle in a yard at the back of the forge. The tire was bedded in it, and the turf was with difficulty kindled at different points.

"Ye 'll not get to the races this day," said the smith, yielding to a sardonic satisfaction; "the turf's wet, and I haven't one to do a hand's turn for me." He laid the wheel on the ground and lit his pipe.

Leigh Kelway looked pallidly about him over the spacious empty landscape of brown mountain slopes patched with golden furze and seamed with gray walls; I wondered if he were as hungry as I. We sat on stones opposite the smoldering ring of turf and smoked, and Flurry beguiled the smith into grim and calumnious confidences about every horse in the country. After about an hour, during which the turf went out three times, and the weather became more and more threatening, a girl with a red petticoat over her head appeared at the gate of the yard, and said to the smith:

"The horse is gone away from ye."

"Where?" exclaimed Flurry, springing to his feet.

"I met him walking wesht the road there below, and when I thought to turn him he commenced to gallop."

"Pulled her head out of the headstall," said Flurry, after a rapid survey of the forge. "She 's near home by now."

It was at this moment that the rain began; the situation could scarcely have been better stage-managed. After reviewing the position, Flurry and I decided that the only thing to do was to walk to a public-house a couple of miles farther on, feed there if possible, hire a car, and go home.

It was an uphill walk, with mild, generous rain-drops striking thicker and thicker on our faces; no one talked, and the gray clouds crowded up from behind the hills like billows of steam. Leigh Kelway bore it all with egregious resignation. I cannot pretend that I was at heart sympathetic, but by virtue of being his host I felt responsible for the breakdown, for his light suit, for everything, and divined his sentiment of horror at the first sight of the public-house.

It was a long, low cottage, with a line of dripping elm-trees overshadowing it; empty cars and carts round its door, and a babel from within made it evident that the racegoers were pursuing a gradual homeward route. The shop was crammed with steaming countrymen, whose loud brawling voices, all talking together, roused my English friend to his first remark since we left the forge.

"Surely, Yeates, we are not going into that place?" he said severely; "those men are all drunk."

"Ah, nothing to signify!" said Flurry, plunging in and driving his way through the throng like a plow. "Here, Mary Kate!" he called to the girl behind the counter, "tell your mother we want some tea and bread and butter in the room inside."

The smell of bad tobacco and spilt porter was choking; we worked our way through it after him towards the end of the shop, intersecting at every hand discussions about the races.

"Tom was very nice. He spared his horse all along, and then he put into him—" "Well, at Goggin's corner the third horse was before the second, but he was goin' wake in himself." "I tell ye the mare had the hind leg fasht in

the fore." "Clancy was dipping in the saddle." "'T was a dam nice race whatever——"

We gained the inner rooom at last, a cheerless apartment, adorned with sacred pictures, a sewing-machine, and an array of supplementary tumblers and wineglasses; but, at all events, we had it so far to ourselves. At intervals during the next half-hour Mary Kate burst in with cups and plates, cast them on the table and disappeared, but of food there was no sign. After a further period of starvation and of listening to the noise in the shop, Flurry made a sortie, and, after lengthy and unknown adventures, reappeared carrying a huge brown teapot, and driving before him Mary Kate with the remainder of the repast. The bread tasted of mice, the butter of turf-smoke, the tea of brown paper, but we had got past the critical stage. I had entered upon my third round of bread and butter when the door was flung open, and my valued acquaintance, Slipper, slightly advanced in liquor, presented himself to our gaze. His bandy legs sprawled consequentially, his nose was redder than a coal of fire, his prominent eyes rolled crookedly upon us, and his left hand swept behind him the attempt of Mary Kate to frustrate his entrance.

"Good-evening to my vinerable friend, Mr. Flurry Knox!" he began, in the voice of a town crier, "and to the Honorable Major Yeates, and the English gintleman!"

This impressive opening immediately attracted an audience from the shop, and the doorway filled with grinning faces as Slipper advanced farther into the room.

"Why weren't ye at the races, Mr. Flurry?" he went on, his roving eye taking a grip of us all at the same time; "sure the Miss Bennetts and all the ladies was asking where were ye."

"It 'd take some time to tell them that," said Flurry, with his mouth full; "but what about the races, Slipper? Had you good sport?"

"Sport is it? Divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen," replied Slipper. He leaned against a side table, and all the glasses on it jingled. "Does your honor know O'Driscoll?" he went on irrelevantly. "Sure you do. He was in your honor's stable. It 's what we were all sayin'; it was a great pity your honor was not there, for the likin' you had to Driscoll."

"That 's thrue," said a voice at the door.

"There wasn't one in the Barony but was gethered in it, through and fro," continued Slipper, with a quelling glance at the interrupter; "and there was tints for sellin' porther, and whisky as pliable as new milk, and boys goin' round the tints outside, feeling for heads with the big ends of their blackthorns, and all kinds of recreations, and the Sons of Liberty's piffler and dhrum band from Skebawn; though faith! there was more of thim runnin' to look at the races than what was playin' in it; not to mintion different occasions that the bandmasther was atin' his lunch within in the whisky tint."

"But what about Driscoll?" said Flurry.

"Sure it 's about him I 'm tellin' ye!" replied Slipper, with the practiced orator's watchful eye on his growing audience. "'T was within the same whisky tint meself was, with the bandmasther and a few of the lads, an' we buyin' a ha'porth o' crackers, when I seen me brave Driscoll landin' into the tint, and a pair o' thim long boots on him; him that hadn't a shoe nor a stocking to his foot when your honor had him picking grass out o' the stones behind in your yard. "Well," says I to meself, "we 'll knock some spoort out of Driscoll!"

"'Come here to me, acushla!' says I to him; 'I suppose it 's some way wake in the legs y' are,' says I, 'an' the docthor put them on ye the way the people wouldn't thrample ye!'

"'May the divil choke ye!' says he, pleasant enough, but I knew by the blush he had he was vexed.

"'Then I suppose 't is a left-tenant colonel y' are,' says I; 'yer mother must be proud out o' ye!' says I, 'an' maybe ye 'll lend her a loan o' thim waders when she 's rinsin' yer bauneen in the river!' says I.

"'There 'll be work out o' this!' says he, lookin' at me both sour and bitther.

"'Well indeed, I was thinkin' you were blue molded for want of a batin',' says I. He was for fightin' us then, but afther we had him pacificated with about a quarther of a naggin' o' sperrits, he told us he was goin' ridin' in a race.

"'An' what 'll ye ride?' says I.

"'Owld Bocock's mare,' says he.

"'Knipes!' says I, sayin' a great curse; 'is it that little staggeen from the mountains? sure she 's somethin' about the one age with meself,' says I. 'Many 's the time Jamesy Geoghegan and meself used to be dhrivin' her to Macroom with pigs an' all soorts,' says I; 'an' is it leppin' stone walls ye want her to go now?'

"'Faith, there 's walls and every vari'ty of obstackle in it,' says he.

"'It 'll be the best o' your play, so,' says I; 'to leg it away home out o' this.'

"'An' who 'll ride her, so?' says he.

"'Let the divil ride her,' says I."

Leigh Kelway, who had been leaning back seemingly half asleep, obeyed the hypnotism of Slipper's gaze, and opened his eyes.

"That was now all the conversation that passed between himself and meself," resumed Slipper, "and there was no great delay afther that till they said there was a race startin' and the dickens a one at all was goin' to ride only two, Driscoll, and one Clancy. With that then I seen Mr. Kinahane, the Petty Sessions clerk, goin' round clearin' the coorse, an' I gethered a few o' the neighbors, an' we walked the fields hither and over till we seen the most of th' obstackles.

"'Stand aisy now by the plantation,' says I; 'if they get to come as far as this, believe me ye 'll see spoort,' says I, 'an' 't will be a convanient spot to encourage the mare if she 's anyway wake in herself,' says I, cuttin' somethin' about five foot of an ash sapling out o' the plantation.

"'That 's yer sort!' says owld Bocock, that was thravelin' the racecoorse, peggin' a bit o' paper down with a thorn in front of every lep, the way Driscoll 'd know the handiest place to face her at it.

"Well I hadn't barely thrimmed the ash plant——"

"Have you any jam, Mary Kate?" interrupted Flurry, whose meal had been in no way interfered with by either the story or the highly scented crowd who had come to listen to it.

"We have no jam, only thraycle, sir," replied the invisible Mary Kate.

"I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed," repeated Slipper firmly, "when I heard the people screechin', an' I seen

Driscoll an' Clancy comin' on, leppin' all before them, an' owld Bocock's mare bellusin' an' powdherin' along, an' bedad! whatever obstackle wouldn't throw *her* down, faith, she 'd throw *it* down, an' there 's the thraffic they had in it.

"'I declare to me sowl,' says I, 'if they continue on this way there 's a great chance some one o' thim 'll win,' says I.

"'Ye lie!' says the bandmasther, bein' a thrifle fulsome after his luncheon.

"'I do not,' says I, 'in regard of seein' how soople them two boys is. Ye might observe,' says I, 'that if they have no convanient way to sit on the saddle, they 'll ride the neck o' the horse till such time as they gets an occasion to lave it,' says I.

"'Arrah, shut yer mouth!' says the bandmasther; 'they 're puckin' out this way now, an' may the divil admire me!' says he, 'but Clancy has the other bet out, and the divil such leatherin' and beltin' of owld Bocock's mare ever you seen as what 's in it!' says he.

"Well, when I seen them comin' to me, and Driscoll about the length of the plantation behind Clancy, I let a couple of bawls.

"'Skelp her, ye big brute!' says I. 'What good 's in ye that ye aren't able to skelp her?'"

The yell and the histrionic flourish of his stick with which Slipper delivered this incident brought down the house. Leigh Kelway was sufficiently moved to ask me in an undertone if "skelp" was a local term.

"Well, Mr. Flurry, and gintlemen," recommenced Slipper, "I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a gandher, and when she passed me out she give a couple of grunts, and looked at me as ugly as a Christian.

"'Hah!' says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her; 'I 'll make ye grunt!' says I, 'I 'll nourish ye!'

"I knew well she was very frightful of th' ash plant since the winter Tommeen Sullivan had her under a side car. But now, in place of havin' any obligations to me, ye 'd be surprised if ye heard the blaspheemious expressions of that young boy that was ridin' her; and whether

it was over-anxious he was, turnin' around the way I 'd hear him cursin', or whether it was some slither or slide came to owld Bocock's mare, I dunno, but she was bet up agin the last obstackle but two, and before ye cauld say 'Shnipes,' she was standin' on her two ears beyond in th' other field! I declare to ye, on the vartue of me oath, she stood that way till she reconnoithered what side would Driscoll fall, an' she turned about then and rolled on him as cozy as if he was meadow grass!"

Slipper stopped short; the people in the doorway groaned appreciatively; Mary Kate murmured "The Lord save us!"

"The blood was dhruv out through his nose and ears," continued Slipper, with a voice that indicated the cream of the narration, "and you 'd hear his bones crackin' on the ground! You 'd have pitied the poor boy."

"Good heavens!" said Leigh Kelway, sitting up very straight in his chair.

"Was he hurt, Slipper?" asked Flurry casually.

"Hurt is it?" echoed Slipper in high scorn; "killed on the spot!" He paused to relish the effect of the *dénouement* on Leigh Kelway. "Oh, divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen; and indeed, Mr. Flurry, it 's what we were all sayin', it was a great pity your honor was not there for the likin' you had for Driscoll."

As he spoke the last word there was an outburst of singing and cheering from a car-load of people who had just pulled up at the door. Flurry listened, leaned back in his chair, and began to laugh.

"It scarcely strikes one as a comic incident," said Leigh Kelway, very coldly to me; "in fact, it seems to me that the police ought——"

"Show me Slipper!" bawled a voice in the shop; "show me that dirty little undherlooper till I have his blood! Hadn't I the race won only for he souring the mare on me! What 's that you say? I tell ye he did! He left seven slaps on her with the handle of a hay-rake——"

There was in the room in which we were sitting a second door, leading to the back yard, a door consecrated to the unobtrusive visits of so-called "Sunday travelers." Through it Slipper faded away like a dream, and, simultaneously, a tall young man, with a face like a red-hot

potato tied up in a bandage, squeezed his way from the shop into the room.

"Well, Driscoll," said Flurry, "since it wasn't the teeth of the rake he left on the mare, you needn't be talking!"

Leigh Kelway looked from one to the other with a wilder expression in his eye than I had thought it capable of. I read in it a resolve to abandon Ireland to her fate.

At eight o'clock we were still waiting for the car that we had been assured should be ours directly it returned from the races. At half-past eight we had adopted the only possible course that remained, and had accepted the offers of lifts on the laden cars that were returning to Skebawn, and I presently was gratified by the spectacle of my friend Leigh Kelway wedged between a roulette table and its proprietor on one side of a car, with Driscoll and Slipper, mysteriously reconciled and excessively drunk, seated, locked in each other's arms, on the other. Flurry and I, somewhat similarly placed, followed on two other cars. I was scarcely surprised when I was informed that the melancholy white animal in the shafts of the leading car was Owld Bocock's much-enduring steeplechaser.

The night was very dark and stormy, and it is almost superfluous to say that no one carried lamps; the rain poured upon us, and through wind and wet Owld Bocock's mare set the pace at a rate that showed she knew from bitter experience what was expected from her by gentlemen who had spent the evening in a public-house; behind her the other two tired horses followed closely, incited to emulation by shouting, singing, and a liberal allowance of whip. We were a good ten miles from Skebawn, and never had the road seemed so long. For mile after mile the half-seen low walls slid past us, with occasional plunges into caverns of darkness under trees. Sometimes from a wayside cabin a dog would dash out to bark at us as we rattled by; sometimes our cavalcade swung aside to pass, with yells and counter-yells, crawling carts filled with other belated race-goers.

I was nearly wet through, even though I received considerable shelter from a Skebawn publican, who slept heavily and irrepressibly on my shoulder. Driscoll, on the leading car, had struck up an approximation to the "Wearing of the Green," when a wavering star appeared on the

road ahead of us. It grew momently larger; it came towards us apace. Flurry, on the car behind me, shouted suddenly—

"That 's the mail car, with one of the lamps out! Tell those fellows ahead to look out!"

But the warning fell on deaf ears.

"When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow"

howled five discordant voices, oblivious of the towering proximity of the star.

A Bianconi mail car is nearly three times the size of an ordinary outside car, and when on a dark night it advances, Cyclops-like, with but one eye, it is difficult for even a sober driver to calculate its bulk. Above the sounds of melody there arose the thunder of heavy wheels, the splashing trample of three big horses, then a crash and a turmoil of shouts. Our cars pulled up just in time, and I tore myself from the embrace of my publican to go to Leigh Kelway's assistance.

The wing of the Bianconi had caught the wing of the smaller car, flinging Owld Bocock's mare on her side and throwing her freight headlong on top of her, the heap being surmounted by the roulette table. The driver of the mail car unshipped his solitary lamp and turned it on the disaster. I saw that Flurry had already got hold of Leigh Kelway by the heels, and was dragging him from under the others. He struggled up hatless, muddy, and gasping, with Driscoll hanging on by his neck, still singing the "Wearing of the Green."

A voice from the mail car said incredulously, "*Leigh Kelway!*" A spectacled face glared down upon him from under the dripping spikes of an umbrella.

It was the Right Honorable the Earl of Waterbury, Leigh Kelway's chief, returning from his fishing excursion.

Meanwhile Slipper, in the ditch, did not cease to announce that "Divil so pleasant an afthernoon ever ye seen as what was in it!"

TRINKET'S COLT.

From 'Some Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'

It was petty sessions day in Skebawn, a cold gray day of February. A case of trespass had dragged its burden of cross summonses and cross swearing far into the afternoon, and when I left the bench my head was singing from the bellowings of the attorneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon my palate.

The streets still testified to the fact that it was market day, and I evaded with difficulty the sinuous course of carts full of soddenly drunken people, and steered an equally devious one for myself among the groups anchored round the doors of the public-houses. Skebawn possesses, among its legion of public-houses, one establishment which timorously, and almost imperceptibly, proffers tea to the thirsty. I turned in there, as was my custom on court days, and found the little dingy den, known as the Ladies' Coffee-Room, in the occupancy of my friend Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox, who was drinking strong tea and eating buns with serious simplicity. It was a first and quite unexpected glimpse of that domesticity that has now become a marked feature in his character.

"You 're the very man I wanted to see," I said as I sat down beside him at the oilcloth-covered table; "a man I know in England who is not much of a judge of character has asked me to buy him a four-year-old down here, and as I should rather be stuck by a friend than a dealer, I wish you 'd take over the job."

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea, and dropped three lumps of sugar into it in silence.

Finally he said, "There isn't a four-year-old in this country that I 'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

This was discouraging, from the premier authority on horse-flesh in the district.

"But it isn't six weeks since you told me you had the finest filly in your stables that was ever foaled in the County Cork," I protested; "what 's wrong with her?"

"Oh, is it that filly?" said Mr. Knox with a lenient smile; "she 's gone these three weeks from me. I swapped her and £6 for a three-year-old Ironmonger colt, and after

that I swapped the colt and £19 for that Brandon horse I rode last week at your place, and after that again I sold the Brandon horse for £75 to old Welply, and I had to give him back a couple of sovereigns luck-money. You see I did pretty well with the filly after all."

"Yes, yes—oh rather," I assented, as one dizzily accepts the propositions of a bimetallist; "and you don't know of anything else—?"

The room in which we were seated was closely screened from the shop by a door with a muslin-curtained window in it; several of the panes were broken, and at this juncture two voices that had for some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention.

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you, ma'am," said the voice of Mrs. McDonald, proprietress of the tea-shop, and a leading light in Skebawn Dissenting circles, shrilly tremulous with indignation, "if the servants I recommend you won't stop with you, it 's no fault of mine. If respectable young girls are set picking grass out of your gravel, in place of their proper work, certainly they will give warning!"

The voice that replied struck me as being a notable one, well-bred and imperious.

"When I take a barefooted slut out of a cabin, I don't expect her to dictate to me what her duties are!"

Flurry jerked up his chin in a noiseless laugh. "It 's my grandmother!" he whispered. "I bet you Mrs. McDonald don't get much change out of her!"

"If I set her to clean the pig-sty I expect her to obey me," continued the voice in accents that would have made me clean forty pig-stys had she desired me to do so.

"Very well, ma'am," retorted Mrs. McDonald, "if that 's the way you treat your servants, you needn't come here again looking for them. I consider your conduct is neither that of a lady nor a Christian!"

"Don't you, indeed?" replied Flurry's grandmother. "Well, your opinion doesn't greatly distress me, for, to tell you the truth, I don't think you 're much of a judge."

"Didn't I tell you she 'd score?" murmured Flurry, who was by this time applying his eye to a hole in the muslin curtain. "She 's off," he went on, returning to his tea. "She 's a great character! She 's eighty-three

if she 's a day, and she 's as sound on her legs as a three-year-old! Did you see that old shandrydan of hers in the street a while ago, and a fellow on the box with a red beard on him like Robinson Crusoe? That old mare that was on the near side—Trinket her name is—is mighty near clean bred. I can tell you her foals are worth a bit of money."

I had heard of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas; indeed, I had seldom dined out in the neighborhood without hearing some new story of her and her remarkable ménage, but it had not yet been my privilege to meet her.

"Well, now," went on Flurry in his slow voice, "I 'll tell you a thing that 's just come into my head. My grandmother promised me a foal of Trinket's the day I was one-and-twenty, and that 's five years ago, and deuce a one I 've got from her yet. You never were at Aussolas? No, you were not. Well, I tell you the place there is like a circus with horses. She has a couple of score of them running wild in the woods, like deer."

"Oh, come," I said, "I 'm a bit of a liar myself—"

"Well, she has a dozen of them anyhow, rattling good colts too, some of them, but they might as well be donkeys for all the good they are to me or any one. It 's not once in three years she sells one, and there she has them walking after her for bits of sugar, like a lot of dirty lapdogs," ended Flurry with disgust.

"Well, what 's your plan? Do you want me to make her a bid for one of the lapdogs?"

"I was thinking," replied Flurry, with great deliberation, "that my birthday's this week, and maybe I could work a four-year-old colt of Trinket's she has out of her in honor of the occasion."

"And sell your grandmother's birthday present to me?"

"Just that, I suppose," answered Flurry with a slow wink.

A few days afterwards a letter from Mr. Knox informed me that he had "squared the old lady, and it would be all right about the colt." He further told me that Mrs. Knox had been good enough to offer me, with him, a day's snipe shooting on the celebrated Aussolas bogs, and he proposed to drive me there the following Monday, if convenient. Most people found it convenient to shoot the Aussolas snipe

bog when they got a chance. Eight o'clock on the following Monday morning saw Flurry, myself, and a groom packed into a dogcart, with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and two rampant red setters.

It was a long drive, twelve miles at least, and a very cold one. We passed through long tracts of pasture country, fraught, for Flurry, with memories of runs, which were recorded for me, fence by fence, in every one of which the biggest dog-fox in the country had gone to ground, with not two feet—measured accurately on the handle of the whip—between him and the leading hound; through bogs that imperceptibly melted into lakes, and finally down and down into a valley, where the fir-trees of Aussolas clustered darkly round a glittering lake, and all but hid the gray roofs and pointed gables of Aussolas Castle.

"There 's a nice stretch of a demesne for you," remarked Flurry, pointing downwards with the whip, "and one little old woman holding it all in the heel of her fist. Well able to hold it she is, too, and always was, and she 'll live twenty years yet, if it 's only to spite the whole lot of us, and when all 's said and done goodness knows how she 'll leave it!"

"It strikes me you were lucky to keep her up to her promise about the colt," I said.

Flurry administered a composing kick to the ceaseless strivings of the red setters under the seat.

"I used to be rather a pet with her," he said, after a pause; "but mind you, I haven't got him yet, and if she gets any notion I want to sell him I 'll never get him, so say nothing about the business to her."

The tall gates of Aussolas shrieked on their hinges as they admitted us, and shut with a clang behind us, in the faces of an old mare and a couple of young horses, who, foiled in their break for the excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped defiantly on either side of us. Flurry's admirable cob hammered on, regardless of all things save his duty.

"He 's the only one I have that I 'd trust myself here with," said his master, flicking him approvingly with the whip; "there are plenty of people afraid to come here at all, and when my grandmother goes out driving she has a

boy on the box with a basket full of stones to peg at them. Talk of the dickens, here she is herself!"

A short, upright old woman was approaching, preceded by a white woolly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a tin trumpet; we both got out of the trap and advanced to meet the lady of the manor.

I may summarize her attire by saying that she looked as if she had robbed a scarecrow; her face was small and incongruously refined, the skinny hand that she extended to me had the grubby tan that bespoke the professional gardener, and was decorated with a magnificent diamond ring. On her head was a massive purple velvet bonnet.

"I am very glad to meet you, Major Yeates," she said with an old-fashioned precision of utterance; "your grandfather was a dancing partner of mine in the old days at the Castle, when he was a handsome young aide-de-camp there, and I was——you may judge for yourself what I was."

She ended with a startling little hoot of laughter, and I was aware that she quite realized the world's opinion of her, and was indifferent to it.

Our way to the bogs took us across Mrs. Knox's home farm, and through a large field in which several young horses were grazing.

"There now, that 's my fellow," said Flurry, pointing to a fine-looking colt, "the chestnut with the white diamond on his forehead. He 'll run into three figures before he 's done, but we 'll not tell that to the old lady!"

The famous Aussolas bogs were as full of snipe as usual, and a good deal fuller of water than any bogs I had ever shot before. I was on my day, and Flurry was not, and as he is ordinarily an infinitely better snipe shot than I, I felt at peace with the world and all men as we walked back, wet through, at five o'clock.

The sunset had waned, and a big white moon was making the eastern tower of Aussolas look like a thing in a fairy tale or a play when we arrived at the hall door. An individual, whom I recognized as the Robinson Crusoe coachman, admitted us to a hall, the like of which one does not often see. The walls were paneled with dark oak up to the gallery that ran round three sides of it, the balusters of the wide stair-case were heavily carved, and blackened

portraits of Flurry's ancestors on the spindle side stared sourly down on their descendant as he tramped up-stairs with the bog mold on his hobnailed boots.

We had just changed into dry clothes when Robinson Crusoe shoved his red beard round the corner of the door, with the information that the mistress said we were to stay for dinner. My heart sank. It was then barely half-past five. I said something about having no evening clothes and having to get home early.

"Sure the dinner 'll be in another half-hour," said Robinson Crusoe, joining hospitably in the conversation; "and as for evening clothes—God bless ye!"

The door closed behind him.

"Never mind," said Flurry, "I dare say you 'll be glad enough to eat another dinner by the time you get home." He laughed. "Poor Slipper!" he added inconsequently, and only laughed again when I asked for an explanation.

Old Mrs. Knox received us in the library, where she was seated by a roaring turf fire, which lit the room a good deal more effectively than the pair of candles that stood beside her in tall silver candlesticks. Ceaseless and implacable growls from under her chair indicated the presence of the woolly dog. She talked with confounding culture of the books that rose all round her to the ceiling; her evening dress was accomplished by means of an additional white shawl, rather dirtier than its congeners; as I took her in to dinner she quoted Virgil to me, and in the same breath screeched an objurgation at a being whose matted head rose suddenly into view from behind an ancient Chinese screen, as I have seen the head of a Zulu woman peer over a bush.

Dinner was as incongruous as everything else. Detestable soup in a splendid old silver tureen that was nearly as dark in hue as Robinson Crusoe's thumb; a perfect salmon, perfectly cooked, on a chipped kitchen dish; such cut glass as is not easy to find nowadays; sherry that, as Flurry subsequently remarked, would burn the shell off an egg; and a bottle of port, draped in immemorial cobwebs, wan with age, and probably priceless. Throughout the vicissitudes of the meal Mrs. Knox's conversation flowed on undismayed, directed sometimes at me—she had installed me in the position of a friend of her youth, and

talked to me as if I were my own grandfather—sometimes at Crusoe, with whom she had several heated arguments, and sometimes she would make a statement of remarkable frankness on the subject of her horse-farming affairs to Flurry, who, very much on his best behavior, agreed with all she said, and risked no original remark. As I listened to them both, I remembered with infinite amusement how he had told me once that "a pet name she had for him was 'Tony Lumpkin,' and no one but herself knew what she meant by it." It seemed strange that she made no allusion to Trinket's colt or to Flurry's birthday, but, mindful of my instructions, I held my peace.

As, at about half-past eight, we drove away in the moonlight, Flurry congratulated me solemnly on my success with his grandmother. He was good enough to tell me that she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her, and he wished I would, even if it was only to see what a nice grandson he'd be for me. A sympathetic giggle behind me told me that Michael, on the back seat, had heard and relished the jest.

We had left the gates of Aussolas about half a mile behind when, at the corner of a by-road, Flurry pulled up. A short squat figure arose from the black shadow of a furze bush and came out into the moonlight, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing audibly.

"Oh murdher, oh murdher, Misther Flurry! What kept ye at all? 'T would perish the crows to be waiting here the way I am these two hours—"

"Ah, shut your mouth, Slipper!" said Flurry, who, to my surprise, had turned back the rug and was taking off his driving coat, "I couldn't help it. Come on, Yeates, we've got to get out here."

"What for?" I asked, in not unnatural bewilderment.

"It's all right. I'll tell you as we go along," replied my companion, who was already turning to follow Slipper up the by-road. "Take the trap on, Michael, and wait at the River's Cross." He waited for me to come up with him, and then put his hand on my arm. "You see, Major, this is the way it is. My grandmother's given me that colt right enough, but if I waited for her to send him over to me I'd never see a hair of his tail. So I just thought that as we were over here we might as well take him back

with us, and maybe you 'll give us a help with him; he 'll not be altogether too handy for a first go off."

I was staggered. An infant in arms could scarcely have failed to discern the fishiness of the transaction, and I begged Mr. Knox not to put himself to this trouble on my account, as I had no doubt I could find a horse for my friend elsewhere. Mr. Knox assured me that it was no trouble at all, quite the contrary, and that, since his grandmother had given him the colt, he saw no reason why he should not take him when he wanted him; also, that if I didn't want him he 'd be glad enough to keep him himself; and finally, that I wasn't the chap to go back on a friend, but I was welcome to drive back to Shreelane with Michael this minute if I liked.

Of course I yielded in the end. I told Flurry I should lose my job over the business, and he said I could then marry his grandmother, and the discussion was abruptly closed by the necessity of following Slipper over a locked five-barred gate.

Our pioneer took us over about half a mile of country, knocking down stone gaps where practicable and scrambling over tall banks in the deceptive moonlight. We found ourselves at length in a field with a shed in one corner of it; in a dim group of farm buildings a little way off a light was shining.

"Wait here," said Flurry to me in a whisper; "the less noise the better. It 's an open shed, and we 'll just slip in and coax him out."

Slipper unwound from his waist a halter, and my colleagues glided like specters into the shadow of the shed, leaving me to meditate on my duties as Resident Magistrate, and on the questions that would be asked in the House by our local member when Slipper had given away the adventure in his cups.

In less than a minute three shadows emerged from the shed, where two had gone in. They had got the colt.

"He came out as quiet as a calf when he winded the sugar," said Flurry; "it was well for me I filled my pockets from grandmamma's sugar basin."

He and Slipper had a rope from each side of the colt's head; they took him quickly across a field towards a gate. The colt stepped daintily between them over the moonlit

grass; he snorted occasionally, but appeared on the whole amenable.

The trouble began later, and was due, as trouble often is, to the beguilements of a short cut. Against the maturer judgment of Slipper, Flurry insisted on following a route that he assured us he knew as well as his own pocket, and the consequence was that in about five minutes I found myself standing on top of a bank hanging on to a rope, on the other end of which the colt dangled and danced, while Flurry, with the other rope, lay prone in the ditch, and Slipper administered to the bewildered colt's hindquarters such chastisement as could be ventured on.

I have no space to narrate in detail the atrocious difficuties and disasters of the short cut. How the colt set to work to buck, and went away across a field, dragging the faithful Slipper, literally *ventre-à-terre,* after him, while I picked myself in ignominy out of a briar patch, and Flurry cursed himself black in the face. How we were attacked by ferocious cur dogs, and I lost my eyeglass; and how, as we neared the River's Cross, Flurry espied the police patrol on the road, and we all hid behind a rick of turf, while I realized in fullness what an exceptional ass I was, to have been beguiled into an enterprise that involved hiding with Slipper from the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Let it suffice to say that Trinket's infernal offspring was finally handed over on the highroad to Michael and Slipper, and Flurry drove me home in a state of mental and physical overthrow.

I saw nothing of my friend Mr. Knox for the next couple of days, by the end of which time I had worked up a high polish on my misgivings, and had determined to tell him that under no circumstances would I have anything to say to his grandmother's birthday present. It was like my usual luck that, instead of writing a note to this effect, I thought it would be good for my liver to walk across the hills to Tory Cottage and tell Flurry so in person.

It was a bright, blustery morning, after a muggy day. The feeling of spring was in the air, the daffodils were already in bud, and crocuses showed purple in the grass on either side of the avenue. It was only a couple of miles to Tory Cottage by the way across the hills; I walked fast,

and it was barely twelve o'clock when I saw its pink walls and clumps of evergreens below me. As I looked down at it the chiming of Flurry's hounds in the kennels came to me on the wind; I stood still to listen, and could almost have sworn that I was hearing again the clash of Magdalen bells, hard at work on May mornng.

The path that I was following led downwards through a larch plantation to Flurry's back gate. Hot wafts from some hideous caldron at the other side of a wall apprised me of the vicinity of the kennels and their cuisine, and the fir-trees round were hung with gruesome and unknown joints. I thanked Heaven that I was not a master of hounds, and passed on as quickly as might be to the hall door.

I rang two or three times without response; then the door opened a couple of inches and was instantly slammed in my face. I heard the hurried paddling of bare feet on oilcloth, and a voice, "Hurry, Bridgie, hurry! There 's quality at the door!"

Bridgie, holding a dirty cap on with one hand, presently arrived and informed me that she believed Mr. Knox was out about the place. She seemed perturbed, and she cast scared glances down the drive while speaking to me.

I knew enough of Flurry's habits to shape a tolerably direct course for his whereabouts. He was, as I had expected, in the training paddock, a field behind the stable-yard, in which he had put up practice jumps for his horses. It was a good-sized field with clumps of furze in it, and Flurry was standing near one of these with his hands in his pockets, singularly unoccupied. I supposed that he was prospecting for a place to put up another jump. He did not see me coming, and turned with a start as I spoke to him.

There was a queer expression of mingled guilt and what I can only describe as divilment in his gray eyes as he greeted me. In my dealings with Flurry Knox, I have since formed the habit of sitting tight, in a general way, when I see that expression.

"Well, who 's coming next, I wonder!" he said, as he shook hands with me; "it 's not ten minutes since I had two of your d—d peelers here searching the whole place for my grandmother's colt!"

"What!" I exclaimed, feeling cold all down my back; "do you mean the police have got hold of it?"

"They haven't got hold of the colt anyway," said Flurry, looking sideways at me from under the peak of his cap, with the glint of the sun in his eye. "I got word in time before they came."

"What do you mean?" I demanded; "where is he? For Heaven's sake don't tell me you 've sent the brute over to my place!"

"It 's a good job for you I didn't," replied Flurry, "as the police are on their way to Shreelane this minute to consult about it. *You!*" He gave utterance to one of his short diabolical fits of laughter. "He 's where they 'll not find him, anyhow. Ho! ho! It 's the funniest hand I ever played!"

"Oh yes, it 's devilish funny, I 've no doubt," I retorted, beginning to lose my temper, as is the manner of many people when they are frightened; "but I give you fair warning that if Mrs. Knox asks me any questions about it, I shall tell her the whole story."

"All right," responded Flurry; "and when you do, don't forget to tell her how you flogged the colt out on to the road over her own bounds ditch."

"Very well," I said hotly, "I may as well go home and send in my papers. They 'll break me over this——"

"Ah, hold on, Major," said Flurry soothingly, "it 'll be all right. No one knows anything. It 's only on spec the old lady sent the bobbies here. If you 'll keep quiet it 'll all blow over."

"I don't care," I said, struggling hopelessly in the toils; "if I meet your grandmother, and she asks me about it, I shall tell her all I know."

"Please God you 'll not meet her! After all, it 's not once in a blue moon that she—" began Flurry. Even as he said the words his face changed. "Holy fly!" he ejaculated, "isn't that her dog coming into the field? Look at her bonnet over the wall! Hide, hide for your life!" He caught me by the shoulder and shoved me down among the furze bushes before I realized what had happened.

"Get in there! I 'll talk to her."

I may as well confess that at the mere sight of Mrs. Knox's purple bonnet my heart had turned to water. In

that moment I knew what it would be like to tell her how I, having eaten her salmon, and capped her quotations, and drunk her best port, had gone forth and helped to steal her horse. I abandoned my dignity, my sense of honor; I took the furze prickles to my breast and wallowed in them.

Mrs. Knox had advanced with vengeful speed; already she was in high altercation with Flurry at no great distance from where I lay; varying sounds of battle reached me, and I gathered that Flurry was not—to put it mildly—shrinking from that economy of truth that the situation required.

"Is it that curby, long-backed brute? You promised him to me long ago, but I wouldn't be bothered with him!"

The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision. "Is it likely I 'd promise you my best colt? And still more, is it likely that you 'd refuse him if I did?"

"Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I 'm a liar and a thief."

"I 'd be more obliged to you for the information if I hadn't known it before," responded his grandmother with lightning speed; "if you swore to me on a stack of Bibles you knew nothing about my colt I wouldn't believe you! I shall go straight to Major Yeates and ask his advice. I believe *him* to be a gentleman, in spite of the company he keeps!"

I writhed deeper into the furze bushes, and thereby discovered a sandy rabbit run, along which I crawled, with my cap well over my eyes, and the furze needles stabbing me through my stockings. The ground shelved a little, promising profounder concealment, but the bushes were very thick, and I laid hold of the bare stem of one to help my progress. I lifted it out of the ground in my hand, revealing a freshly-cut stump. Something snorted, not a yard away; I glared through the opening, and was confronted by the long, horrified face of Mrs. Knox's colt, mysteriously on a level with my own.

Even without the white diamond on his forehead I should have divined the truth; but how in the name of wonder had Flurry persuaded him to couch like a woodcock in the heart of a furze brake? For a full minute I lay as still as death for fear of frightening him, while the

voices of Flurry and his grandmother raged on alarmingly close to me. The colt snorted, and blew long breaths through his wide nostrils, but he did not move. I crawled an inch or two nearer, and after a few seconds of cautious peering I grasped the position. They had buried him.

A small sandpit among the furze had been utilized as a grave; they had filled him in up to his withers with sand, and a few furze bushes, artistically disposed round the pit, had done the rest. As the depth of Flurry's guile was revealed, laughter came upon me like a flood; I gurgled and shook apoplectically, and the colt gazed at me with serious surprise, until a sudden outburst of barking close to my elbow administered a fresh shock to my tottering nerves.

Mrs. Knox's woolly dog had tracked me into the furze, and was now baying the colt and me with mingled terror and indignation. I addressed him in a whisper, with perfidious endearments, advancing a crafty hand towards him the while, made a snatch for the back of his neck, missed it badly, and got him by the ragged fleece of his hindquarters as he tried to flee. If I had flayed him alive he could hardly have uttered a more deafening series of yells, but, like a fool, instead of letting him go, I dragged him towards me, and tried to stifle the noise by holding his muzzle. The tussle lasted engrossingly for a few seconds, and then the climax of the nightmare arrived.

Mrs. Knox's voice, close behind me, said, "Let go my dog this instant, sir! Who are you——"

Her voice faded away, and I knew that she also had seen the colt's head.

I positively felt sorry for her. At her age there was no knowing what effect the shock might have on her. I scrambled to my feet and confronted her.

"Major Yeates!" she said. There was a deathly pause. "Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Knox slowly, "am I in Bedlam, or are you? And *what is that?*"

She pointed to the colt, and that unfortunate animal, recognizing the voice of his mistress, uttered a hoarse and lamentable whinny. Mrs. Knox felt around her for support, found only furze prickles, gazed speechlessly at me, and then, to her eternal honor, fell into wild cackles of laughter.

So, I may say, did Flurry and I. I embarked on my explanation and broke down; Flurry followed suit and broke down too. Overwhelming laughter held us all three, disintegrating our very souls. Mrs. Knox pulled herself together first.

"I acquit you, Major Yeates, I acquit you, though appearances are against you. It 's clear enough to me you 've fallen among thieves." She stopped and glowered at Flurry. Her purple bonnet was over one eye. "I 'll thank you, sir," she said, "to dig out that horse before I leave this place. And when you 've dug him out you may keep him. I 'll be no receiver of stolen goods!"

She broke off and shook her fist at him. "Upon my conscience, Tony, I 'd give a guinea to have thought of it myself!"

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

(1672—1729.)

THE fortuitous concurrence of events which brought together the two men Addison and Steele has left an enduring mark upon English literature. For the purpose they were destined to fulfill they were, as we shall see later, in many ways complementary to each other. *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, which we owe to them, preserve for us a picture of the days of Queen Anne—of things exactly as they were, such as no other writings of that period or of any other contain.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke says: "He paints the whole age, the political and literary disputes, the fine gentlemen and ladies, the character of men, the humors of society, the new book, the new play, and we live in the very streets and drawing-rooms of old London," and all this is presented with a spontaneous and artless freshness which carries conviction with it much more strongly than if it had been cast in the stilted form and didactic phrase which is the peculiar characteristic of so much of the artificial writing of the eighteenth century. Here is no pedantry, no ostentatious display of learning, no pompousness, no affectation, all is free, natural, and easy. As John Richard Greene says, "It is the brightest and easiest talk ever put into print," and its literary charm lies in this, that it is strictly talk.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, March 12, 1672, a few weeks before his friend Joseph Addison. His father was an attorney, who died when he was in his fifth year. When he was thirteen he went to the Charterhouse School in London. There in 1686 he met Addison, and from there he went to Oxford in 1690. Addison had already gone to Oxford, and their schoolboy friendship was continued at the University.

Without taking his degree Steele enlisted as a private in the Coldstream Guards, against the wish of his uncle and patron, and thereby lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford. The Colonel of the regiment, Lord Cutts, most likely on the strength of his poem on the funeral of Queen Mary entitled 'The Procession,' published in 1695, soon made Steele his secretary and got him a commission as ensign. While an ensign he wrote his 'Christian Hero.' The book was at once a success, but in the eyes of his brother officers he had changed from being a good companion into a disagreeable fellow. He soon after produced a bright little comedy, 'The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode,' in which, however, he adhered to the condemnation of the things condemned in his book. This comedy, first acted in 1702, made him at once popular with the town. In 1703 it was followed by 'The Tender Husband,' dedicated to Addison, to which the latter wrote a prologue. This comedy, gay in manner and full of pure wit, preaches an effective moral, and has many a hit at the fashionable vices of the day. In 1704 he produced the 'Lying Lovers,' an adaptation from the French.



SIR RICHARD STEELE

It was not a success, and its failure placed Steele in the position "of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety." Foote afterward readapted it as 'The Liar,' in which form it is still played.

In May, 1707, he was appointed to the office of Gazetteer, the work of which he performed with care and faithfulness. In the same year he married for the second time, borrowing from Addison a thousand pounds to "set up house," and the thousand was repaid within a year.

On April 12, 1709, he published the first number of his *Tatler*, "for the use of the good people of England," in which he candidly declared that he was an "author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this to gambling for the patronage of men in office." The first eighty numbers of the publication he produced entirely out of his own resources, but the mental strain must have been great, and no doubt he welcomed the return of Addison from Ireland, as it gave him an opportunity of inducing his friend to join him in the work.

On Jan. 2, 1711, *The Tatler* was discontinued, after a career of great usefulness and influence, and on the first of the following March appeared the first number of *The Spectator*, that living monument to the friendship of two honest men. *The Spectator* was even a greater success than *The Tatler*, and on the articles contributed to it to please his friend now chiefly rests Addison's fame—a fame which Steele took every opportunity of enlarging. In the fifty-fifth number of *The Spectator* proper, Steele brought it to a conclusion; but a year and a half later Addison revived it. After the production of eighty numbers he gave it up, and his supplementary *Spectator* was allowed to become the eighth volume of the complete series.

On March 12, 1713, Steele issued the first number of his *Guardian*, the plan of which gave him more liberty to write as a politician, which on entering Parliament he found was desirable. *The Guardian*, however, he brought to an end, of his own freewill, on the first of October, when it had reached 175 numbers, and five days later he issued the first number of *The Englishman*. *The Englishman* did not live very long, but for the writing of its last number, as well as for the celebrated 'Crisis,' he was expelled from the House of Commons. Swift attacked the 'Crisis' with all his force in 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.' In the 'Crisis' Steele indulged in no personalities, unless we call his praise of the Scottish nation such. Swift, on the other hand, indulged in personal abuse of his manly opponent and one-time friend, and launched his bitterest satire at the poverty and greed of the Scotch.

Steele now wrote 'An Apology for Himself and his Writing,' which may be found in his 'Political Writings,' published in 1715. Shortly after he produced a deservedly forgotten treatise entitled 'Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years,' and in the same year two papers called *The Lover* and *The Reader*.

On the accession of George I. Steele was appointed surveyor of the royal stables, governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, and a magistrate for Middlesex. He was knighted in April, 1715,

and in George's first Parliament he was chosen member for Boroughbridge. After the suppression of the rebellion in the north he was made one of the commissioners of the forfeited estates. In this year, 1715, he published 'An Account of the Roman Catholic Religion Throughout the World,' as well as 'A Letter from the Earl of Mar to the King.' In 1816 he produced a second volume of *The Englishman;* in 1718 'An Account of the Fishpool'; in 1719 'The Spinster,' a pamphlet; and 'A Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage.' This bill he opposed in the House of Commons as in *The Plebeian*. Addison replied to his criticism in the *Old Whig*, and thus, a year before the death of the latter, a coolness sprang up between the two friends. In 1720 Steele wrote two pieces against the South Sea scheme: one 'The Crisis of Property,' the other 'A Nation a Family.' In January of the same year, under the assumed name of Sir John Edgar, he commenced a paper called *The Theater*, which he continued till the following 5th of April. During its existence his patent as governor of the Royal Company of Comedians was revoked. This, which was a heavy loss to him, he discussed calmly in a pamphlet called 'The State of the Case.' In 1721, on the accession of Walpole to power, he was reinstated in his post, and in 1722 his 'Conscious Lovers' was produced with great success.

His health now began to decline, and he moved from London to Bath, and from there to Llangunnor, near Caermarthen. In 1726 he had an attack of palsy, and died Sept. 1, 1729. "It was," says Professor Morley, "the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. . . . There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labor for the exaltation of his friend, and no doubt his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But . . . he knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant, but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would speak for him to posterity."

In proof of this let it be remembered that of the essays in *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, 510 were written by Steele and 369 by Addison, while Steele was in addition projector, founder, and editor of all three. *The Spectator* flourished when he was at the helm, without him it floundered and foundered.

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW.

From 'The Spectator.'

"——Hærent infixi pectore vultus."
—*Virgil's Æneid*, iv. 4.
"Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart."

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with

in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.

"You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid

well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature, in a widow's habit, sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower.

"This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause was to be the first which came on, I cried, like a great captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage.

"You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex,

and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new paired my coach horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect.

"To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars.

"Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—but, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said!

"After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the county. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into

English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition:—

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,
Still hecan nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

THE COVERLEY FAMILY PORTRAITS.

From 'The Spectator.'

"Abnormis sapiens——"
—*Horace*, lib. ii. sat. ii. 3.
"Of plain good sense, untutored in the schools."

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jutting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot

taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides that, the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours you see is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery, where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffeehouse is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a gocart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in

the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which, to be sure, was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer.

"He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world; he would sign a deed that passed away half this estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man [pointing to him I looked at] I take to be the honor of our house. Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as a knight of the shire to his dying day. He

found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars. "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

"Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est."
—*Horace*, Epistle i. 17, 35.
"To please the great is not the smallest praise."—*Creech.*

The desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man is he who is endowed with that natural

bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments flowing from the habitual chastity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing that it is no matter what he is doing or saying—that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it to make him gain upon everybody who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behavior which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that everybody loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigor of his age and the gayety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity, on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage, to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humor or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behavior, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant but that the footman hires himself for bodily labor, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think, after the mode of him whom he courts. This servi-

tude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we shall speak of those methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need be no more said in honor of it than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honor for the judge who, with justice, pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court. Candor and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it but what he thought was his due, from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for anything which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skillful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own

affairs that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor dependent the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of to the violence of some gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skillful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favor from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have—in city, town, court, and country—arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing, and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, "Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman," so may I to my reader abridge my instructions and finish the art of pleasing in a word, "Be rich."

LAURENCE STERNE.

(1713—1768.)

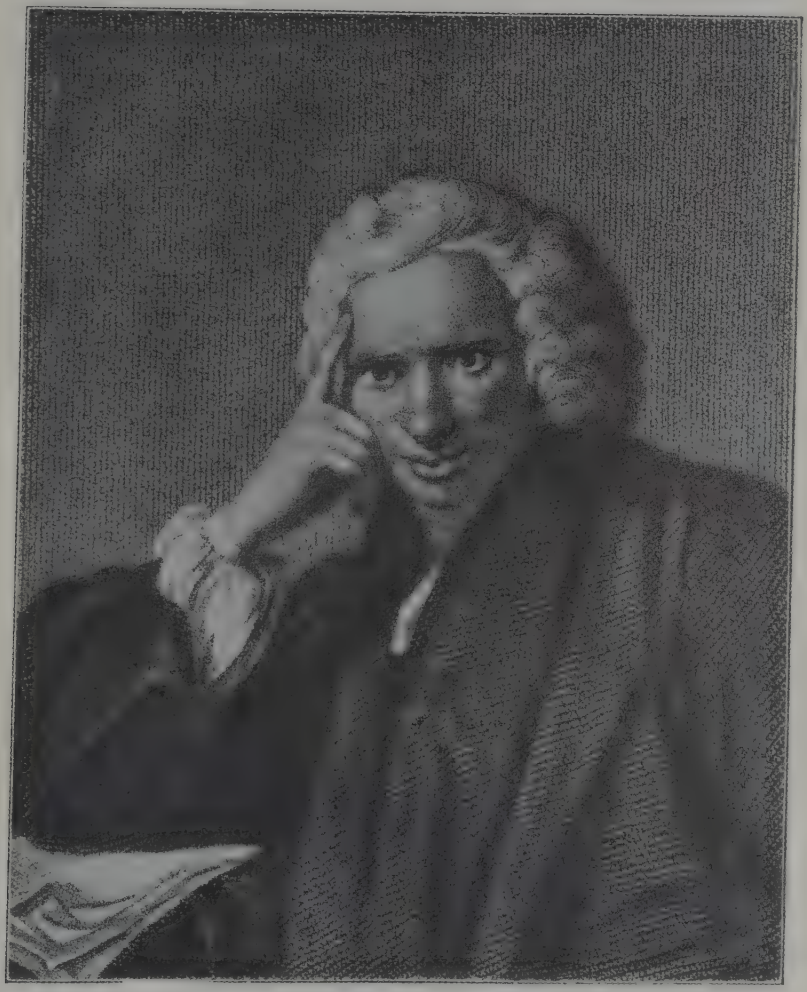
ODDLY humorous is the characteristic note of the personality of this author, as well as of his writings. There is nothing quite like them, or to be classed with them, in our own or in any other literature ; although he may be said to have followed Rabelais, he is so distinctly himself that no one can be said to have followed him. Indeed, those who have accused him of plagiarism, not without justice perhaps, have been obliged to admit that he has so invested his pickings with the Shandean flavor that their own authors would not recognize them.

Without writing a single book which may be called great, either in plot or in style, he has given to the world a group of characters which have become as personal acquaintances to thousands who have never read his writings. 'My Uncle Toby,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Shandy,' 'The Widow Wadman,' 'Yorick,' 'Corporal Trim,' and 'Dr. Slop,' are familiar in our mouths as household words, and many of their sayings and expressions have become a part of the language.

Laurence Sterne was born at Clonmel, Ireland, on Nov. 24, 1713. His father was an officer in the 34th Regiment, and the child was dragged from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England, knocking about in this way until in 1722 he was sent to a school in Halifax, Yorkshire. Here he continued till 1731, when his father died. While there, he tells us, the schoolmaster "had the ceiling of the schoolroom new whitewashed ; the ladder remained there ; I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, 'LAU. STERNE,' for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said before me that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure that I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received."

In 1732 he went to the University of Cambridge, and in 1736 he received the degree of B.A. After this he went to his uncle, Dr. Jaques Sterne, at York, where he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1741. After his marriage his uncle procured him the prebendary of York. By his wife's means he later acquired the living of Stillington. "I had then very good health," he says. "Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements."

Leaving his family at York, he went up to London in 1761 to publish the first two volumes of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.' The success of these was enough to turn his head, and, fortune still favoring him, he was the same year presented with the curacy of Coxwold, "a sweet retirement." Here he resided for some years at Shandy Hall in the village, and here also he finished his 'Tristram Shandy' and other works. In 1762 he went to France, the outcome of his journey thither being the 'Sentimental Journey,'



LAURENCE STERNE

which was written in the summer of 1767 at Coxwold, and about the end of the year he went up to London to have it published. By this time, consumption of the lungs, which had long threatened him, took a firmer hold. However, he still visited his friends as usual, being no way frightened at the approach of death. He wrote several letters to his daughter, in a vein which proves him to have been not a mere jester, but somewhat of a philosopher, who frequently, like Figaro, made haste to laugh lest he be forced to cry. These letters she published in three volumes, with a short autobiography of her father, in 1775. He died March 18, 1768. Garrick, who knew him well, wrote the following epitaph for him :—

> "Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
> Some worthless, unmourned titled fool to praise;
> And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
> Where genius, wit, and humor sleep with Sterne?"

Sterne's works were published in the following order: 'The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath Considered,' a sermon, 1747; 'The Abuses of Conscience,' a sermon, 1750; 'Tristram Shandy,' Vols. I. II., 1759; III., IV., 1761; V., VI., 1762; VII., VIII., 1765; IX., 1767; 'Sermons,' Vols. I., II., 1761; III., IV., V., VI., 1766; and 'A Sentimental Journey,' 1768. His other and lesser works appeared after his death. In 1808 his complete works, with life, and plates, by Stothard and Thurston, were published.

WIDOW WADMAN'S EYE.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote,—or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it 's not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.—Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show-box; and 't were as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I 've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him

that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'T is surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes,—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ —Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone. . . .

I protest, madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

—It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman.—My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious —of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,— "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

THE STORY OF YORICK.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth—however indisputable in itself;—and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying—It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame, of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether that no one shall be able to stand up and swear "That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that."

This evil has been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendilus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was this record saith not—it only adds that, for near two

centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history to know the certainty of this;—but, if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country—namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius, and capacity to its inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favors as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain household understanding, amongst all ranks of people, of which everybody has a share;"—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great genius;—or, 't is fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps;—no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him,

and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis—in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this,—that, instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humors you would have looked for in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpracticed in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, you may likewise imagine it was with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas:*—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such:—for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit:—it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was

worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, *viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity Yorick, with great imprudence, would say deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpracticed in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English, without any periphrasis; and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado, The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot,* or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humor of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humor, his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe, you will read in the next chapter. . . .

The mortgager and mortgagee differ, the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; —which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor

upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking that, as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humor, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that, one day or other, he would certainly be reckoned with;—and he would often add—in an accent of sorrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but, if close pent-up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:

"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and dost muster up, with them, the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'t is no extravagant arithmetic to say that, for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

"I cannot suspect it, in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence in these sallies.—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other;—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonor at thee, which no innocence of heart, nor integrity of conduct, shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy words belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 't is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with * * * and * * * at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion on Yorick's of what was carrying on against him—that, when he thought, good easy man!—full surely, preferment was o' ripening,—they had smote his root,—and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out, with all imaginable gallantry, for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more

so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on, —he threw down the sword; and, though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last—he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it were their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again,—he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to the heart. Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad be comforted;—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the powers of God may yet do for thee? Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head. I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which * * * and * * * , and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say, with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "miters thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." Yorick's last breath

was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and, as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, in the parish of——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the churchyard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

From 'Tristram Shandy.'

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

—I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said

my uncle Toby.—I 'll tell your honor, replied the Corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I 'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.—The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your honor is good:*—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor, about the Lieutenant and his son;—for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,—[That 's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby]—I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses thence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never go hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him

for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

—When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—[And thou might'st have added my purse, too, said my uncle Toby]—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor) but no answer ;—for his heart was full;—so he went upstairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

—When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step upstairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

—I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'T was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in

his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world that, if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.—

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.—

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honor was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 't is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will

tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing; possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honor, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honor, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned —Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe? —Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.—'T is finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me that they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal, the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby. . . .

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that neverthe-

less he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house—thou shouldest have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world, said the Corporal.—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your honor, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he *shall* march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He 'll

drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. —A well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by G—,* cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit,* which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel,* as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever. . . .

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it; and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we 'll send for a doctor to see what 's the matter;—and we 'll have an apothecary; and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I 'll be your servant, Le Fevre.— . . .

Before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to his father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament,* fine as it was—was never broken!—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered;—stopped;—went on,—throbbed,—stopped.

SOME BONS MOTS OF STERNE.

Laurence Sterne, who was credited with treating his wife in an ill fashion, was talking to Garrick one day in a fine manner in praise of conjugal love and fidelity.

"The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

Engaged in conversation with Sterne, the Duke of Newcastle observed that men of genius were unfit for ordinary employment, being generally incapable of business.

"They are not incapable, your grace," replied Sterne, "but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

Laurence Sterne sarcastically said: "The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords; learn their *titles* and then *brag* of their acquaintance."

In company with a friend at a coffee house, Sterne was accosted by a young man who had been railing at the church, and who inquired what might be his opinion on the subject.

Sterne, instead of answering the impertinence, observed that "it was curious but he had a dog—a very fine dog to all appearance—but the worst of him was that he always would snarl at a clergyman."

"How long has he had that trick?" inquired the would-be wit.

"Oh, sir," answered Sterne pointedly, "ever since he was a *puppy!*"

BRAM STOKER.

ABRAHAM STOKER is the second son of the late Abraham Stoker, of the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and was educated at Rev. W. Wood's school, Dublin, and at Trinity College. At the university he was Auditor and President of the Historical and the Philosophical Societies, and athletic champion.

He is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and holds the medal of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving. He entered the Civil Service in 1866, where he became Inspector of Petty Sessions. While thus engaged he was critic and reviewer for several papers, and editor of an evening newspaper. In 1878 Mr. Stoker threw in his fortunes with those of Sir Henry Irving in his management of the Lyceum Theater. He has published 'Under the Sunset,' 'The Snake's Pass,' 'The Watter's Mou,' 'The Shoulder of Shasta,' 'Dracula,' and 'Miss Betty.'

THE GOMBEEN MAN.

From 'The Snake's Pass.'

In the midst of the buzz of conversation the clattering of hoofs was heard. There was a shout, and the door opened again and admitted a stalwart stranger of some fifty years of age, with a strong, determined face, with kindly eyes, well-dressed, but wringing wet and haggard, and seemingly disturbed in mind. One arm hung useless by his side.

"Here 's one of them!" said Father Peter.

"God save all here," said the man as he entered.

Room was made for him at the fire. He no sooner came near it and tasted the heat than a cloud of steam arose from him.

"Man! but ye're wet," said Mrs. Kelligan. "One 'd think ye'd been in the lake beyant!"

"So I have," he answered, "worse luck! I rid all the way from Galway this blessed day to be here in time, but the mare slipped coming down Curragh Hill, and threw me over the bank into the lake. I wor in the wather nigh three hours before I could get out, for I was forninst the Curragh Rock, an' only got a foothold in a chink, an' had to hold on wid me one arm, for I fear the other is broke."

"Dear! dear! dear!" interrupted the woman. "Sthrip yer coat off, acushla, an' let us see if we can do anythin'."

He shook his head as he answered:

"Not now; there's not a minute to spare. I must get up the Hill at once. I should have been there be six o'clock. But mayn't be too late yit. The mare has broke down entirely. Can any one here lend me a horse?"

There was no answer till Andy spoke:

"Me mare is in the shtable, but this gintleman has me 'an her for the day, an' I have to lave him at Carnaclif to-night."

Here I struck in:

"Never mind me, Andy. If you can help this gentleman, do so. I'm better off here than driving through the storm. He wouldn't want to go on with a broken arm if he hadn't good reason."

The man looked at me with grateful eagerness.

"Thank yer honor kindly. It's a rale gintleman ye are! An' I hope ye'll never be sorry for helpin' a poor fellow in sore trouble."

"What's wrong, Phelim?" asked the priest. "Is there anything troubling you that any one here can get rid of?"

"Nothin', Father Pether, thank ye kindly. The trouble is me own intirely, an' no wan here could help me. But I must see Murdock to-night."

There was a general sigh of commiseration; all understood the situation.

"Musha!" said old Dan Moriarty, *sotto voce*. "An' is that the way of it? An' is he, too, in the clutches iv that wolf—him that we all thought was so warrum? Glory be to God! but it's a quare wurrld, it is; an' it's few there is in it that is what they seems. Me poor frind, is there any way I can help ye? I have a bit iv money by me that yer wilkim to the lend iv av ye want it."

The other shook his head gratefully.

"Thank ye kindly, Dan, but I have the money all right; it's only the time I'm in trouble about!"

"Only the time, me poor chap! It's be time that the divil helps Black Murdock an' the likes iv him, the most iv all! God be good to ye if he has got his clutch on yer back, an' has time on his side, for ye'll want it!"

"Well, anyhow, I must be goin' now. Thank ye kindly, neighbors all. When a man's in throuble, sure the goodwill of his frinds is the greatest comfort ye can have."

"All but one, remember that—all but one!" said the priest.

"Thank ye kindly, Father, I shan't forget. Thank ye, Andy, an' you, too, young sir; I 'm much beholden to ye. I hope some day I may have it to do a good turn for ye in return. Thank ye kindly again, and good-night." He shook my hand warmly, and was going to the door, when old Dan said:

"An' as for that black-jawed ruffian, Murdock—" He paused, for the door suddenly opened, and a harsh voice said:

"Murtagh Murdock is here to answer for himself!" It was my man at the window.

There was a sort of paralyzed silence in the room, through which came the whisper of one of the old women:

"Musha! talk iv the divil!"

Joyce's face grew very white; one hand instinctively grasped his riding-switch, the other hung uselessly by his side. Murdock spoke:

"I kem here expectin' to meet Phelim Joyce. I thought I 'd save him the throuble of comin' wid the money." Joyce said in a husky voice:

"What do ye mane? I have the money right enough here. I 'm sorry I 'm a bit late, but I had a bad accident —bruk me arrum, an' was nigh dhrownded in the Curragh Lake. But I was goin' up to ye at once, bad as I am, to pay ye yer money, Murdock." The Gombeen Man interrupted him:

"But it isn't to me ye 'd have to come, me good man. Sure, it 's the sheriff himself that was waitin' for ye', an' whin ye didn't come"—here Joyce winced; the speaker smiled—"he done his work."

"What wurrk, acushla?" asked one of the women. Murdock answered, slowly:

"He sould the lease iv the farrum known as the Shleenanaher in open sale, in accordance wid the terrums of his notice, duly posted, and wid warnin' given to the houldher iv the lease."

There was a long pause. Joyce was the first to speak:

"Ye 're jokin', Murdock. For God's sake, say ye 're jokin'! Ye tould me yerself that I might have time to git the money. An' ye tould me that the puttin' me farrum

up for sale was only a matther iv forrum to let me pay ye back in me own way. Nay, more, ye asked me not to tell any iv the neighbors, for fear some iv them might want to buy some iv me land. An' it 's niver so, that whin ye got me aff to Galway to rise the money, ye went on wid the sale, behind me back—wid not a soul by to spake for me or mine—an' sould up all I have! No, Murtagh Murdock, ye 're a hard man, I know, but ye wouldn't do that! Ye wouldn't do that!"

Murdock made no direct reply to him, but said, seemingly to the company generally:

"I ixpected to see Phelim Joyce at the sale to-day, but as I had some business in which he was consarned, I kem here where I knew there 'd be neighbors—an', sure, so there is."

He took out his pocket-book and wrote names: "Father Pether Ryan, Daniel Moriarty, Bartholomew Moynahan, Andhrew McGlown, Mrs. Katty Kelligan—that 's enough! I want ye all to see what I done. There 's nothin' undherhand about me! Phelim Joyce, I give ye formil notice that yer land was sould an' bought be me, for ye broke yer word to repay me the money lint ye before the time fixed. Here 's the sheriff's assignment, an' I tell ye before all these witnesses that I 'll proceed with ejectment on title at wanst."

All in the room were as still as statues. Joyce was fearfully still and pale, but when Murdock spoke the word "ejectment" he seemed to wake in a moment to frenzied life. The blood flushed up in his face, and he seemed about to do something rash; but with a great effort he controlled himself and said:

"Mr. Murdock, ye won't be too hard. I got the money to-day—it 's here—but I had an accident that delayed me. I was thrown into Curragh Lake and nigh dhrownded, an' me arrum is bruk. Don't be so close as an hour or two; ye 'll never be sorry for it. I 'll pay ye all, and more, and thank ye into the bargain all me life. Ye 'll take back the paper, won't ye, for me children's sake—for Norah's sake?"

He faltered; the other answered with an evil smile:

"Phelim Joyce, I 've waited years for this moment. Don't ye know me betther nor to think I would go back on

meself whin I have shtarted on a road? I wouldn't take yer money, not if every pound note was spread into an acre and cut up in tin-pound notes. I want yer land—I have waited for it, an' I mane to have it! Now don't beg me any more, for I won't go back; an' tho' it 's many a grudge I owe ye, I square them all before the neighbors be refusin' yer prayer. The land is mine, bought be open sale; an' all the judges an' coorts in Ireland can't take it from me! An' what do ye say to that now, Phelim Joyce?"

The tortured man had been clutching the ash sapling which he had used as a riding-whip, and from the nervous twitching of his fingers I knew that something was coming. And it came; for, without a word, he struck the evil face before him—struck as quick as a flash of lightning—such a blow that the blood seemed to leap out round the stick, and a vivid welt rose in an instant. With a wild, savage cry the Gombeen Man jumped at him; but there were others in the room as quick, and before another blow could be struck on either side both men were grasped by strong hands and held back.

Murdock's rage was tragic. He yelled, like a wild beast, to be let get at his opponent. He cursed and blasphemed so outrageously that all were silent, and only the stern voice of the priest was heard:

"Be silent, Murtagh Murdock! Aren't you afraid that the God overhead will strike you dead? With such a storm as is raging as a sign of his power, you are a foolish man to tempt him."

The man stopped suddenly, and a stern, dogged sullenness took the place of his passion. The priest went on:

"As for you, Phelim Joyce, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Ye 're not one of my people, but I speak as your own clergyman would if he were here. Only this day has the Lord seen fit to spare you from a terrible death; and yet you dare to go back of his mercy with your angry passion. You had cause for anger—or temptation to it, I know—but you must learn to kiss the chastening rod, not spurn it. The Lord knows what he is doing for you as for others, and it may be that you will look back on this day in gratitude for his doing, and in shame for your own anger. Men, hold off your hands—let those two

men go; they'll quarrel no more—before me at any rate, I hope."

The men drew back. Joyce held his head down, and a more despairing figure or a sadder one I never saw. He turned slowly away, and, leaning against the wall, put his face between his hands and sobbed. Murdock scowled, and the scowl gave place to an evil smile as, looking all around, he said:

"Well, now that me work is done, I must be gettin' home."

"An' get some one to iron that mark out iv yer face," said Dan. Murdock turned again, and glared around him savagely as he hissed out:

"There'll be iron for some one before I'm done—mark me well! I've never gone back or wakened yit whin I promised to have me own turn. There's thim here what'll rue this day yit! If I am the Shnake on the Hill —thin beware the Shnake. An' for him what shtruck me, he'll be in bitther sorra for it yit—him an' his!" He turned his back and went to the door.

"Stop," said the priest. "Murtagh Murdock, I have a word to say to you—a solemn word of warning. Ye have to-day acted the part of Ahab towards Naboth the Jezreelite; beware of his fate! You have coveted your neighbor's goods; you have used your power without mercy; you have made the law an engine of oppression. Mark me! It was said of old that what measure men meted should be meted out to them again. God is very just. 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap.' Ye have sowed the wind this day; beware lest you reap the whirlwind! Even as God visited his sin upon Ahab the Samarian, and as he has visited similar sins on others in his own way, so shall he visit yours on you. You are worse than the land-grabber—worse than the man who only covets. Saintough is a virtue compared with your act. Remember the story of Naboth's vineyard, and the dreadful end of it. Don't answer me! Go and repent if you can, and leave sorrow and misery to be comforted by others, unless you wish to undo your wrong yourself. If you don't, then remember the curse that may come upon you yet!"

Without a word Murdock opened the door and went out,

and a little later we heard the clattering of his horse's feet on the rocky road to Shleenanaher.

When it was apparent to all that he was really gone, a torrent of commiseration, sympathy, and pity broke over Joyce. The Irish nature is essentially emotional, and a more genuine and stronger feeling I never saw. Not a few had tears in their eyes, and one and all were manifestly deeply touched. The least moved was, to all appearance, poor Joyce himself. He seemed to have pulled himself together, and his sterling manhood and courage and pride stood by him. He seemed, however, to yield to the kindly wishes of his friends, and when we suggested that his hurt should be looked to he acquiesced:

"Yes, if you will. Betther not go home to poor Norah and distress her with it. Poor child! she 'll have enough to bear without that."

His coat was taken off, and between us we managed to bandage the wound. The priest, who had some surgical knowledge, came to the conclusion that there was only a simple fracture. He splinted and bandaged the arm, and we all agreed that it would be better for Joyce to wait until the storm was over before starting for home. Andy said he could take him on the car, as he knew the road well, and that as it was partly on the road to Carnacliff, we should only have to make a short detour and would pass the house of the doctor, by whom the arm could be properly attended to.

So we sat around the fire again, while without the storm howled, and the fierce gusts which swept the valley seemed at times as if they would break in the door, lift off the roof, or in some way annihilate the time-worn cabin which gave us shelter.

There could, of course, be only one subject of conversation now, and old Dan simply interpreted the public wish when he said:

"Tell us, Phelim—sure, we 're all friends here—how Black Murdock got ye in his clutches? Sure, any wan of us would get you out of thim if he could."

There was a general acquiescence. Joyce yielded himself, and said:

"Let me thank ye, neighbors all, for yer kindness to me and mine this sorraful night. Well, I 'll say no more

about that; but I'll tell ye how it was that Murdock got me into his power. Ye know that boy of mine—Eugene?"

"Oh, and he's the fine lad, God bless him! an' the good lad, too!"—this from the women.

"Well, ye know, too, that he got on so well whin I sint him to school that Dr. Walsh recommended me to make an ingineer of him. He said he had such promise that it was a pity not to see him get the right start in life, and he gave me, himself, a letther to Sir George Henshaw, the great ingineer. I wint and seen him, and he said he would take the boy. He tould me that there was a big fee to be paid, but I was not to throuble about that; at any rate, that he himself didn't want any fee, and he would ask his partner if he would give up his share too. But the latther was hard up for money. He said he couldn't give up all the fee, but that he would take half the fee, provided it was paid down in dhry money. Well, the regular fee to the firm was five hundhred pounds, and as Sir George had giv up half, an' only half, th' other half was to be paid, if that was possible. I hadn't got more 'n a few pounds by me; for what wid dhrainin' and plantin' and fencin', and the payin' the boy's schoolin' and the girl's at the Nuns' in Galway, it had put me to the pin iv me collar to find the money up to now. But I didn't like to let the boy lose his chance in life for want of an effort, an' I put me pride in me pocket an' kem an' asked Murdock for the money. He was very smooth an' nice wid me—I know why now—an' promised he would give it at wanst if I would give him security on me land. Sure, he joked an' laughed wid me, an' was that cheerful that I didn't misthrust him. He tould me it was only forrums I was signin' that 'd never be used." Here Dan Moriarty interrupted him:

"What did ye sign, Phelim?"

"There wor two papers. Wan was a writin' iv some kind, that in considheration iv the money lent an' his own land—which I was to take over if the money wasn't paid at the time appointed—he was to get me lease from me; an' the other was a power of attorney to Enther Judgment for the amount if the money wasn't paid at the right time. I thought I was all safe, as I could repay him in the time named, an' if the worst kem to the worst I might borry the money from some wan else—for the lease is worth the

sum tin times over—an' repay him. Well, what 's the use of lookin' back, anyhow? I signed the papers—that was a year ago an' one week. An' a week ago the time was up!" He gulped down a sob, and went on:

"Well, ye all know the year gone has been a terrible bad wan, an' as for me it was all I could do to hould on—to make up the money was impossible. Thrue, the lad cost me next to nothin', for he arned his keep be exthra work, an' the girl, Norah, kem home from school and labored wid me, an' we saved every penny we could. But it was all no use; we couldn't get the money together anyhow. Thin we had the misfortin wid the cattle that ye all know of; an' three horses that I sould in Dublin up an' died before the time I guaranteed them free from sickness." Here Andy struck in:

"Thrue for ye! Sure, there was some dhreadful disordher in Dublin among the horse cattle, intirely; an' even Misther Docther Perfesshinal Ferguson himself couldn't git undher it!" Joyce went on:

"An' as the time grew nigh I began to fear, but Murdock came down to see me whin I was alone, an' tould me not to throuble about the money, an' not to mind about the sheriff, for he had to give him notice. 'An',' says he, 'I wouldn't, if I was you, tell Norah anythin' about it, for it might frighten the girl; for weemin is apt to take to heart things like that that 's only small things to min like us.' An' so, God forgive me, I believed him; an' I niver tould me child anything about it—even whin I got the notice from the sheriff. An' whin the notice tellin' iv the sale was posted up on me land, I tuk it down meself, so that the poor girl wouldn't be frightened—God help me!" He broke down for a bit, but then went on:

"But somehow I wasn't asy in me mind, an' whin the time iv the sale dhrew nigh I couldn't keep it to meself any longer, an' I tould Norah. That was only yisterday, and took at me to-day! Norah agreed wid me that we shouldn't trust the Gombeen, an' she sent me off to the Galway Bank to borry the money. She said I was an honest man an' farmed me own land, and that the bank might lind the money on it. An', sure enough, whin I wint there this mornin' be appointment, wid the Coadjuthor himself to inthroduce me, though he didn't know

why I wanted the money—that was Norah's idea, and the Mother Superior settled it for her—the manager, who is a nice gintleman, tould me at wanst that I might have the money on me own note iv hand. I only gave him a formal writin', and I took away the money. Here it is in me pocket in good notes; they 're wet wid the lake, but, I 'm thankful to say, all safe. But it 's too late, God help me!" Here he broke down for a minute, but recovered himself with an effort:

"Anyhow, the bank that thrusted me mustn't be wronged. Back the money goes to Galway as soon as iver I can get it there. If I am a ruined man, I needn't be a dishonest wan! But poor Norah! God help her! it will break her poor heart."

There was a spell of silence, only broken by sympathetic moans. The first to speak was the priest:

"Phelim Joyce, I told you a while ago, in the midst of your passion, that God knows what he is doin', and works in his own way. You 're an honest man, Phelim, and God knows it, and, mark me, he won't let you nor yours suffer. 'I have been young,' said the Psalmist, 'and now am old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread.' Think of that, Phelim; may it comfort you and poor Norah. God bless her, but she 's the good girl! You have much to be thankful for, with a daughter like her to comfort you at home and take the place of her poor mother, who was the best of women; and with such a boy as Eugene, winnin' name and credit, and perhaps fame to come, even in England itself. Thank God for his many mercies, Phelim, and trust him!"

There was a dead silence in the room. The stern man rose, and coming over took the priest's hand.

"God bless ye, Father!" he said, "it 's the true comforter ye are."

The scene was a most touching one; I shall never forget it. The worst of the poor man's trouble seemed now past. He had faced the darkest hour; he had told his trouble, and was now prepared to make the best of everything—for the time at least—for I could not reconcile to my mind the idea that that proud, stern man, would not take the blow to heart for many a long day, that it might even embitter his life.

MARGARET STOKES.

(1832—1900.)

Miss Stokes, who was born in 1832, had a hereditary right to deal with Celtic archeology. Her father, Dr. William Stokes, attained great distinction as an Irish scholar; and his daughter worthily pursued the same path of study. Her chief work is 'Early Christian Architecture in Ireland.' This is a remarkably able book. It is written in a clear and pleasant style; the facts are skillfully grouped, and the authoress shows a complete mastery of her subject. Miss Stokes edited 'Christian Inscriptions in the Irish language.' She made an illuminated edition of Sir Samuel Ferguson's 'The Cromlech on Howth,' and contributed drawings to the Earl of Dunraven's 'Notes on Irish Archeology.'

Her book on the 'High Crosses of Ireland' was unfinished at the time of her death, which occurred in 1900.

THE NORTHMEN IN IRELAND.

From 'Early Christian Architecture.'

Pugin has observed in his essay on the 'Revival of Christian Architecture' that "the history of architecture is the history of the world;" therefore in tracing the origin and growth of new forms in this art, we may expect to find a parallel stream in the course of events which mark the career of the race to whom it belongs. Where any decided innovation occurs in the architecture of any country, it seems probable that some revolution in its history may be found to account for the phenomenon. Hitherto the churches of Ireland, in their humble proportions and symmetrical simplicity, were the natural offspring, not only, as Dr. Petrie has beautifully expressed it, "of a religion not made for the rich, but for the poor and lowly;" they were also the result of choice and adherence to a primitive national system. Even after the introduction of the ornamental style termed Irish Romanesque, we find that there was no material departure from the simple ground-plan and small dimensions of the earlier churches of the horizontal lintel. The church-system of Ireland continued to be, as it had always been, one that entailed the erection of a number of small buildings, either grouped together as at Glendalough, or thickly scattered

over the face of the country; and at the time of transition to Romanesque there was no corresponding change in the ecclesiastical system of the country.

When the group of humble dwellings which formed the monasteries and schools of Ireland is seen at the foot of the lofty tower whose masonry rarely seems to correspond in date with the buildings that surround it, and which does not, as elsewhere, seem a component and accessory part of the whole pile that formed the feudal abbey, we cannot but feel that some new condition in the history of the Irish Church must have arisen to account for the apparition of these bold and lofty structures. And here we may take up the thread of the history where we left it, at the close of the period of steady progress from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, when the language of Ireland was being developed and her schools were the most frequented in Northern Europe. In the beginning of the ninth century a new state of things was ushered in, and a change took place in the hitherto unmolested condition of the Church. Ireland became the battlefield of the first struggle between paganism and Christianity in Western Europe; and the result of the effort then made in defense of her faith is marked in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country by the apparently simultaneous erection of a number of lofty towers, rising in strength of "defense and faithfulness of watch" before the doorways of those churches most liable to be attacked. For seven centuries Christianity had steadily advanced in Western Europe. At first silent and unseen, we feel how wondrously it grew, until, in the reign of Charlemagne, it became an instrument in the hands of one whose mission was to strengthen his borders against the heathen, and to establish a Christian monarchy.

Dense as is the obscurity in which the cause of the wanderings and ravages of the Scandinavian Vikings is enveloped, yet the result of the investigations hitherto made upon the subject is, that they were in a great measure consequent on the conquests of Charlemagne in the north of Germany, and on the barrier which he thereby—as well as by the introduction of Christianity—set to their onward march. It can scarcely be attributed to accident that with the gradual strengthening of the Frankish dominion the

hordes of Northmen descended on the British Islands in ever-increasing numbers. The policy of Charlemagne in his invasion of Saxony, A.D. 772, and the energy by which he succeeded in driving his enemies beyond the Elbe and to the German Ocean, were manifestly directed and intensified by religious zeal. The Saxons were still heathens, and the first attack made by the Frankish king was on the fortress of Eresbourg, where stood the temple of Irminsul, the great idol of the nation.

We read that he laid waste their temples, and their idols were broken in pieces. "He built monasteries and churches, founded bishoprics, and filled Saxony with priests and missionaries. For some years previously the countries between the Elbe, Upper Saxony, the German Ocean, and the Baltic, had been devastated by the Frankish army, the population flying into Denmark and the north, and the war of Charlemagne," writes Mr. Haliday, "was now a crusade. Its object was alike to conquer and convert. The military and religious habits were united in his camp, which was the scene of martial exercises, solemn processions, and public prayers; and the clergy who crowded round his standard participated in the objects and results of his victories." The war thus entered upon leads us to that point in the history of the Western Church when the religion of Christ is first met by a mighty revulsion arising in the mingled grandeur and gloom of all that is great and all that is false in the spirit of ancient heathenism, when the flood, driven backwards into the northern seas, first heaved its mighty volume of resistant waters, and broke in a great wave upon the Irish shore.

However it may appear from ancient authorities that for some centuries before the Scandinavians had occasionally infested the southern shores of Europe, yet in the added light that is cast by the Irish annals upon the subject we perceive that from this date their piratical incursions afford evidence not before met with of preconcerted plan and insistent energy; and these events in the reign of Charlemagne may lead us to discover what was the strong impulse that thus tended in some measure to condense and concentrate their desultory warfare. Impelled by some strong, overmastering passion, these hordes of northern warriors held on from year to year their aveng-

ing march; and such was the fury of their arms that even now, after a lapse of a thousand years, their deeds are held in appalling remembrance throughout Europe, not only in every city on the sea-shore or on the river, but even in the peasant traditions of the smallest inland village. "Wheresoever," says Mr. Laing, "this people from beyond the pale and influence of the old Roman Empire and of the later Church empire of Rome, either settled, mingled, or marauded, they have left permanent traces in society of their laws, institutions, character, and spirit. Pagan and barbarian as they were, they seemed to have carried with them something more natural, something more suitable to the social wants of man, than the laws and institutions formed under the Roman power."

But when all has been said that can be for the invigorating influence of their energy and the enkindling spark they are held to have borne with them of a free social existence, in which men might have a voice in their government and in the enactment of their laws, it must still be borne in mind that at the period when Ireland was the scene of this struggle, and indeed for two centuries later, the faith of these Northmen was idolatry, and there is no proof that they possessed the knowledge of letters. In contemplating the history of a period which left, as it did, such important traces in the ecclesiastical architecture of North-western Europe, we may pause to consider the two forms of faith that now met face to face in battle. In both these systems we find belief in the immortality of the soul, but the latter is merely based on faith in the potency for good or ill of the embodied forces of nature. "The primary characteristic of this old northland mythology," says Carlyle, is the "impersonation" and "earnest simple recognition of the workings of physical nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine"—the recognition of such forces as personal agencies, gods and demons; and in this faith the main result attained was the belief in an inexorable and inflexible destiny which it is useless trying to bend or soften, and that the one thing needful for a man was to be brave. Odin stands the central figure of this Scandinavian religion; Frigga, Freya and Thor attend with a number of minor deities, and throughout the whole mythology vestiges of ancient and general tradition

are to be found. Oracles, divinations, auspices, presages, and lots formed parts of their system. The Christianity by which this religion was confronted may be also said to have preserved vestiges of ancient heathenism; but if we contemplate it in the only fair way to look at any form of faith—that is, as revealed to us by its representative men and through the medium of their mind—we behold it as the handmaid of original investigation and discovery. The teachers of Ireland, from the eighth to the tenth century, declared the spherical form of the earth, and the summer solstice in the northern hemispheres, while her astronomers had well-nigh anticipated the theory of Copernicus. We find these ecclesiastics upholding Greek learning and philosophic speculation, asserting the freedom of the will, even at this early date, and still clinging fast to that faith which, more than a century before, had given us the Hymn of Patrick, with its passionate and absorbing devotion to Christ; while in the fearless denunciations of sin poured forth by Columbanus and Kilian upon the rulers in whose power they lay, we see the courageous faith of men ready to lay down their lives in the cause of that moral purity which is involved in our religion.

WHITLEY STOKES.

(1830 ——)

WHITLEY STOKES, C.S.I., C.I.E., was born in 1830. He is the eldest son of Willian Stokes, regius professor of physic, Dublin. He married, the first time, Mary, the daughter of Colonel Bazely, of the Bengal Artillery, and the second time, Elizabeth (who died in 1901) the daughter of W. Temple. He was educated at the University of Dublin. He is an Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford ; an Honorary LL.D. of Dublin and Edinburgh ; an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford ; Foreign Associate of the Institute of France ; Honorary Member of the German Oriental Society. He was a barrister in the Inner Temple in 1855 ; a pupil of A. Cayley, C. M. Crains, and T. Chitty ; and he practiced as an Equity draftsman and conveyancer. He went to India in 1862. He was reporter to the High Court at Madras, and Acting Administrator-General from 1863 to 1864 ; Secretary to the Governor-General's Legislative Council, and then to the Government of India in Legislative Departments from 1865 to 1877, and a Law-member of the Council of the Governor-General from 1877 to 1882. He was President of the Indian Law Commission in 1879. He has been draftsman of many consolidation acts, of the bulk of the present Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, and of the acts dealing respectively with the transfer of property, trusts, easements, specific relief and limitation ; and was the framer of the scheme for collecting and cataloguing Sanscrit manuscripts in India.

His publications are, legal—'Treatise on the Liens of Legal Practitioners,' 'On Powers of Attorney,' 'Hindu Law Books,' 'The Indian Succession Act, with Commentary,' 'Indian Companies Act, with Notes,' 'The Older Statutes in Force in India, with Notes,' 'The Anglo-Indian Codes' ; philological—'Irish Glosses,' 'Three Irish Glossaries,' 'The Middle-English Play of the Sacrament,' 'The Passion,' a Middle-Cornish poem, 'The Creation of the World,' a Cornish mystery, 'Three Middle-Irish Homilies,' 'Goidelica,' 'The Life of S. Meriasek,' a Cornish drama, 'Middle-Breton Hours,' 'The Calendar of Oengus,' 'Togail Troi,' 'Saltair, na Rann,' 'The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick,' 'The Old-Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe,' 'Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore,' 'Urkeltischer Sprachschatz' (jointly with Prof. 'Bezzenberger), 'The Martyrology of Gorman,' 'Rennes Dindsenchas,' 'The Annals of Cigernach,' 'The Gaelic Marco Polo, Maundeville, and Fierabras,' 'The Eulogy of St. Columba,' 'Dá Choca's Hostel,' and 'Dá Derga's Hostel.' He was joint-editor of the 'Irische Texte Thesaurus Palæohibernicus,' the second volume of which appeared in 1904, and 'Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie.'

"Foremost," says Mr. M. MacLean in his 'Literature of the Celts,' "of all living Celticists stands Dr. Whitley Stokes. Next to Zeuss he has done more than any other single man in this par-

ticular department of study and research. His publications are a library in themselves, and deal with Cornish, Breton, Old Welsh, as well as Irish and Gaelic. He has made himself master of the field in a very thorough and scientific manner. In his 'Goidelica' (old and early-middle-Irish glosses, prose and verse) are given accurate translations of the Gaelic prefaces and hymns of the *Liber Hymnorum*—that ancient mythology which dates from the eleventh century.'

Dr. Stokes studied Irish with O'Donovan, and Sanskrit and comparative philology with Professor Siegfried in Dublin. It was in Calcutta that the foundation of his great reputation as a Celtic scholar was laid, and it was from that city that he first issued his 'Goidelica.'

THE HYMN CALLED SAINT PATRICK'S BREAST-PLATE.

From 'Goidelica.'

Patrick's Hymm. This is probably a genuine production of Saint Patrick. He died about the year 470. See also the much freer version by Mangan.—D. H.

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity;
I believe in Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the Universe.
I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Christ's birth with his baptism,
To the virtue of his crucifixion with his burial,
To the virtue of his resurrection with his ascension,
To the virtue of his coming to the Judgment of Doom.
I bind myself to-day to the virtue of ranks of Cherubim,
In obedience of Angels,
In service of Archangels,
In hope of resurrection for reward,
In prayers of Patriarchs,
In predictions of Prophets,
In preachings of Apostles,
In faiths of Confessors,
In innocence of holy Virgins,
In deeds of righteous men.

I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Heaven,
In light of Sun,
In brightness of Snow,
In splendor of Fire,

In speed of Lightning,
In swiftness of Wind,
In depth of Sea,
In stability in Earth,
In compactness of Rock.
I bind myself to-day to God's virtue to pilot me,
God's Might to uphold me,
God's Wisdom to guide me,
God's Eye to look before me,
God's Ear to hear me,
God's Word to speak for me,
God's Hand to guard me,
God's Way to lie before me,
God's Shield to protect me,
God's Host to secure me,
Against snares of demons,
Against seductions of vices,
Against lusts of nature,
Against every one who wishes ill to me,
Afar and anear,
Alone and in a multitude!

So have I invoked all these virtues between me and these,
Against every cruel merciless power which may come against my body and my soul;
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of heathenry,
Against false laws of heretics,
Against craft of idolatry,
Against spells of women and smiths and druids,
Against every knowledge that defiles men's souls.
Christ to protect me to-day,
Against poison, against burning, against drowning, against deathwound,
Until a multitude of rewards come to me!

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ in me!
Christ below me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left!
Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height!
Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me!

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity.
I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the Universe!

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF BRIGIT.

This is taken from the Book of Lismore—a MS. of the fifteenth century. The Life may be as old as the tenth century.—D. H.

On the eighth (of the month) Brigit was born, on a Thursday especially: on the eighteenth she took the veil: in the eighty-eighth (year of her age) she went to heaven. With eight virgins was Brigit consecrated, according to the number of the eight beatitudes of the Gospel which she fulfilled, and of them it was the beatitude of mercy that Brigit chose.

Once when the high tide of Easter drew nigh, she desired through charity to brew ale for the many churches that were around her. And there was a scarcity of corn at that time in Meath, and Brigit had only one sieve of malt. Brigit's household, moreover, had no vessels save two troughs. They put the malt into one of the two troughs. They fill the other vessel with the ale. Then the ale was distributed by Brigit to seventeen churches of Fir Tulach, so that the produce of one measure of malt supplied them through Brigit's grace from Maundy Thursday to Low Sunday.

Once there came a certain leper unto Brigit to ask for a cow. Said Brigit to him, "Which seemeth best to thee, to take away a cow, or to be healed of the leprosy?" The leper said that he would rather be healed of the leprosy than be given the kingdom of the world. Brigit made prayer to God and healed the leper, and he afterwards served Brigit.

A certain nun of Brigit's household fell into sore disease and desired milk. There did not happen to be a cow in the church at that time, so a vessel was filled with water for Brigit, and she blessed it, and it was turned into milk. She gave it to the nun who at once became quite well.

Now when the fame and renown of Brigit had gone

throughout Ireland, there came to Brigit two blind men of the Britons and a leper to be healed. Said Brigit: "Stay outside at present till the celebration be over." (Said the Britons), for they are impatient: "Thou healedst folk of thine own kin yesterday, and thou hast not waited to heal us to-day." Brigit made prayer, and the three of them were healed at once.

When the hightide of Easter was fulfilled, Brigit asked her maidens whether they still had the leavings of the Easter ale. Quoth the maidens: "God will give," say they. There came in two maidens having a pail full of water. "The Virgin's Son knoweth," saith Brigit, "that there is good ale there." It seemed to her that it was ale. As she said that (the water) was straightway changed into choice ale. It was afterward given to Bishop Mél, and also to the virgins.

At the same time came a disease of the eyes to Brigit, and her head seemed exceeding weary. When Bishop Mél heard of that he said: "Let us go together to seek a physician, that thou mayst have thy head cured." Said Brigit: "If thou hadst not been disobedient, I should not have desired any bodily physician; howbeit we will do what thou shalt say." As they were faring forth, Brigit fell out of her chariot and her head came against a stone, and she was greatly wounded and the blood gushed out. Then with that blood were healed two dumb women who were lying on the road. After that, the leech whom they were seeking chanced to meet them. When he saw the wound he said: "Thou shouldest not seek any other physician from this time forward, save the Physician who healed thee on this occasion; for though all the doctors of Ireland should be doctoring thee, they could do nothing better." So in that wise Brigit was healed.

Once the King of Teffia came into their neighborhood for a banquet. There was a covered vessel in the King's hand. A certain incautious man took it out of his hand, and it fell and fragments were made thereof. The man was seized by the King of Teffia. Bishop Mél went to ask for him, and nought was got from the King save his death. So Bishop Mél begged for the broken vessel, and took it with him to Brigit. Then Brigit put her breath around it, and it was renewed in a form that was

better than before. Then it was taken back to the King, and the captive was released. And Bishop Mél said, "Not for me hath God wrought this miracle, but for Brigit."

Once upon a time Brigit went to the house of another virgin, even Brigit daughter of Conaille. The water that was put over Brigit's feet after she had arrived, healed a certain virgin who was lying sick in the house. Now when Brigit and her virgins went to eat their dinner, she began to look for a long while at the table. The other Brigit asked, "What perceivest thou?" Said Brigit, "I see the Devil on the table." "I should like to see him," said the other virgin. "Make Christ's Cross on thy face, and on thy eyes," saith Brigit. The virgin made it and she beheld the Satan beside the table, his head down and his feet up, his smoke and his flame out of his gullet, and out of his nose. Said Brigit: "Give answer to us, O Devil!"

"I cannot, O nun," saith the Demon, "refuse to answer thee, for thou art a keeper of God's commandments, and thou art merciful to the poor and to the Lord's household."

"Tell us then," saith Brigit: "why hast thou come to us among our nuns?"

"There is a certain pious virgin here," saith the Devil, "and in her companionship am I, enjoining upon her sloth and negligence."

Brigit said to that virgin: "Put the cross of Christ over thy face, and over thine eyes." She put it at once; the virgin beheld the hideous monster. Great fear seized the virgin when she beheld the demon. Said Brigit: "Why dost thou shun the fosterling whom thou hast been tending for so long a time?" The virgin then made repentance and was healed of the demon.

A certain woman brought unto Brigit a hamper full of apples. Then lepers came to Brigit begging for apples. Said Brigit: "Give the apples to them." When the woman heard that, she took back her hamper of apples, and said: "To thee thyself I brought the apples, and not to lepers." It was an annoyance to Brigit that her alms should be forbidden, and she cursed the trees from which it had been brought. When the woman went home, she found not a single apple in her barn, although it had been full when she left, and (the trees) were barren thence forward.

Once upon a time Brigit went to Teffia with great hosts accompanying her; and there were two lepers behind her between whom a dispute arose. When one of the lepers desired to smite the other, his hand withered and the hand of the other of them shrank. Then they repented, and Brigit healed them of their leprosy.

Brigit went to a certain church in the land of Teffia to celebrate Easter. The prioress of the church said to her maidens that on Maundy Thursday one of them should minister to the old men and to the weak and feeble persons who were biding in the church. Not one of them was found for the ministering. Said Brigit: "I to-day will minister unto them." (There were) four of the sick persons who were biding in the church, even a consumptive man, and a lunatic, and a blind man, and a leper. And Brigit did service to these four, and they were healed from every disease that lay upon them.

Once upon a time Brigit went into a certain house a guesting. It came to pass that all the household went forth except one little consumptive lad, and he was dumb, and Brigit knew not that he was so. Then came guests unto Brigit into the house to beg for food. Brigit asked of yon dumb lad, where was the key of the kitchen. Said the lad: "I know the place in which it is." Said Brigit: "Go and fetch it to me." He rose at once and attended on the guests. . . .

Then came a man for Brigit that she might go to consecrate a new house which had been built for him. When he had prepared food for Brigit, Brigit said to her maidens: "It is not lawful for us to eat the food of this heathen man, for God has revealed to me that he has never been baptized." When the good man heard that, grief of heart seized him and Bishop Brón baptized him. Thereafter Patrick ordered Brigit and his successor that they should never be without an ordained person in their company: therefore Nat-fraich took priest's orders.

At the same time a man from the south of Bregia bore his mother on his back to Brigit to be healed, for she was consumptive; and he put her from his back on Brigit's shadow, and when the shadow touched her, she was whole at once.

At another time they saw Patrick coming to them.

Said Lassair to Brigit: "What shall we do for the multitude that has come to us?" "What food have ye?" asked Brigit. "There is nought," said Lassair, "save one sheep and twelve loaves, and a little milk." Said Brigit: "That is good: the preaching of God's word will be made unto us and we shall be satisfied thereby." When Patrick had finished the preaching, the food was brought to Brigit that she might divide it. And she blessed it; and the two peoples of God, even Brigit's congregation and Patrick's congregation, were satisfied; and their leavings were much more than the material that had been there at first.

There was a certain man biding in Lassair's church, and his wife was leaving him and would not take bit nor sleep along with him; so he came to Brigit to ask for a spell to make his wife love him. Brigit blessed water for him and said: "Put that water over the house, and over the food, and over the drink of yourselves, and over the bed in the wife's absence." When he had done thus, the wife gave exceeding great love to him, so that she could not keep apart from him, even on one side of the house; but she was always at one of his hands. He went one day on a journey and left the wife asleep. When the woman awoke she rose up lightly and went after the husband; and saw him afar from her, with an arm of the sea between them. She cried out to her husband and said that she would go into the sea unless he came to her.

A certain woman of Húi Meic Uais came unto Brigit to beg; and before that she had always been in poverty. So Brigit gave her girdle to her, and Brigit said that it would heal whatsoever disease or illness to which it was applied. And it was so done, and thus the woman used to make her livelihood thenceforward.

Once on a certain high tide friends came to Brigit, having with them an offering, and they had left their house behind them without care-takers. Thereafter came robbers, and carried off the oxen that were biding in the house. The river Liffey rose against them, so they put their garments on the horns of the oxen, and the oxen with the garments turned back thence to the place in which Brigit was biding.

Once upon a time Brigit went into Magh Lemna to converse with Patrick. He was preaching the Gospel there.

Then Brigit fell asleep at the preaching. Said Patrick: "Why hast thou fallen asleep?" Brigit prostrated herself thrice and answered: "It was a vision I beheld," saith she. "Declare the vision," saith Patrick. "I beheld," saith Brigit, "four plows in the southeast, which plowed the whole island; and before the sowing was finished, the harvest was ripened, and clear well-springs and shining streams came out of the furrows. White garments were on the sowers and plowmen. I beheld four other plows in the north, which plowed the island athwart, and turned the harvest again, and the oats which they had sown grew up at once, and was ripe, and black streams came out of the furrows, and there were black garments on the sowers and on the plowmen."

"That is not difficult," saith Patrick. "The first four plows which thou beheldest, those are I and thou, who sow the four books of the Gospel with a song of faith, and belief, and piety. The harvest which thou beheldest are they who come into that faith and belief through our teaching. The four plows which thou beheldest in the north are the false teachers and the liars who will overturn the teaching which we are sowing."

Once when Brigit was in Armagh two persons pursued her bearing a tub of water. They went to be blessed by Brigit. The tub fell behind them and went round and round from the door of the stronghold to Loch Laphain. But it was not broken, and not a drop fell out. It was manifest to every one that Brigit's blessing was upon them. Thereafter Patrick said: "Deal ye of the water to Armagh and to Airthir." And every disease and every ailment that was in the land were healed.

Brigit went into the district of Fir Rois to release a captive who was in the district. Said Brigit: "Lettest thou yon captive out for me?" "Though thou shouldest give me the whole realm of Fir Breg, I would not give thee the prisoner. But lest thou shouldest go with a refusal, for one night thou shalt have the right to guard his soul for him." Brigit appeared to the captive at the close of the day, and said to him: "When the chain shall be opened for thee, repeat this hymn (*Nunc populus*) and flee to thy right hand." It is done thus: the captive flees at Brigit's word.

Once Brigit went over Sliab Fuait. There was a madman biding on the mountain who used to harry the congregations. When the nuns beheld him, fear and great dread seized them. Said Brigit to the madman: "Since I have come to thee here, preach thou God's word unto us."

"I cannot," saith he, "avoid ministering unto thee, for thou art merciful unto the Lord's household, both the miserable and the Poor."

Then said the madman: "Love the Lord, O Nun! and every one will love thee. Revere the Lord and every one will revere thee. Pray unto the Lord and every one will pray unto thee."

Once her father entreated holy Brigit to go to the King of Leinster, even to Ailill, son of Dunlarg, to ask for the transfer of the ownership of the sword which he had given to him (for a time) on another occasion. Brigit went at her father's commands. A slave of the King came to converse with Brigit, and said: "If I should be saved from the bondage wherein I abide with the King, I should become a Christian, and I should save thee and the Lord." Brigit went into the fortress and begged two boons from the King, to wit, transfer of the ownership of the sword to Dubthach and freedom to the slave.

"Why should I give that to thee?" saith the King.

"Excellent children shall be given to thee," saith Brigit, "and Kingship to thy sons, and heaven to thyself."

Said the King, "The Kingdom of Heaven, as I see it not, I ask it not. Kingship for my sons, moreover, I ask not, for I myself am still alive, and let each one work in his time. Give me, however, length of life in my realm, and victoriousness in battle over Conn's Half; for there is often warfare between us."

"It shall be given," saith Brigit. And this was fulfilled; for through Brigit's blessing thirty battles were broken before Ailill in Ireland and nine in Scotland. The Húi Néill invaded Leinster after his death. The Leinstermen carried his body to the battle, and their foes were at once routed before them.

Brigit was once with her sheep on the Curragh, and she saw running past her a son of reading; to wit, Nindid the scholar was he, "What makes thee unsedate, O son of

reading?" saith Brigit, "and what seekest thou in that wise."

"O nun," saith the scholar, "I am going to heaven."

"The Virgin's Son knoweth," saith Brigit, "happy is he that goes the journey, and for God's sake, make prayer with me, that it may be easy for *me* to go."

"O nun," saith the scholar, "I have no leisure; for the gates of heaven are open now, and I fear they may be shut against me. Or if thou art hindering me, pray the Lord that it may be easy for thee, and that thou mayest bring many thousands with thee into heaven."

Brigit recited a paternoster with him. And he was pious thenceforward, and it is stated gave her communion and sacrifice when she was dying. Wherefore thence it came to pass that the comradeship of the world's sons of reading is with Brigit, and the Lord gives them, through Brigit's prayer, every perfect good that they ask.

Brigit went to Bishop Mél, that he might come and mark her city for her. When they came thereafter to the place in which Kildare stands to-day, that was the time that Ailill, son of Dunlarg, chanced to be coming, with a hundred horseloads of peeled rods, over the midst of Kildare. Then maidens came from Brigit to ask for some of the rods, and refusal was given to them. The horses were (straightway) struck down under their horseloads to the ground. Then stakes and wattles were taken from them, and they arose not until Ailill had offered the hundred horseloads to Brigit. And therewith was built Saint Brigit's great house in Kildare, and it is Ailill that fed the wrights and paid them their wages. (So) Brigit left (as a blessing) that the kingship of Leinster should be till doomsday from Ailill, son of Dunlarg.

Once upon a time two lepers came to Brigit to ask an alms. There was nothing in the convent except a single cow. Brigit bestowed that cow on the lepers (jointly). One of the two lepers gave thanks to the Lord, but the other leper was ungrateful, for he was haughty. "I alone," saith he, "have been set at naught as regards a cow. Till to-day I have never been counted among Culdees and the poor and feeble, and I should not be in partnership as regards this cow." Said Brigit to the humble leper: "Stay here, till somewhat be found for thee, and let

yon haughty leper go off with his cow." Then came a man to Brigit having a cow for her, and she gave it to the humble leper. Now when the haughty leper went on his way, he was unable to drive his cow alone; so he came back to Brigit and to his comrade, and kept reviling and blaming Brigit. "It was not for God's sake," saith he, "that thou madest thy offering; but it is because of (our) importunity and oppressiveness that thou gavest it to me." Therefore the two lepers go to the Barrow. The river rose against them. Through Brigit's blessing, the humble leper escapes with his cow. The haughty leper falls with his cow prone against the river and was drowned.

Once upon a time the queen of Crimthan, son of Enna Cennselach, King of Leinster, came with a silver chain as an offering to Brigit. The semblance of a human shape was on one of the ends thereof, and an apple of silver at the other end. Brigit gave it to the virgins. The virgins stored it up without her knowledge, for greatly used Brigit to take her wealth and give it to the poor. A leper came to Brigit, and Brigit gave him the chain without the nuns' knowledge. When the virgins knew this they said with anger and bitterness: "Little good have we," say they, "from thy compassion to every one, and we ourselves in need of food and raiment." "Ye are sinning(?)," saith Brigit: "Go you into the church in the place where I make prayer, and there ye will find your chain." They went at Brigit's word. Though it had been given to a poor man, the nuns found the chain.

Once upon a time the King of Leinster came to Brigit to listen to the preaching and celebration on Easter Day. After the celebration was ended, the King fared forth on his way. When Brigit went to eat her forenoon meal, Lomman, Brigit's leper, declared that he would eat nothing until there was given to him the King of Leinster's armor, with spears and shield and sword. Brigit sent a messenger after the King. From midday till evening the King was a-straying, and they did not attain one thousand paces: so he took the armor from him and bestowed it upon the leper.

Once upon a time Brigit beheld a certain man passing her with salt on his back. "What is on thy back?" saith Brigit. "Stones," saith the man. "They shall be

stones then," saith Brigit. Straightway stones were made of the salt. The same man came again past Brigit. "What is on thy back?" saith Brigit. "Salt," saith he. "It shall be salt then," saith Brigit. Salt was at once made of the stones through Brigit's word.

Once upon a time two lepers came to Brigit to be healed of the leprosy. Brigit bade one of the two lepers to wash the other. He did so. "Do thou," saith Brigit to the other leper, "tend and wash thy comrade even as he hath ministered unto thee." "Save the time that we have seen," saith he, "we will not see one another. What, O nun, dost thou deem it just that I, a healthy man, with my fresh limbs and my fresh raiment, should wash that loathsome leper there, with his livid limbs falling from him? A custom like that is not fit for me." So Brigit herself washed the lowly miserable leper. Said the haughty leper who had first been cleansed from the leprosy: "Meseems," saith he, "that sparks of fire are breaking through my skin." He was filled with leprosy from his crown to his sole, because of his disobedience.

Once upon a time when Brigit was going to the bishop to receive the Sacrament, a he-goat's head seemed to her to be in the mass-chalice. Brigit refused the chalice. "Wherefore dost thou refuse it?" saith the ecclesiastic. "A he-goat's head is revealed to me therein," saith Brigit. The bishop called the lad who had brought the credence-table, and bade him make his confession. "I went," said the gillie, "into the house wherein goats are kept, and I took a fat goat thence, and I ate up my fill of him." The lad did penance and repented. Thereafter Brigit went to communion and saw not the semblance.

Once upon a time guests came to Brigit: noble and pious were they, even the seven bishops who are on the hill in the east of Leinster. Then Brigit ordered a certain man of her household to go to the sea and catch fish for the guests. The man goes, taking with him his harpoon; and a seal chanced to come to him. He thrusts the seal-spear into it, and ties the string of the spear to his hand. The seal drags with him the man over the sea unto the shore of the sea of Britain, and, after breaking the string, leaves him there on a rock. Then the seal was put back with his spear in it, and the sea cast it on the shore that was near to

Brigit. Howbeit the fishers of Britain gave a boat to Brigit's fisherman, when he had told his tales to them. Then he crossed the sea and found his seal here on the shore of the sea of Leinster, and took it with him to Brigit's guests. In the morning he went over the sea, and passed again over the sea of Britain to Brigit at midday. The guests and the rest of the host magnified God's name and Brigit's through that miracle and through that prodigy.

Once upon a time a certain nun of Brigit's community conceived a longing for salt. Brigit prayed, and the stones were turned into salt and the nun was cured.

Once upon a time a churl of Brigit's household was cutting firewood. It happened to him that he killed a pet fox belonging to the King of Leinster. The churl was seized by the King. Brigit ordered the (wild) fox to come out of the wood; so he came and was at his feats and playing for them and for the King by Brigit's orders. When the fox had done his deeds, he went safe through the wood, with the host of Leinster, both foot and horse and hounds, pursuing him.

Once upon a time bishops came to Brigit and she had nothing to give them, the cows having been milked twice. The cows came a third time to the place, and the milk they had then was greater than every other milking.

Once upon a time Brigit had a band of reapers reaping. A rain storm poured on the whole plain of Liffey, but not a drop fell on her field.

Now (this) was (another) of her miracles. She blessed the blind table-faced man, and gave his eyes to him.

Once upon a time Brigit went to the widow, who killed the calf of her (only) cow for Brigit, and burnt the beam of her loom thereunder. God so wrought for Brigit that the beam was whole on the morrow, and the cow was licking her calf.

Once Brigit and Bishop Eiric were in Leinster. Said Brigit to Bishop Eiric: "There is battling among thy people and to-day they contend." Said a clerical student to Bishop Eiric's household: "We do not think it likely," saith he, "that *that* is true." Brigit sained the eyes of the clerical student. Thereafter he said: "I perceive," saith

he, "my brethren slaying them now." And he made great repentance.

Once Brigit was herding sheep. A robber came to her and took seven wethers from her. Howbeit the herd was counted, and through Brigit's prayer the wethers were found complete.

Once a certain man of Brigit's household made mead for the King of Leinster. When they came to drink it not a drop was found, for it had been consumed before Brigit. Brigit arose to save the wretched man, and she blessed the vessels, and the mead was found in fullness, and that was a wonderful miracle.

Once upon a time the seven bishops came out of Húi Briuin Cualann from Telach na n-Espac, and they found Brigit in a place on the northern side of Kildare. Brigit asked her cook, even Blathnait, whether she had any food. She said she had none. Brigit was ashamed not to have food for the holy men, and she besought the Lord fervently. So the angels told her to milk the cows for the third time (that day). Brigit herself milked the cows, and they filled the tubs with the milk, and they would have filled even all the vessels of Leinster. And the milk overflowed the vessels, and made a lake thereof, whence Loch in Ais, that is the "Lake of Milk" to-day. God's name and Brigit's were magnified thereby.

For everything that Brigit would ask of the Lord was granted her at once. For this was her desire: to satisfy the poor, to expel every hardship, to spare every miserable man. Now there never hath been any one more bashful, or more modest or more gentle, or more humble, or sager, or more harmonious than Brigit. She never washed her hands or her feet, or her head among men. She never would speak without blushing. She was abstinent, she was innocent, she was prayerful, she was patient: she was glad in God's commandments: she was firm, she was humble, she was forgiving, she was loving: she was a consecrated casket for keeping Christ's Body and his Blood: she was a temple of God. Her heart and her mind were a throne of rest for the Holy Ghost. She was simple (towards God): she was compassionate towards the wretched: she was splendid in miracles and marvels: wherefore her name among created things is Dove among

birds, Vine among trees, Sun among stars. This is the father of that holy virgin, the Heavenly Father: this is her son, Jesus Christ: this is her fosterer, the Holy Ghost: wherefore this holy virgin performs the great marvels and the innumerable miracles.

It is she that helpeth every one who is in a strait and in danger: it is she that abateth the pestilences: it is she that quelleth the anger and the storms of the sea. She is the prophetess of Christ: she is the Queen of the South: she is the Mary of the Gael. . . .

It is Colomb Cille that made this hymn for Brigit, and in the time of Aed, son of Ainmire, he made it. And this was the cause of making it. A great storm came to Colomb Cille when he went over the sea, and he chanced to be in Corryvreckan, and he entreated Brigit that a calm might come to him, and said, *Brigit bé bith maith.*[1]

Or it is Brocan Cloen that made it, and it was made at the same time as *Ni char Brigit buadach bith.*[2]

Or it is three of Brigit's household that made it when they went to Rome, and reached Placentia. And a man of the people of the city came to them outside and asked them whether they needed guesting. They said that they did. Then he brought them with him to his house, and they met a student who had come from Rome, and who asked them, whence they had come and why they had come. They said that it was for guesting. "That is a pity," said he, "for this man's custom is to kill his guests;" and they asked that through the students' teaching. So poison was given them in ale; and they praised Brigit that she might save them, and they sang *Brigit bé bith maith,* etc. They drank the ale with the poison, and it did them no harm. So the man of the house came to see whether the poison had killed them. And he beheld them alive, and he beheld a comely maiden amongst them. Thereafter he came into the house, and was seeking the maiden, and found her not, and he asked them: "Why has the maiden gone?" And they said that they had not seen her at all. So a chain was put upon them that they might be killed on the morrow unless they would disclose the maiden. So the same student came to them on the

[1] *Brigit . . . maith,* Brigit, maiden of the good life.
[2] *Ni . . . bith,* virtuous Brigit did not love the world.

morrow to visit them, *et inuenit eos in uinculis, et interrogauit eos quomodo euaserunt et cur ligatisunt.*

Or it may be Brenainn that made this hymn. Now Brenainn came to Brigit to know why the monster in the sea had given honor to Brigit beyond the other saints. So when Brenainn reached Brigit, he asked her to confess in what wise she had the love of God. Said Brigit: "Make thou, O cleric, thy confession first, and I will make mine thereafter." Said Brenainn. "From the day I entered devotion, I never went over seven furrows without my mind being on God." "Good is the confession," said Brigit. "Do thou now, O nun," saith Brenainn, "make thy confession." "The Son of the Virgin knoweth," saith Brigit, "from the hour I set my mind on God, I never took it from Him." "It seems to us, O nun," saith Brenainn, "that the monsters are right, though they give honor to thee beyond us."

Or it is Ultan of Ard Brecain that made this hymn for praise of Brigit. For he was of the Dál Conchubair, and so it was with Brigit's mother, Broichsech, daughter of Dall-bronach. In the time of the two sons of Aed Slaine itself was made. For it is they that slew Suibne, son of Colman the Great, on one hand of Ultan. (In Ard Brecain moreover) it was made:—

"Brigit, excellent woman, a flame, golden, delightful,
May (she), the sun dazzling, splendid, guide us to the eternal Kingdom!
May Brigit save us beyond throngs of demons!
May she break before us (the) battles of every disease!

"May she destroy within us our flesh's taxes,
The branch with blossoms, the mother of Jesus:
The true virgin, dear, with vast dignity;
May I be safe always, with my saint of Leinster!

"One of the columns of (the) Kingdom-with Patrick the pre-eminent,
The vesture over *liga*, the Queen of Queens!
Let our bodies after old age be in sackcloth:
With her grace may Brigit rain on us, free us."

Many miracles and marvels in that wise the Lord wrought for Brigit. So many are they that no one could declare them, unless her own soul or an angel of God

should come to declare them. Howbeit this is enough as a sample of them.

Now when it came to the ending days for Brigit, after founding and helping cells and churches and altars in abundance, after miracles and marvels whose number is as the sand of the sea, or stars of heaven, after charity and mercy, then came Nindid Pure-hand from Rome of Latium. The reason why he was called Nindid Pure-hand was that he never put his hand to his side, when Brigit repeated a paternoster with him. And he gave communion and sacrifice to Brigit, who sent her spirit to Heaven. Her relics are on earth with honor and dignity and primacy, with miracles and marvels. Her soul is like a sun in the heavenly Kingdom among the choir of angels and archangels. And though great be her honor here at present, greater by far will it be, when she shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in re-union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than any union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein *in sæcula.*

LAMENT FOR KING IVOR.

Place.—The southwest coast of Ireland. *Time.*—The middle of the ninth century. *Author.*—The hereditary bard of a Kerry clan. *Cause of making.*—To lament his King, slain in battle with Danish Vikings.

Thou golden sunshine in the peaceful day!
  Thou livid lightning in the night of war!
  Hearing the onrush of thy battle-car,
Who could endure to meet thee in the fray?

Who dared to see thine eyes aflame in fight,
  Thou stormer through the whistling storm of darts?
  Pourer of panic into heroes' hearts!
Our hope, our strength, our glory, our delight!

Thy soul is striding down the perilous road;
  And, see, the ghosts of heathen whom thy spear

Laid low, arise and follow in their fear
Him who is braver than their bravest god!

Why is thy soul surrounded by no more
Of thine adoring clansmen? "You had been
Full worthy," wouldst thou answer, hadst thou seen
The charge that drove the pirates from our shore.

But thou wast lying prone upon the sand,
Death-wounded, blind with blood, and gasping: "Go!
Two swords are somewhat; join the rest. I know
Another charge will beat them from the land."

So when the slaughter of the Danes was done,
We found thee dead—a-stare with sunken eyes
At those red surges, and bewailed by cries
Of sea-mews sailing from the fallen sun.

We kissed thee, one by one, lamenting sore:
Men's tears have washed the blood-stain from thy brow
Thy spear and sword and our dear love hast thou;
We have thy name and fame for evermore.

So sang the warriors to their clouded star,
King Ivor, as they heapt his cairn on high;
A landmark to the sailor sailing by,
A warning to the spoiler from afar.

KING AILILL'S DEATH.

From the Early Middle Irish.

I know who won the peace of God,
King Ailill, called "the Beardless Man;"
Who fought beyond the Irish Sea
All day against a Connaught clan.

His host was broken: as he fled
He muttered to his charioteer:
"Look back—the slaughter, is it red?
The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The boy looks back. The west wind blows
Dead clansmen's hair against his face;

He heard the war-shout of his foes,
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height,
Like pine-trees down a flooded fall:
Like heaps of hay in spate, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake: "The slaughter is full red,
But *we* may still be saved by flight."
Then groaned the king: "No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night:

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
For I was worst of evil kings;
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round:
My face against the foeman bend;
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe,
The king fell cloven on the sod;
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

MAN OCTIPARTITE.

From the Middle Irish.

Thus sang the sages of the Gael
A thousand years ago well-nigh:
"Hearken how the Lord on high
Wrought man, to breathe and laugh and wail,
To hunt and war, to plow and sail,
To love and teach, to pray and die!"

Then said the sages of the Gael:

"Of parcels eight was Adam built.
The first was earth, the second sea,
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,

The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last, the Light which lighteth God."

Then sang the sages of the Gael:

"Man's body, first, was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth,
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.
Then of the sea his blood was dight
To bound in love and flow in fight.
Next, of the sun, to see the skies,
His face was framed with shining eyes.
From hurrying hosts of cloud was wrought
His roaming, rapid-changeful thought.
Then of the wind was made his breath
To come and go from birth to death.
And then of earth-sustaining stone
Was built his flesh-upholding bone.
The Holy Ghost, like cloven flame,
The substance of his soul became;
Of Light which lighteth God was made
Man's conscience, so that unafraid
His soul through haunts of night and sin
May pass and keep all clean within.

"Now, if the earthiness redound,
He lags through life a slothful hound.
But, if it be the sea that sways,
In wild unrest he wastes his days.
Whene'er the sun is sovran, there
The heart is light, the face is fair.
If clouds prevail, he lives in dreams
A deedless life of gloom and gleams.

"If stone bear rule, he masters men,
And ruthless is their ransom then.
But when the wind has won command,
His word is harder than his hand.
The Holy Ghost, if He prevail,
Man lives exempt from lasting bale,
And, gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,
Discerns the inmost heart, and then
Reveals it to his fellow-men,

And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.

"But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

"Of each of those eight things decreed
To make and mold the human breed,
Let more or less in man and man
Be set as God has framed His plan.
But still there is a ninth in store
(Oh grant it now and evermore!)—
Our Freedom, wanting which, we read,
The bulk of earth, the strength of stone,
The bounding life o' the sea, the speed
Of clouds, the splendor of the sun,
The never-flagging flight of wind,
The fervor of the Holy Ghost,
The Light before the angels' host,
Though all be in our frame combined,
Grow tainted, yea, of no avail."

So sang the sages of the Gael.

STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE.

BY JOHN HAND.

IRELAND owes much to her ballad poetry, and not a little to that portion of it which is associated with the streets. Most, if not all, nations owe more or less to poetry. The songs of Homer, even more than her banded might, preserved Greece independent for over a thousand years. The ballads of Spain kept Spanish patriotism brightly burning thoughout the centuries which saw the Moor rooted in the land, and finally, by the potency of their magic, swept Boabdil and his legions from Granada—from Spain—tore down the Crescent from the high places of the Saracen, and raised in its stead once again the glorious emblem of man's salvation—the Cross of the Redeemer. For Ireland, the ballad and the song have done more than for even Spain or Greece. It is true, she has not obtained a result so significantly brilliant as that achieved by Spain. She has not succeeded, after all her struggles, in shaking herself free of the foreigner's yoke. Spain, like Ireland, was seized and held by a foreign foe ; but that foe, though infidel, was less rapacious and less brutal than the pretentious Christian one that fastened upon Ireland. The Moor was the patron of learning, and gave almost lavish encouragement to the arts and sciences in the celebrated schools which he established at Cordova and throughout Spain.

The Englishman's instruments of civilization in Ireland were the sword and the halter—the destruction of her schools, the violation and robbery of her sanctuaries, the outlawry of her language and its teachers. It was not the province of England to build up, to foster and encourage learning there, but to despoil, to destroy, and to brutalize, by every means that the dark fiend himself might suggest, the Irish race, because, forsooth, the children of that race refused to reach out their arms, and meekly receive the shackles of the slave. Learning was banned in Ireland, but the Irish mother, with a fervor almost amounting to religious devotion, taught her child the old ballads and songs which told of Ireland and of Ireland's faith, and which her own mother in a similar way had taught to her. From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, in every peasant homestead throughout the length and the breadth of the land, were those songs sung and those ballads conned over. Under God they have been the means of preserving her nationality and her faith through centuries of disasters and persecutions such as a nation never before suffered and survived. When English laws put the ban of outlawry on her bards, and finally destroyed them, did England even then succeed in her nefarious design ? No !—the song lived, though the lips that first chanted it were silent for ever. The ballad never lost its significance or its power ; generation after generation were swayed by the magic of its numbers—the fierceness of its invective, the pathos of its love, or the wild agony of its wail, still exercised the same talismanic effect on the Irish heart.

The Irish language, with its graceful idioms and epigrammatic terseness, was peculiarly adapted for poetry. Even when fairly translated into the English tongue, much of the beauty of the original is perceptible. What a magnificent ballad have we not in poor Clarence Mangan's beautiful translation of 'Dark Rosaleen.' It is unsurpassed by any ballad of any language—a real gem—classic as Homer. . . .

It was to such ballads as this Ireland was accustomed prior to that long night of darkness and agony which set in upon her with the reign of England's Elizabeth. Such were her "Streets Ballads" in those days ; and it can be readily imagined what an effect such a ballad as 'Dark Rosaleen,' sung or recited in the native tongue, would have on the excitable Irish temperament—how it would stir, how it would fascinate, how it would impress and mold, the susceptible Irish heart. Why, even in the foreign tongue, in the heavy, and by no means poetical language of England, the blood runs faster as it is declaimed—it carries you along in its grand flow, and its every impassioned sentiment becomes your own. But in the old tongue in the language of the land, the effect of a such a ballad would be magical.

Since the days when it became treason to love their country, the Irish bards usually adopted allegory, such as we find in 'Dark Rosaleen.' They sang of Ireland as the 'Dark Little Rose,' the 'Shan Van Vocht,' the 'Coolin,' and under a hundred other names. A great writer has said that the Irish are one of the most poetic of the peoples on earth ; that in them is the true spirit poetry to be found. With an old, brave race, such as the Irish, having grand traditions and proud memories, it could scarcely be other. Nature is the great rudimentary school in which poetry is imbibed; and in "green Erin of the streams" the child of the land is ever present face to face with the high teacher, in what mood soever she chooses to array herself. And though he may never measure a line of poetry, or indeed know the difference between *iambics* and the Hill of Howth, he is not the less a poet, for his soul drinks in the glories of nature, and responds to her thousand fitful but always beautiful aspects.

Ireland has been happily termed the "land of song." In the pre-Christian, as in the Christian era, song was her delight, and she delighted to excel in the art. It swayed her with a certainty as true as the moon sways the tides. . . .

Nine out of every ten men you meet with in Ireland are poets ; and the tenth man will, in all probability, be a Saxon or other "benighted foreigner." The majority of them, however, it need scarcely be added, remain "mute inglorious Miltons," but might, and no doubt would, under different circumstances become glorious ones. In Ireland, rustic bards swarm thick as blackberries in harvest-time, and not a few of the craft have we ourselves personally known. As in every other department, so in the rhyming trade, there is always to be found in each parish or district a workman superior to his fellows. . . .

The Irish street ballad proper was on every conceivable subject—embraced love, politics, religion, war, shipwreck, in fact, took in

the whole range of creation—sun, moon, stars, skies, and the earth, with all its belongings, but more particularly that delightful portion of it ycleped the "Emerald Isle." Indeed it was no uncommon thing for a countryman, on being asked to sing, to inquire on what subject the company would wish him to oblige—whether they would have a love, or love-and-murder, a "rale ould Irish" (meaning a national), a controversial, or a sea song. We have often heard the question asked in this way, when the minstrel would take his cue from the majority, and treat them to what they liked best.

Love was a deity the rustic bard very frequently bowed before. Her he invoked, and to her he poured out the woes of his wounded spirit in swelling numbers. Here is one who tells us he came a stranger to the country about Ardee, where he lost his heart. He thus makes us acquainted with the sad tale:

"When first to this country a stranger I came,
I placed my affections on a comely fair maid,
She was proper, tall and handsome, in every degree,
She 's the flower of this country and the Rose of Ardee.

"I courted lovely Mary at the age of sixteen,
Her waist it was slender, and her carriage genteel;
Till at length a young weaver came for her to see,
Stole the flower of this country and the Rose of Ardee."

Poor fellow, this was a sad ending to his dreams. Though the provocation was great, he did not commit suicide, however. After cursing the weaver "by day and by night," he proceeds—

"When I get my week's wages to the *Shebeen* I 'll go,
And there I 'll sit drinkin' with my heart full of woe,
I 'll sit there lamentin', expectin' to see
Once more my own true love, the Rose of Ardee."

After a good deal of "lamenting," the bard arrives at a philosophic conclusion, and ends by bidding his false fair one an eternal farewell.

"Farewell, lovely Mary, tho' fled from my sight,
For you I am weepin' by day and by night,
For I fear my sweet angel I never shall see,
So adieu evermore to the Rose of Ardee."

There is another characteristic effusion, entitled the 'Star of Slane.' Observe how the bard displays his knowledge of history and mythology. It is so loaded with classic allusions that, like the "other" straw breaking the camel's back, one other would be more than it could actually bear. Bright Sol, Paris, the Grecian Queen, Troy, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Alexander, Cupid, Diana, Susanna, and the River Boyne, are all marshaled up to give effect.

This was the style of versification most admired, particularly when the words were, as here, of "learned length and thundering sound."

Who but an Irish street-balladist could express affection for the angel of his love in so happy a manner as does the wooer of Peggy Brady? What colleen but would melt at so moving and so artless

an assurance. The unselfishness of the declaration is most refreshing read in an age sordid as the present.

> "O Peggy Brady, you are my darlin',
> You are my lookin'-glass from night to mornin',
> I 'd rather have you without a farthin'
> Than Susy Gallagher, wid her house and garden."

The polemical ballad was always in high favor. The Church was persecuted with fiendish malignity ; and the people loved and clung to her the more for that very persecution. Innumerable were the ballads written in her behalf, or portraying her sufferings—the majority of them, from a literary point of view, being the very quintessence of absurdity ; yet they were disseminated and sung, and kept the subject ever green in the susceptible hearts of the Irish peasantry. Of the religious class, the controversial was perhaps most admired. It gave scope to the bard for the display of his biblical lore and sublime invective, qualities altogether indispensable to the rustic muse. "One morning in July," the poet tells us —he was "ranging" over "Urker Hill," when a church and chapel adjacent had a regular "set to"—to use a modern phrase. The Protestant church was the aggressor on the occasion, scornfully alluding to the poverty-stricken appearance of her rival. But she had evidently calculated without her host, for the chapel, putting forth all her powers, administered her such a drubbing as Lutheran structure never received before. The church had made some grave charges, but,

> "The prudent chapel then made answer,
> And was not angry, nor yet confused,
> Sayin', madam, sittin' in yer pomp an' grandeur,
> I beg the favor to be excused,
> I do renegade and flatter none,
> I was erected by true Milesians,
> An' my ordination is the Church of Rome!"

This was an effective hit, but is even surpassed by what follows.

> "I do remimber, in former ages,
> Whin you wur naked as well as I,
> Till by false teachin' ye did invade us
> By prachin' doctrines of heresy."

Needless to say that under such admirably administered castigation, the church was forced to succumb.

'The Ass and the Orangeman's Daughter,' as the title implies, was another classic production. It proved, besides, a mine of wealth —a very Golconda—to scores of street minstrels.

Few public men had more ballads written about them than Daniel O'Connell. For fully forty years every town and hamlet in Ireland was flooded with poetic effusions in praise of the Liberator.

The death of O'Connell, all unexpected as it was, produced a deep sensation throughout Ireland, and plunged the entire country into profound grief.

The national grief found expression in divers ways, and not the least sincere and real was its burden as uttered through the verse

of the rustic bard, and sang through the streets of every town and village in the land. Some of these ballads had a prodigious sale—not less than a million copies of several of them being sold in an incredibly short space of time. 'Erin's Lament' ran through countless editions. Large crowds used to surround the street minstrel as, with stentorian lungs, he poured forth the words of the ballad, which, by the way, were attached to a beautiful and plaintive melody. The ballads were purchased as fast as they could be handed out. The singer generally sang the song right through, and then started afresh as follows :—

"One morning ranging for recreation,
Down by a river I chanced to rove,
Where I espied a maiden in conversation,
Just quite adjacent to a shady grove ;
I was struck with wonder, so I stood and pondered,
I could stand no longer, so I just stept o'er,
And the song she sung made the valleys ring,
It was Erin's King, brave Dan 's no more.

"When I heard the news I was much confused ;
And myself excused, when this I did say,
Is O'Connell gone, old Granua's son ?
The brightest orb that e'er stood the day ;
To relate his glory, his name 's famed in story,
Whilst Erin will sorely feel the fall,
For his sweet voice will no more rejoice,
Whilst our harp quite mute lies in Tara's hall."

In a similar fashion are reviewed the principal incidents in the career of the departed ; and the song relates that

"The Emancipation, without hesitation,
To our lovely island he soon brought o'er,
And our clergy crowned him with wreaths of glory,
When that he sailed to Old Erin's shore ;
Our chapel bells they do ring melodious,
Where no vile scorpion dare cross the door ;
Quite broken hearted, from us departed,
The pride of Kerry, brave Dan 's no more."

The 'Rights of Man' is another allegorical effusion. The bard had a vision, and among other phenomena the following quaint picture is limned :

"Through the azure sky I then did spy
A man to fly and for to descend,
And lights came down upon the ground
Where Erin round had her bosom friends ;
His dazzling miter and cross was brighter
Than stars by night or the mid-day sun,
In accents rare then I do declare
He prayed sincere for the rights of man."

Again we have 'The Banished Defender,' in which politics, religion, and pikes are beautifully mingled. In the first verse the poet tells us he is fled to the mountains, and in the next—probably forgetting what he had told us in the former—we are assured that he is a convict in Van Dieman's Land. Here is a sample :—

"You Catholics of Erin, give ear unto these lines I write,
I 've fled unto the mountains, for ever I am banished quite;
For the sake of my religion, I 'm bound to leave my native home,
For being a bold defender, and a member of the Church of Rome.

Then woe attend those traitors that forced me from my native shore,
Those perjured prosecutors that has me banished for evermore.
They say I was a traitor, and a leader of the Papist band,
For which I 'm in cold irons, a convict in Van Dieman's land."

He knows something of theology, as the following extract will show.

"Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon,
Look and you will find it in the fifth chapter of St. John,
As Moses and Elias they told us of our heavenly church,
That we in future ages should suffer persecution much."

The gentleman who penned the following must have risen fresh from the study of Virgil, his mind all aglow with the stately harmony he found in the Latin poet. How else could he sing—

"Near Castleblayney, lived Dan Delaney,
And the broth of a boy was Pat McCann"?

Observe the harmonious connection. We have it that "Dan Delaney" lived near Castleblayney, and in the same breath are assured of the important fact that

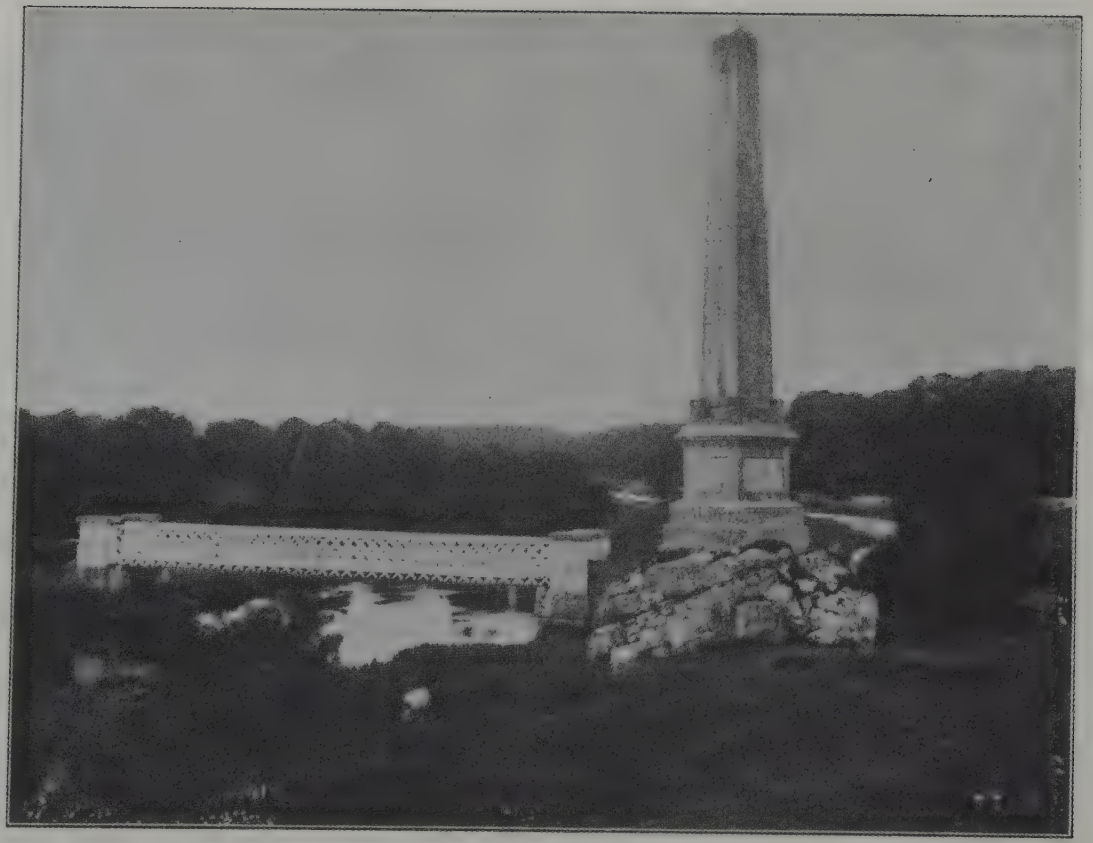
"The broth of a boy was Pat McCann."

Who could doubt it? or doubt the versatile genius and originality of the poet who, with this single touch, dubs the above worthies immortal?

'McKenna's Dream,' 'Brannon on the Moor,' 'Bold Traynor O,' 'Donnelly and Cooper,' 'The River Roe,' 'My Brown Girl Sweet,' and 'Lovely Mary of the Shannon Side,' have had an immense run in their day, and have been sung from the Hill of Howth to the wild shores of Arran, and from Slieve-na-mon to the weird peaked mountain of Donegal.

This class of ballads is now rapidly fading away—becoming fast obsolete before the spread of a better education. The ballad to be sold now in Ireland must have literary merit, and instead of the 'Bold Defender,' the 'Rights of Man,' the 'Star of Slane,' etc., inquiries are made for 'O'Donnell Abu,' 'Rory of the Hills,' 'God Save Ireland,' 'Gra-gal-Machree,' 'Brian the Brave,' 'Rich and Rare,' and other of the sparkling gems of Thomas Moore. The old street-ballads are dying—smooth be their passage to oblivion. They had their day, and performed their mission well. They lived in a rugged time; and recalled many a wavering heart, in their own rude fashion, to a sense of duty. They can now only survive in the sketch book of a Carleton, or other delineator of the Irish of a past generation. Yet among the street ballads proper are to be found stray pearlets that must and will survive. Many such there are that cannot and should not be allowed to depart from amongst us!

Happily there are ballads to take the place of the dead or dying ones. Instead of the 'Rose of Ardee,' and others of that ilk, we have



THE BOYNE OBELISK

'Cushla Gal Machree,' from the pen of brave-hearted Michael Doheny, the ballads of hopeful, earnest-souled Thomas Davis,—ballads that thrill you like an inspiration—the weird but melodious productions of the muse of Clarence Mangan, and all the varied and magnificent treasure of 'Young Ireland.' 'Forty-eight saw the commencement of a new era in Irish ballad poetry.

The tocsin was sounded by Mangan in 'The Nation's First Number.' A wave of the magic wand of Thomas Davis, and the accumulated poetical absurdities, in the shape of the accepted street ballad, were swept away in the flood which his great and impassioned genius had conjured. The rustic song maker found his occupation gone; for who of the new generation—all of whom had or were receiving more or less of an education—would buy or read such an effusion, for instance, as 'Mary Neal'?

'Mary Neal' went "out of print." The freshened ideas of "Young Ireland" extinguished it and all of its class. Who would buy such when a song like this could be purchased?

> "Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
> Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning;
> Kisses and welcome you 'll have here before ye,
> And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore ye."

'The Blackbird,' the 'Shan Van Vocht,' and such other of the *genus* political, were literally snuffed out by the grand march forward then inaugurated. The hopeful, melodious, glowing, and martial verse of Gavan Duffy, D'Arcy Magee, Dalton Williams, Lady Wilde, and all that brilliant phalanx who gave to the period such a luster, contributed to this desired event.

The old street ballads are gone; with many of them were associated pleasant memories. May the pleasure remain, but what of them was rancorous, uncharitable, bigoted, or envenomed, pass away, and be buried in the same oblivious grave.

"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who make their laws," was the saying of an ancient philosopher, and the wisdom of old Fletcher of Saltoun, author of the saying, was never better exemplified than in the case of Ireland. Her nationality has been preserved by the aid of her ballads; seeing what they have accomplished, may we not safely predict that the potency of their magic will yet help to consummate what for centuries has been her fixed and grand idea—Ireland a Nation—the arbiter of her own destinies!

THE BOYNE WATER.[1]

July the First, of a morning clear one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare—of thousands he had thirty—

[1] Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says these fragments of the original Boyne Water are far more racy and spirited than the song by Colonel Blacker which has superseded them.

To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying: "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valor here be shown before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you 'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go over the water."

. . . . . .

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men retreating?
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating."
He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our king this day, and I 'll be general under."

. . . . . .

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddle:
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call *coup de ladle.*

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was sharp shearing.

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and earth's
Creator,
For the deliverance that He sent our enemies to scatter. . . .
The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted Nabal
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gained the day, there would have been open
murder.
Although King James and many more were ne'er that way in-
clined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

BRIAN O'LINN.[1]

Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born,
His hair it was long and his beard unshorn,
His teeth were out and his eyes far in—
"I 'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat,
He buckled the horns right under his chin—
"They 'll answer for pistols," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in—
"They are pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no hat to his head,
He stuck on a pot that was under the shed,
He murdered a cod for the sake of his fin—
"'T will pass for a feather," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back,
He went to a neighbor and borrowed a sack,
He puckered a meal-bag under his chin—
"They 'll take it for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shoes at all,
He bought an old pair at a cobbler's stall,

[1] This version is made up from several in the possession of Mr. P. J. McCall, of Dublin. The last verse figures in most collections of 'The Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose.'

The uppers were broke and the soles were thin—
"They 'll do me for dancing," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no watch for to wear,
He bought a fine turnip and scooped it out fair,
He slipped a live cricket right under the skin—
"They 'll think it is ticking," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was in want of a brooch,
He stuck a brass pin in a big cockroach,
The breast of his shirt he fixed it straight in—
"They 'll think it 's a diamond," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went a-courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight—
"Stop, stop," he exclaimed, "if you have but the tin,
I 'll marry you both," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone—
"I 'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all crossed over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in—
"We 'll go home by water," says Brian O'Linn!

BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

By memory inspired
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon;
And the patriotic glow
Of my Spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's a memory to the friends that are gone!

In October 'Ninety-Seven—
May his soul find rest in Heaven!—
William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed:
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys—on.
Here 's the memory of John Mitchel that is gone!

In 'Ninety-Eight—the month July—
The informer's pay was high;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
But MacCann was Reynolds' first—
One could not allay his thirst;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Sheares;
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong:
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire[1] that is gone, boys—gone:
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh!
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-Three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
Oh, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realize
Their freedom—but we drink to Emmet that is gone, boys—gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

CHARMING MARY NEAL.

I 'm a bold undaunted Irishman, my name is John McCann.
I 'm a native of sweet Donegal, convenient to Strabane;
For the stealing of an heiress, I lie in Lifford Jail
And her father swears he will me hang for his daughter Mary Neal.

Whilst in cold irons I lay bound, my love sent word to me:
"Don't fear my father's anger, for I will set you free."

[1] Father Tom Maguire, the well-known Catholc controversialist.

Her father gave consent to let me out on bail,
And I was to stand for trial for his daughter Mary Neal.

Her father kept her close confined, for fear I should her see,
And on my trial day, was my prosecutor to be;
Like a moving beauty bright, to appear she did not fail,
She freed me from all danger, she 's my charming Mary Neal.

With wrath and indignation, her father loud did call,
And when my trial was over, I approached the garden wall,
My well-known voice soon reached her ears, which echoed hill and dale,
Saying, " You 're welcome here, my Johnny dear," says charming Mary Neal.

We both sat on a sunny bank, and there we talked awhile.
He says, " My dear, if you will comply, I 'll free you from exile:
The Shamrock is ready from Derry to set sail;
So come with me, off to Quebec, my charming Mary Neal."

She gave consent, and back she went, and stole the best of clothes,
And to no one in the house her secret she made known;
Five hundred pounds of ready gold from her father she did steal,
And that was twice I did elope with charming Mary Neal.

Our coach it was got ready to Derry for to go,
And there we bribed the coachman for to let no one know;
He said he would keep secret, and never would reveal.
So off to Derry there I went with charming Mary Neal.

It was to Captain Nelson our passage money paid,
And in the town of Derry it was under cover laid.
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before we did set sail,
And her father's wrath I value not—I love my Mary Neal.

It was over the proud and swelling seas our ship did gently glide,
And on our passage to Quebec, six weeks a matchless tide;
Until we came to Whitehead Beach we had no cause to wail,
On Crossford Bay I thought that day I lost my Mary Neal.

On the ninth of June, in the afternoon, a heavy fog came on;
The captain cries, " Look out, my boys! I fear we are all gone."

Our vessel on a sandy bank was driven by a gale,
And forty more washed overboard, along with Mary Neal.

With the help of boats and ship's crew, five hundred they were saved,
And forty more of them also have met a watery grave.
Her yellow locks I soon espied came floating on the gale,
I jumped into the raging deep and saved my Mary Neal.

Her father wrote me a letter as you may understand,
That if I would go back again he would give me all his land.
I wrote him back an answer, and that without fail,
"That I 'm the heir of your whole estate by your daughter Mary Neal."

COLLEEN RUE.[1]

As I roved out one summer's morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise, I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me;
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what should I do,
But recruiting all my sensations, I thus accosted the *Colleen Rue:*—

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpasia, or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from her Grecian's sight?
Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I am intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas for you, *Colleen Rue.*"

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me, with your false praise so jestingly,
Your dissimulations and invitations, your fantastic praises, seducing me.
I am not Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, but a rural maiden to all men's view,
That 's here condoling my situation, and my appellation is the *Colleen Rue.*"

[1] *Cáilin Ruadh*, red (haired) girl.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator on Ida's hill,
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through Pennsylvania seeking you,
The burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace of the *Colleen Rue.*"

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalizing insolence,
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be dupèd by your eloquence,
Therefore desist from your solicitations, I am engaged, I declare it 's true,
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he 'll soon embrace his *Colleen Rue.*"

THE CROPPY BOY.

It was very early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

It was early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

'T was in the guard-house where I was laid,
And in a parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing by my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was walking up Wexford Street
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

My sister Mary heard the express,
She ran upstairs in her mourning-dress—
Five hundred guineas I will lay down,
To see my brother through Wexford Town.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my tender mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high,
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died,
And in Dungannon his body lies;
All you good Christians that do pass by
Just drop a tear for the Croppy Boy.

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.[1]

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
  The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
  With my charming little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,[2]
  My charming little crúiscín lán.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirnín.
  Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

[1] The chorus is pronounced thus :

Grá-ma-chree ma crooskeen,
Shlántya gal ma-voorneen
S grá-ma-chree a cooleen bán, etc.

and means :

Love of my heart, my little jug!
Bright health to my darling!
The love of my heart is her fair hair, etc.

[2] *Lan*, full.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirín,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin, bán, bán,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you 'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little crúiscín lán, lán,
My smiling little crúiscín lán.

And when grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run;
I 'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me lave
To take another crúiscín lán, lán, lán, lán,
Another little crúiscín lán.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let 's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can 't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
To fill another crúiscín, lán.

THE DEAR AND DARLING BOY.[1]

When first unto this town I came,
With you I fell in love,
And if I could but gain you
I 'd vow I 'll never rove.
There 's not a girl in all this town
I love as well as thee.
I 'll rowl you in my arms,
My *cushla gal ma chree.*

My love she won't come nigh me,
Nor hear the moan I make;

[1] This is from a bunch of modern ballads, evidently, from the use of the term "French Flanders," of considerable antiquity.

Neither would she pity me
  Tho' my poor heart should break.
If I was born of noble blood,
  And she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation,
  And surely pity me.

The ship is on the ocean,
  Now ready for to sail.
If the wind blew from the east,
  With a sweet and pleasant gale;
If the wind blew from my love
  With a sweet and pleasant sound,
It 's for your sake, my darling girl,
  I 'd range the nations round.

Nine months we are on the ocean,
  No harbor can we spy.
We sailed from the French Flanders
  To harbors that were nigh.
We sailed from the French Flanders
  To harbors that were nigh.

O, fare you well, my darling girl,
  Since you and I must part!
It 's the bright beams of your beauty
  That stole away my heart.
But since it is my lot, my love,
  To say that I must go,
Bright angels be your safeguard
  Till my return home.

DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELÍSH.[1]

Oh, there was a poor man,
  And he had but one cow,
And when he had lost her
  He could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
  And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor *drimmin dubh*
  Never would fail.

[1] *Drimmin . . . dheelish*, loyal black white-back.

Agus oro, Drimmin dubh, Oro, ah.
Oro, drimmin dubh, Miel agra.[1]

Returning from mass,
On a morning in May,
I met my poor *drimmin dubh*
Drowning by the way.
I roared and I bawled,
And my neighbors did call
To save my poor *drimmin dubh,*
She being my all.

Ah, neighbors! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my *drimmin dubh* lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
And the answer I made
Was a loud pillelu.

Poor *drimmin dubh* sank,
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore;
And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.

Arrah, plague take you, *drimmin dubh!*
What made you die,
Or why did you leave me,
For what and for why?
I would rather lose Paudeen,
My *bouchelleen baun,*[2]
Than part with my *drimmin dubh,*
Now that you 're gone.

When *drimmin dubh* lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread,

[1] And choice black white-back. O choice Ah!
O choice black white-back. Honey O love!
[2] *Bouchelleen baun,* my little fair-haired boy.

And likewise new milk
That I soaked with my scone,
But now it 's black water
Since *drimmin dubh's* gone.

GARRYOWEN.

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus—
Instead of Spa we 'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.
Instead, etc.

We 'll break windows, we 'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead, etc.

We 'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We 'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead, etc.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame
For soon 't is known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead, etc.

Johnny Connell 's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He 'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead, etc.

HANNAH HEALY, THE PRIDE OF HOWTH.

You matchless nine, to my aid incline,
Assist my genius while I declare
My lovesick pain for a beauteous dame,
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid;
In grief I mourn upon my oath;
My frame 's declining, I 'm so repining
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

She 's tall and slender, both young and tender;
She 's modest, mild, and she 's all sublime;
For education in Erin's nation
There 's none to equal this nymph divine;
I wish to gain her, but can't obtain her,
I 'd fondly court her, but yet I 'm loath,
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

At seventeen this maid serene
My heart attracted, I must allow;
I thought her surely a goddess purely,
Or some bright angel, in truth I vow;
Since that I languish, my mind 's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth;
None can relieve me, then you can believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

In all Olympus I 'm sure no nymph is,
To equal her that I do admire;
Her lovely features surpasses nature;
Alas, they set my poor heart on fire;
She exceeds Flora, or bright Aurora,
Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth;—
I am captivated—I do repeat it—
By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

Each lovely morning young men keep swarming
To view this charmer taking the air;
She 's so enchanting, they all are panting
To gain her favor, I do declare;
But still they 're fearful, and no way cheerful,
The greatest hero you 'll find him loath,
Nor dare entreat her or supplicate her,
So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.

I 'll drop my writing and my inditing,
I see it 's useless for me to fret;
A pound of trouble, or sorrow double,
Will ne'er atone for an ounce of debt;
I 'll resign courting and all like sporting,
Cupid and Hymen, I 'll shun them both,
And raise my mind from all female kind—
So adieu, sweet Hannah, the pride of Howth!

THE IRISH GRANDMOTHER.[1]

Paddy, agra, run down to the bog, for my limbs are beginning to tire,
And see if there 's ever a sod at all that 's dry enough for a fire:
God be praised! It 's terrible times, and granny is weak and old,
And the praties black as the winter's face, and the night so dark and cold!
It 's many a day since I seen the like, but I did one, Pat, *asthore,*
And I prayed to God on my bended knees I might never see it more.
'T was the year before the Risin' of Smith O'Brien, you know,
Thirty-two years ago, Paddy,—thirty-two years ago.
Your grandfather—God rest his soul!—went out with the boys to fight;
For the bailiffs came with the crowbars, and the sickness came with the blight,
An' he said it was better to die like a man, though he held but a rusty pike,
Than starve on the roadside, beggin' for food, an' be thrown like a dog in the dike.

[1] This ballad made its appearance during the agitation and distress of the winter of 1879. It was first published in the Dublin *Nation* over the signature *In Fide Fortis.*

Ochone, ochone! it 's a sorrowful tale, but listen afore you go,
For Tim he never came back to me, but I 'll see him soon, I know.
Tim Ryan he held a decent farm in the glen o' Cahirmore,
And he tilled the lands the Ryans owned two hundred years before;
An' it 's many a time, by the blazing fire, I heard from the priest, Father John
(He was my husband's cousin, *agra,* and he lived to be ninety-one),
That the Ryans were chiefs of the country round till Cromwell, the villain, came,
And battered the walls of the castle and set all the houses aflame;
He came an' he stabled his horses in the abbey of St. Columkille,
An' the mark of his murderin' cannon you may see on the old wall still.
An' he planted a common trooper where the Ryans were chieftains of yore,
An' that was the first o' the breed of him that 's now Lord Cahirmore

Old Father John,—he was ninety-one—it was he that could tell you the story,
An' every name of his kith and kin,—may their souls now rest in glory!
His father was shot in '98 as he stood in the chapel door;
His grandfather was the strongest man in the parish of Cahirmore;
An' thin there was Donough, Donal More, and Turlough on the roll,
An' Kian, boy, that lost the lands because he 'd save his soul.

Ochone, machree, but the night is cold, and the hunger in your face.
Hard times are comin', *avic!* God help us with his grace!
Three years before the famine came the agent raised the rent,
But then there was many a helpin' hand, and we struggled on content.
Ochone, ochone! we 're lonely now,—now that our need is sore,
For there 's none but good Father Mahony that ever comes inside our door.
God bless him for the food he brings an' the blankets that keep us warm!
God bless him for his holy words that shelter us from harm!

This is the month an' the day, Paddy, that my own colleen went,
She died on the roadside, Paddy, when we were drove out for the rent;
An' it 's well that I remember how she turned to me an' cried,
"There 's never a pain that mayn't be a gain," and crossed herself and died.
For the Soupers were there with shelter and food if we 'd only tell the lie,
But they fled like the wicked things they were when they saw poor Kathleen die.
She 's prayin' for all of us now, Paddy,—her blessing I know she 's giving!
An' they that have little here below have much, *asthore,* in heaven!

THE IRISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.[1]

Oh! farewell, Ireland, I am going across the stormy main,
Where cruel strife will end my life, to see you never again.
'T will break my heart from you to part, *acushla store machree!*
But I must go full of grief and woe to the shores of America.

On Irish soil my fathers dwelt since the days of Brian Boru,
They paid their rent and lived content, convenient to Carriemore,
But the landlord sent on the move my poor father and me:
We must leave our home far away to roam in the fields of America.

No more at the churchyard, *store machree,* at my mother's grave I 'll kneel.
The tyrants know but little of the woe the poor man has to feel.
When I look on the spot of ground that is so dear to me,
I could curse the laws that have given me cause to depart to America.

[1] This ballad made its appearance during the time of the Fenian excitement in 1865, when the peasants expected an expedition from the Irish in the United States.

O, where are the neighbors, kind and true, that were once the country's pride?
No more will they be seen on the face of the green, nor dance on the green hillside.
It is the stranger's cow that is grazing now, where the people we used to see.
With notice they were served, to be turned out or starved, or banished to America.

O, Erin, *machree,* must our children be exiled all over the earth?
Will they evermore think of you, *astore,* as the land that gave them birth?
Must the Irish yield to the beasts of the field? O, no, *acushla store machree!*
They are coming back in ships with vengeance on their lips from the shores of America.

IRISH MOLLY O.[1]

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!
She 's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she 'd wed a foreigner he 'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I 'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I 'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

[1] This ballad has been largely kept alive by virtue of the beautiful and pathetic air to which it is sung.

"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine:
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I 'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She 's modest, etc.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave!
And on the stone these simple words I 'd have engraven so—
'MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!'"
She 's modest, etc.

JENNY FROM BALLINASLOE.

You lads that are funny, and call maids your honey,
Give ear for a moment; I 'll not keep you long.
I 'm wounded by Cupid; he has made me stupid;
To tell you the truth now, my brain 's nearly wrong.
A neat little posy, who does live quite cosy,
Has kept me unable to go to and fro;
Each day I 'm declining, in love I 'm repining,
For nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

It was in September, I 'll ever remember,
I went out to walk by a clear river side
For sweet recreation, but, to my vexation,
This wonder of Nature I quickly espied;
I stood for to view her an hour, I 'm sure:
The earth could not show such a damsel, I know,
As that little girl, the pride of the world,
Called nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I said to her: "Darling! this is a nice morning;
The birds sing enchantingly, which charms the groves;
Their notes do delight me, and you do invite me,
Along this clear water some time for to rove.
Your beauty has won me, and surely undone me;
If you won't agree for to cure my sad woe,
So great is my sorrow, I 'll ne'er see to-morrow,
My sweet little Jenny from Ballinasloe."

"Sir, I did not invite you, nor yet dare not slight you;
You 're at your own option to act as you please:
I am not ambitious, nor e'er was officious;
I am never inclined to disdain or to tease.

I love conversation, likewise recreation;
I 'm free with a friend, and I 'm cold with a foe;
But virtue 's my glory, and will be till I 'm hoary,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

"Most lovely of creatures! your beautiful features
Have sorely attracted and captured my heart;
If you won't relieve me, in truth you may b'lieve me,
Bewildered in sorrow till death I must smart;
I 'm at your election, so grant me protection,
And feel for a creature that 's tortured in woe.
One smile it will heal me, one frown it will kill me;
Sweet, nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe!"

"Sir, yonder 's my lover; if he should discover
Or ever take notice you spoke unto me,
He 'd close your existence in spite of resistance;
Be pleased to withdraw, then, lest he might you see.
You see, he 's approaching; then don't be encroaching
He has his large dog and his gun there also.
Although you 're a stranger, I wish you from danger,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I bowed then genteelly, and thanked her quite freely;
I bid her adieu, and took to the road;
So great was my trouble my pace I did double;
My heart was oppressed and sank down with the load.
For ever I 'll mourn for beauteous Jane Curran,
And ramble about in affection and woe,
And think on the hour I saw that sweet flower,
My dear little Jenny from Ballinasloe!

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE.

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry:
"Och Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums and guns, and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye;

My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

"Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you run from me and the child?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run
When you went to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done!
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Though from my heart you took leg-bail;
Like a cod you 're doubled up head and tail.
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
You 're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg;
You 'll have to be put wid a bowl to beg:
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"I 'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!
I 'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!

I 'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Sulloon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad as it is to see you so,
And to think of you now as an object of woe,
Your Peggy 'll still keep ye on as her beau;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums and guns, and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye;
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.[1]

My name is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents;
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
My life has been betrayed; she 's a dear maid to me.[2]

[1] I copied this ballad from a broad-sheet in the collection of Mr. Davis; but could learn nothing of its date, or the circumstances connected with it. It is clearly modern, however, and founded on the story of an abduction, which terminated differently from the majority of these adventures. The popular sympathy in such cases is generally in favor of the gallant, the impression being that an abduction is never attempted without at least a tacit consent on the part of the girl. Whenever she appears as a willing witness for the prosecution it is said she has been tampered with by her friends, and public indignation falls upon the wrong object. The 'Lamentation' was probably written for or by the ballad singers; but it is the best of its bad class.

The student would do well to compare it with the other street ballads in the collection; and with the simple old traditional ballads, such as 'Shule Aroon' and 'Peggy Bawn,' that he may discover if possible, where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force, or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'*

[2] "*A dear maid to me.*" His love for her cost him dear.

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I 'd expectation this maid would set me free;
But, oh! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she 's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you 'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she 's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty:
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she 's a dear maid to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me;
With irons I 'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded! she 's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board [1] I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into heaven to the blessed Trinity.

LANIGAN'S BALL.[2]

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan
Battered away till he hadn't a pound,
His father he died and made him a man again,
Left him a house and ten acres of ground!
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who wouldn't forget him if he went to the wall;
And if you 'll just listen, I 'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's ball.

Myself, to be sure, got free invitations
For all the nice boys and girls I 'd ask,
And in less than a minute the friends and relations
Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask.

[1] *Law-board*, gallows.
[2] '*Lanigan's Ball.*'—A version made up from several, and as near absolute correctness as seems possible.

Miss Kitty O'Hara, the nice little milliner,
  Tipped me the wink for to give her a call,
And soon I arrived with Timothy Glenniher
  Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashins of punch and wine for the ladies,
  Potatoes and cakes and bacon and tay,
The Nolans, the Dolans, and all the O'Gradys
  Were courting the girls and dancing away.
Songs they sung as plenty as water,
  From 'The Harp that once through Tara's ould Hall,'
To 'Sweet Nelly Gray' and 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter,'
  All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

They were starting all sorts of nonsensical dances,
  Turning around in a nate whirligig;
But Julia and I soon scatthered their fancies,
  And tipped them the twist of a rale Irish jig.
Och mavrone! 't was then she got glad o' me:
  We danced till we thought the old ceilin' would fall,
(For I spent a whole fortnight in Doolan's Academy
  Learning a step for Lanigan's ball).

The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,
  Dancin' around in couples and groups,
When an accident happened—young Terence McCarthy
  He dhruv his right foot through Miss Halloran's hoops.
The creature she fainted, and cried "*Millia murther!*"
  She called for her friends and gathered them all;
Ned Carmody swore he 'd not stir a step further,
  But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted—
  Her cheeks all the while were as red as the rose—
And some of the ladies declared she was painted,
  She took a small drop too much, I suppose.
Her lover, Ned Morgan, so powerful and able,
  When he saw his dear colleen stretched out by the wall,
He tore the left leg from under the table,
  And smashed all the china at Lanigan's ball.

Oh, boys, but then was the ructions—
  Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,
But I soon replied to his kind introductions,
  And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.

Old Casey the piper was near being strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, his bellows, and all;
The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

A LAY OF THE FAMINE.

Hush! hear you how the night wind keens around the craggy reek?
Its voice peals high above the waves that thunder in the creek.

"Aroon! aroon! arouse thee, and hie thee o'er the moor!
Ten miles away there 's bread, they say, to feed the starving poor.

"God save thee, Eileen *bawn astor,* and guide thy naked feet,
And keep the fainting life in us till thou come back with meat.

"God send the moon to show thee light upon the way so drear,
And mind thou well the rocky dell, and heed the rushy mere."

She kissed her father's palsied hand, her mother's pallid cheek,
And whirled out on the driving storm beyond the craggy reek.

All night she tracks, with bleeding feet, the rugged mountain way,
And townsfolks meet her in the street at flushing of the day.

But God is kinder on the moor than man is in the town,
And Eileen quails before the stranger's harsh rebuke and frown.

Night's gloom enwraps the hills once more and hides a slender form
That shudders o'er the moor again before the driving storm.

No bread is in her wallet stored, but on the lonesome heath
She lifts her empty hands to God, and prays for speedy death.

Yet struggles onward, faint and blind, and numb to hope or fear,
Unmindful of the rocky dell or of the rushy mere.

But, ululu! what sight is this?—what forms come by the reek?
As white and thin as evening mist upon the mountain's peak.

Mist-like they glide across the heath—a weird and ghostly band;
The foremost crosses Eileen's path, and grasps her by the hand.

"Dear daughter, thou has suffered sore, but we are well and free;
For God has ta'en our life from us, nor wills it long to thee.

"So hie thee to our cabin lone, and dig a grave so deep,
And underneath the golden gorse our corpses lay to sleep—

"Else they will come and smash the walls upon our moldering bones,
And screaming mountain birds will tear our flesh from out the stones.

"And, daughter, haste to do thy work, so thou mayest quickly come,
And take with us our grateful rest, and share our peaceful home."

. . . . . .

The sun behind the distant hills far-sinking down to sleep;
A maiden on the lonesome moor, digging a grave so deep;

The moon above the craggy reek, silvering moor and wave,
And the pale corpse of a maiden young stretched on a new-made grave.

MACKENNA'S DREAM.

One night of late I chanced to stray,
All in the pleasant month of May,
When all the Green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
'T was on a bank I sat me down,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean with a solemn sound
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw brave Brian Boru,
Who did the Danish force subdue;

His saber bright with wrath he drew;
These words he said to me:
"The Harp melodiously shall sound,
When Erin's sons shall be unbound,
St. Patrick's Day they 'll dance around
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And presently made this reply,
"For Erin's cause I 'll live and die,
As thousands did before;
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's right shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain,
And thousands in their gore."

I thought St. Ruth stood on the ground,
And said, "I will your monarch crown,
Encompassed by the French around,
All ready for the field."
He raised a Cross, and thus did say,
"Brave boys, we 'll show them gallant play;
Let no man dare to run away;
We 'll die before we yield."

The Brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, I declare,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare
To march at his command;
Westmeath and Cavan too did join,
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died before they 'd live enslaved,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy he did say,
"Behold, my lord, I 'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,
From Wexford hills so brave:

Our country's fate, it does depend
On you, and on your gallant friend;
And Heaven will his cause defend,
Who 'll die ere be a slave."

I thought each band played 'Patrick's Day,'
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather white and gay,
They march in warlike glow,
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill;
The pikemen did the valley fill,
To strike the fatal blow.

When, all at once, appeared in sight
An army clad in armor bright;
Both front, and rear, and left, and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill;
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said—
"Let Erin's sons be not afraid;
To glory I 'll the vanguard lead,
To honor and renown;
Come, draw your swords along with me,
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying, "Quick march, right about!"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe:
The enemy were no-ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands on the bank did lie,
And blood in streams did flow.

The enemy made such a square
As drove our cavalry to despair,
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
But yet not forced to yield.

The Wexford boys that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,
As the enemy all broken flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay,
Not able for to run away.
When I awoke 't was break of day—
So ends MacKenna's dream.